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MAD

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SPECIAL



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INCLUDING 36 GRUESOME PAGES ON...
VIOLENCE!



AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

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The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things)!

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

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This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't
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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

VIOLENCE!!!



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher

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LEONARD BRENNER art director

THOMAS NOZKOWSKI production director

DICK DE BARTOLO creative consultant

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots



KNOCK ON WOODY DEPT.

I'm Woody Alien! I'd like to introduce you to my latest film!

I'm very proud of it—it's new, it's different! Like for instance, even though it's the 14th consecutive film in which I've played a total neurotic, this is the first time there are other neurotics in even worse shape than me, mainly...



HENN HER

(OR: "PLAY ANNIE HALL'S

I'm Henna, and these are my two sisters, Hollow and Loose! Welcome to our hip, contemporary, utterly *Nouveau York* Thanksgiving dinner! Let's get started!

Okay, I'll start with neurosis and guilt!

Who wants some angst and despair?

Please pass me a double helping of letching! And make sure you lean all over me when you serve it!

Thank you for the blessings we're about to receive—the turkey, the stuffing, the cranberries, and the one-liners about Franz Kafka, Nazis, and psychoanalysis!



Listen, everyone—
Melissa just said her
very first word! Say
it again, Melissa!

Depression!

Isn't
she
just
darling!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

NA AND SICKOS

MANHATTAN MEMORIES AGAIN, SAM!"



You missed
a
really
terrific
Thanksgiving,
Heimlich!

I can't be bothered
with such frivolous
nonsense—I'm
getting ready
for an important
engagement next
weekend!

Oh? A
new
gallery
showing
of
your
work?

No, I'm entered
in the
All-City
Brooding
Tournament!
I'm seeded
third!

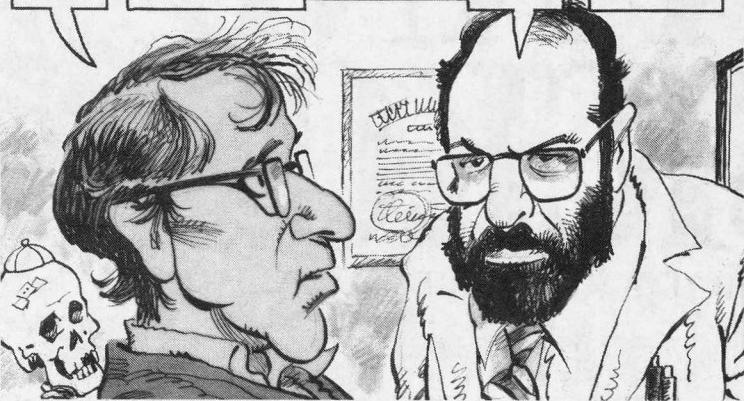
Level
with me,
Doctor!
It's a
brain
tumor,
isn't
it?

Murk, you are
a world class
hypochondriac!
It's just a
minor hearing
loss! Injured
your ear lately?

Well, yes...
I did bang
my ear
against
the side
of the
oven...

What were
you doing,
baking
a pie?

No,
attempting
suicide!
I was
sure
I had a
brain
tumor!



My new career
as a **caterer**
is fizzling—
nobody's even
touched my
chopped liver
mold of
Sigmund Freud!

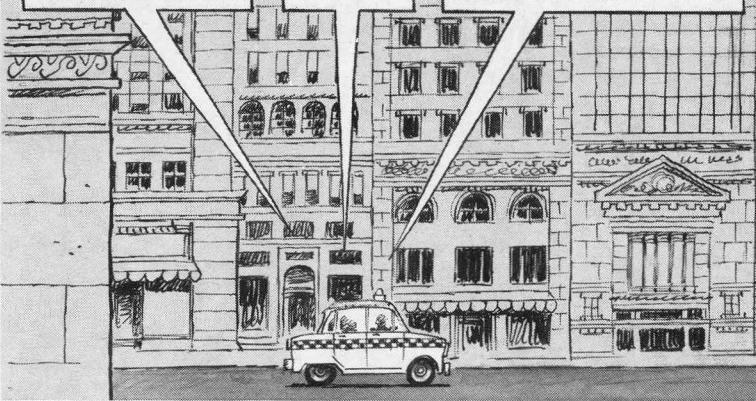
I would have devoured it if it was
in the shape of **Frank Lloyd Wright**!
You see, I'm an attractive architect
by profession, and a **cultural snob**
socially! Let me whisk you two
lovely creatures away from the world
of herring and cheese puffs to
the world of **unbridled passion**!



This is it? This
is your idea of
unbridled passion—
looking at the
Chrysler Building,
the Williamsburg
Bridge, and the
World Trade Center?

We're two
horny gals,
and you
take us on
a "**Wide
World of Concrete**"
tour?

Hey, don't blame **me**, I didn't
write this scene! **Woody** is
horny for anything and everything about **New York City**! I
understand his next film has
a romantic tour of all the
"Spaldeens" lost in Brooklyn
sewers in the summer of '56!



Leah,
I am
weak
with
desire
for
you!

Elliyp, you're
such a **nervous
wimp**! Why can't
you be more like
you were in your
other movies?

Like
the
sexy
charmer
in
"**Alfie**"?

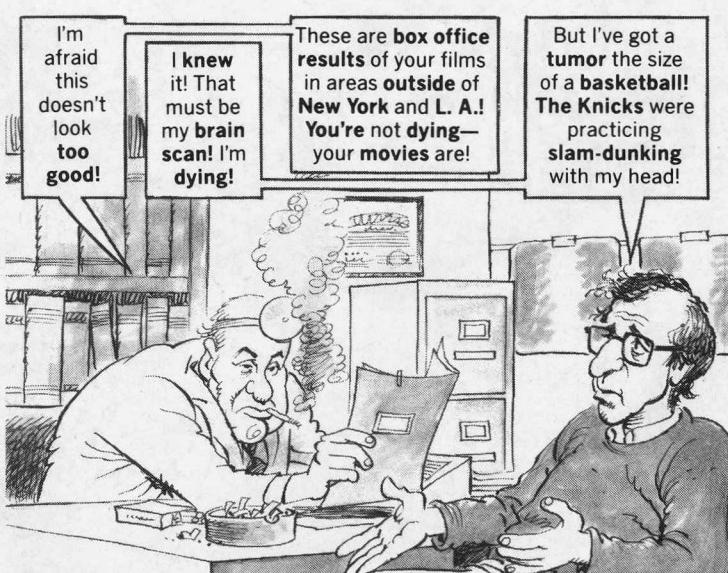
Even like
the **maniac**
in "Dressed
To Kill"
would
be an
improvement!

I'm
afraid
this
doesn't
look
too
good!

I knew
it! That
must be
my brain
scan! I'm
dying!

These are **box office**
results of your films
in areas **outside** of
New York and L. A.
You're not **dying**—
your movies are!

But I've got a
tumor the size
of a **basketball**!
The Knicks were
practicing
slam-dunking
with my head!





Look, you're tense!
You need something to
take your mind off
today's problems!
I'm prescribing a
flashback so you can
deal with **yesterday's**
problems...

Good news—
these
fertility
tests
indicate
you **can't**
have any
children!

Why
is
that
“good
news”?

That means
there will
be **one less**
bouncing
baby
neurotic
brought into
the world!

Considering how you're a
close friend and how I've
managed to use you in most
of my pictures **despite** your
sagging career, you gotta
do me this **favor** and become
the father of my child! No
physical contact, of course...

Gee, Murky,
I don't
know...
it's all
so cold,
clinical,
unromantic...

You want
romance?
Take the
test
tube
out for a
candlelight
dinner!



That's terrific
news, Murky!
The lab tests
proved negative!
You're not
going to die!

Right! And my
brush with death
gives me a chance
to do a “search
for the meaning of
life” segment...

...complete with a **voice-**
over monologue that enables
me to use **leftover gags**
from my **other films**, since
they're all so easily
inter-changeable...

...I can pick
on **Socrates**,
homosexuals,
Ice Capades,
boiled chicken...

...and deal with some **major**
questions that have been
plaguing mankind, like
“Does God exist?”, “Is there
life after death?” and, “Will I
ever be able to top ‘Annie Hall’?”



Mother,
tell me
the
truth,
was I an
adopted
child?

Of
course
not,
Henna!
Why do
you ask?

Well, it's hard
to believe that
a couple so
colorful could
have a **daughter**
as **wooden** and
boring as me!

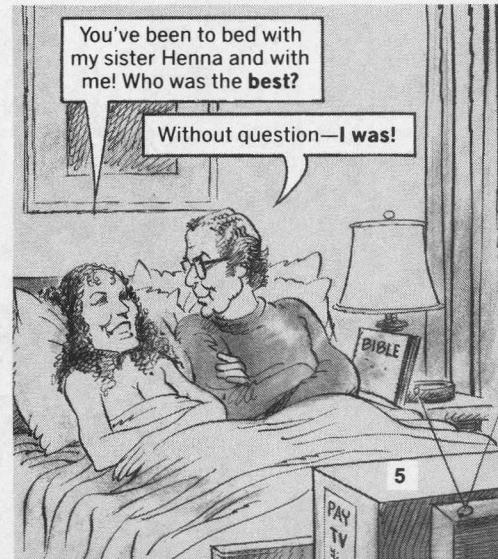
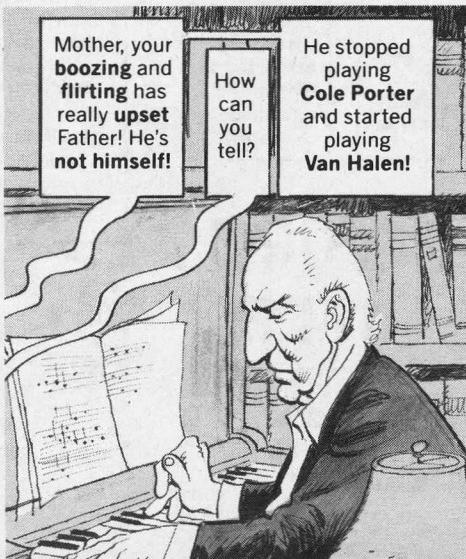
Mother, your
boozing and
flirting has
really upset
Father! He's
not himself!

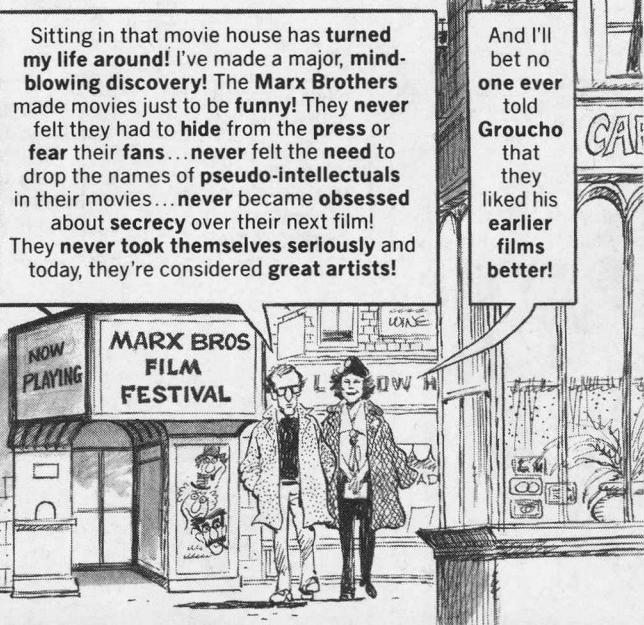
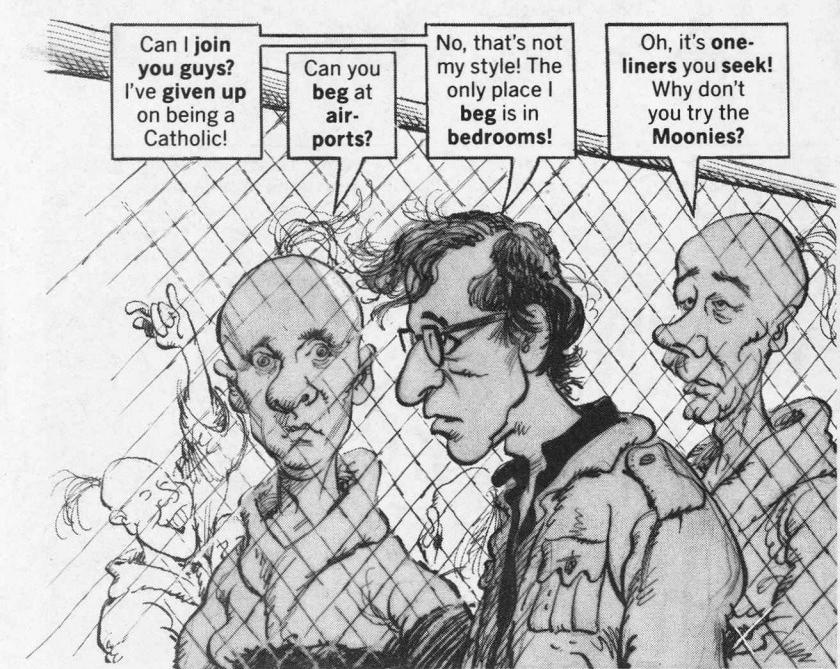
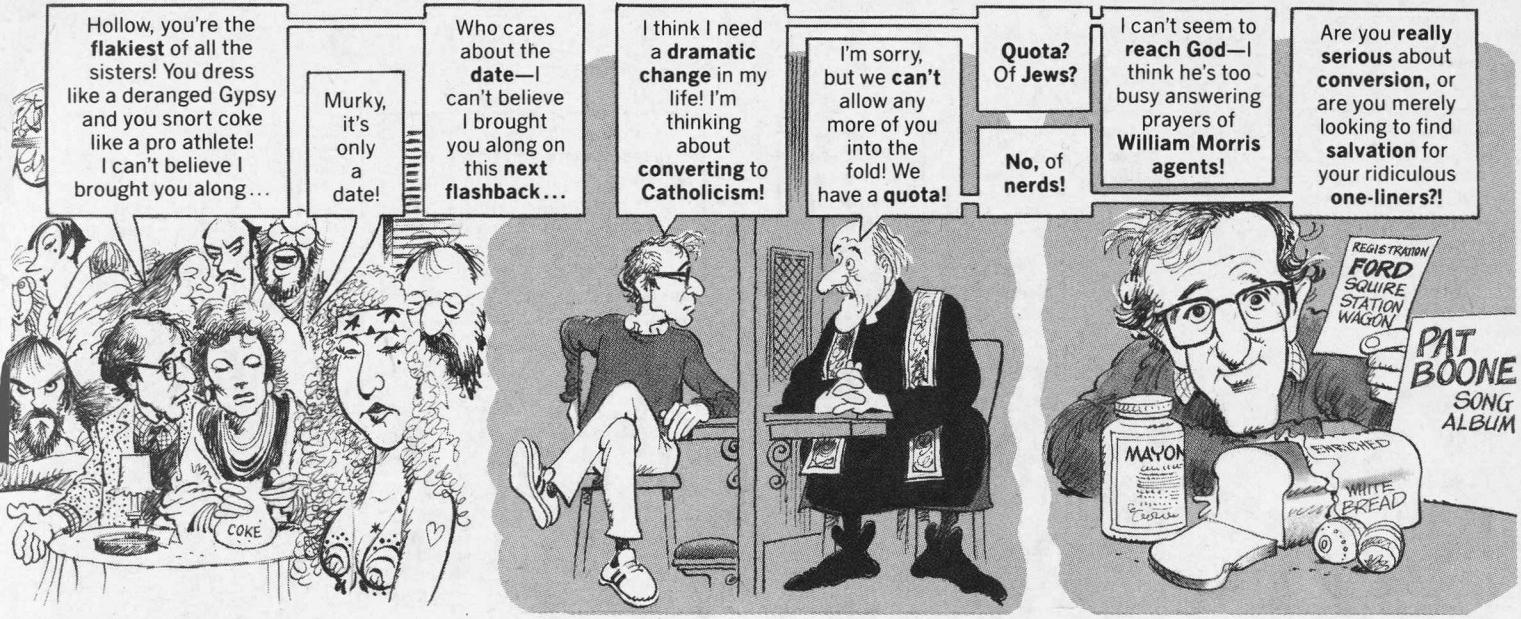
How
can
you
tell?

He stopped
playing
Cole Porter
and started
playing
Van Halen!

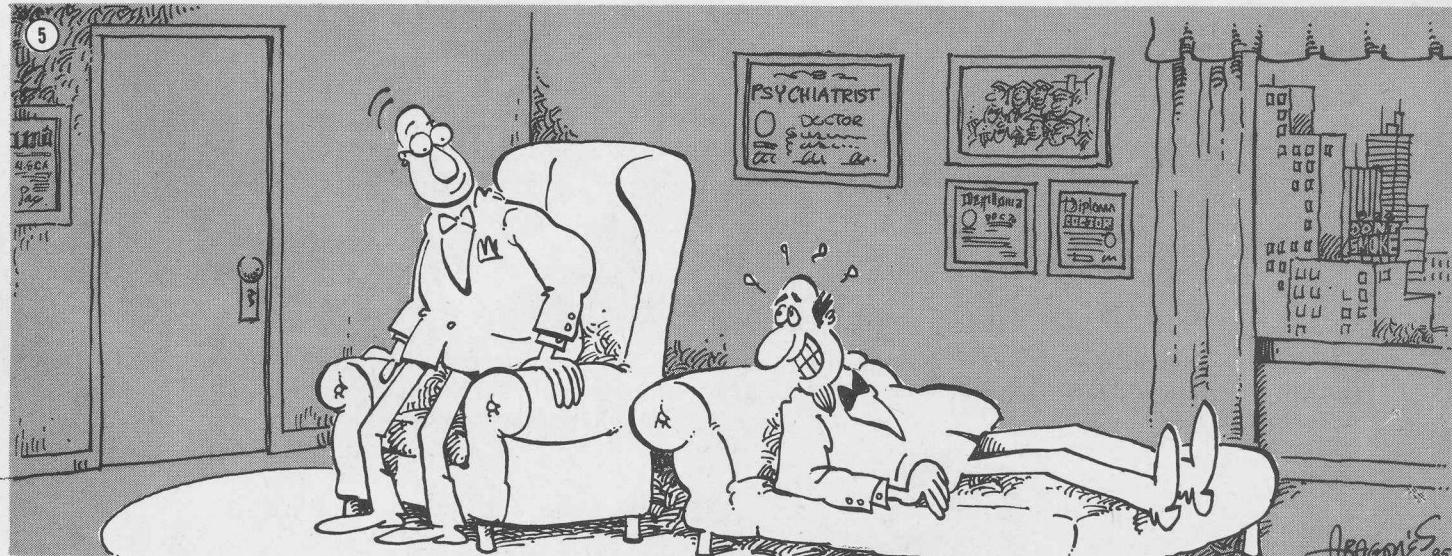
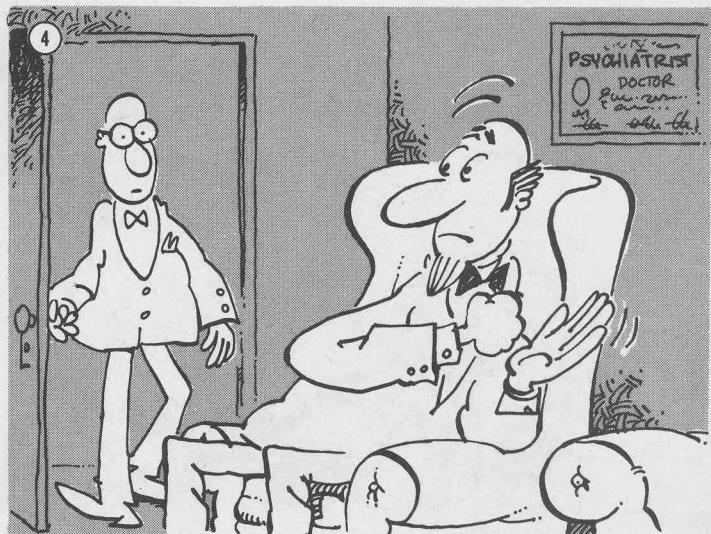
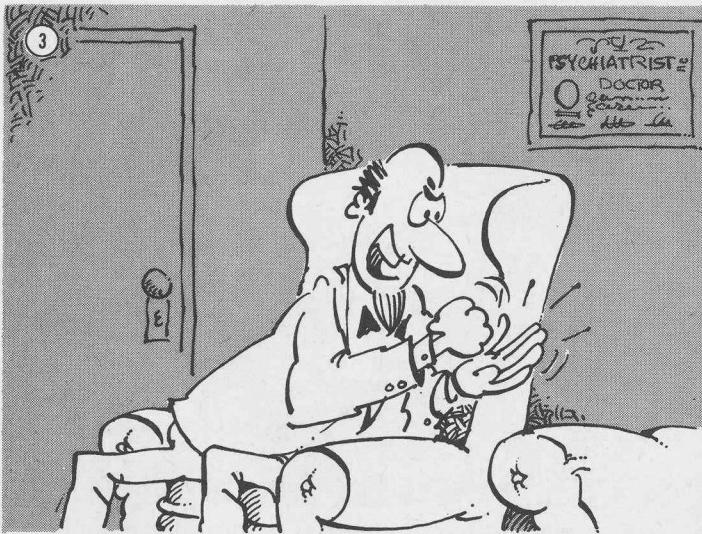
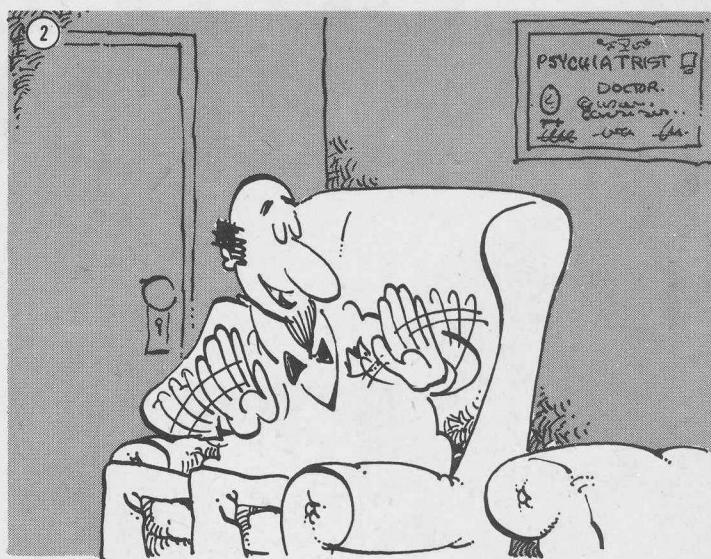
You've been to bed with
my sister Henna and with
me! Who was the **best**?

Without question—I **was**!





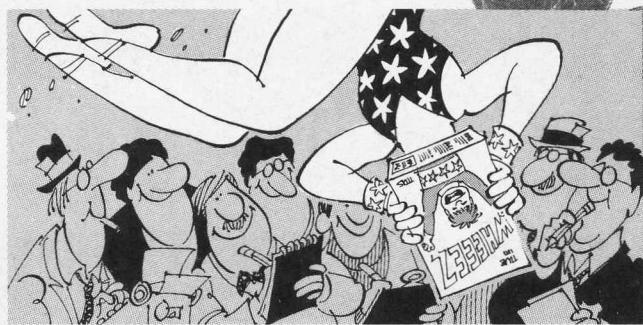
HEAD TRIP



YOU'D BE RICH IF YOU HAD A



...For every "celebrity" exercise book now available.



...For every journalist who has referred to Mary Lou Retton as "perky."



...For everyone who *still* can't tell which one is Siskel and which one is Ebert.



...For every video tape rental store that's opened in any neighborhood in the last year.



...For every nuclear reactor spokesman who says that the latest radiation leak poses "absolutely no danger to anyone."

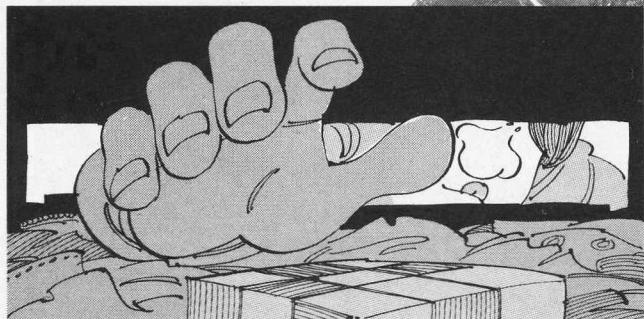


...For every person who thinks he does a great impersonation of Carl Sagan by repeating "billions and billions" in a nasal voice.

NICKEL...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU



...For every unsolved Rubik's Cube in the back of someone's bureau drawer.



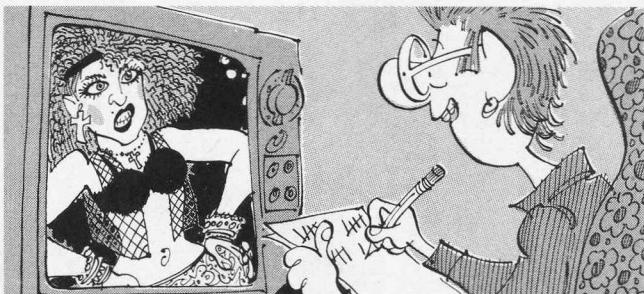
...For every sequel that's not as good as the original.



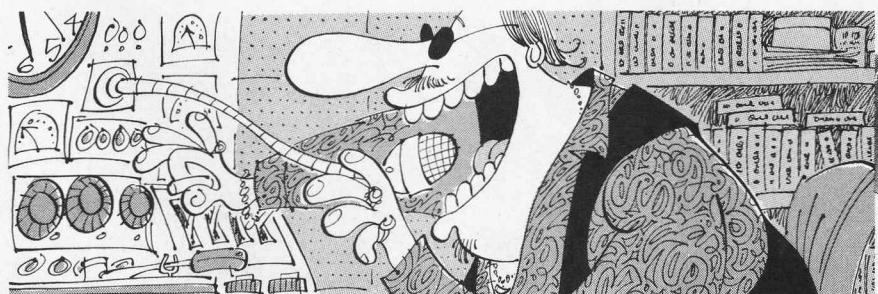
...For every Betamax owner who wishes he'd bought a VHS instead.



...For every time you hear a helicopter report about a massive traffic jam...after you're already in it.



...For ever time Madonna shows her navel in a music video.

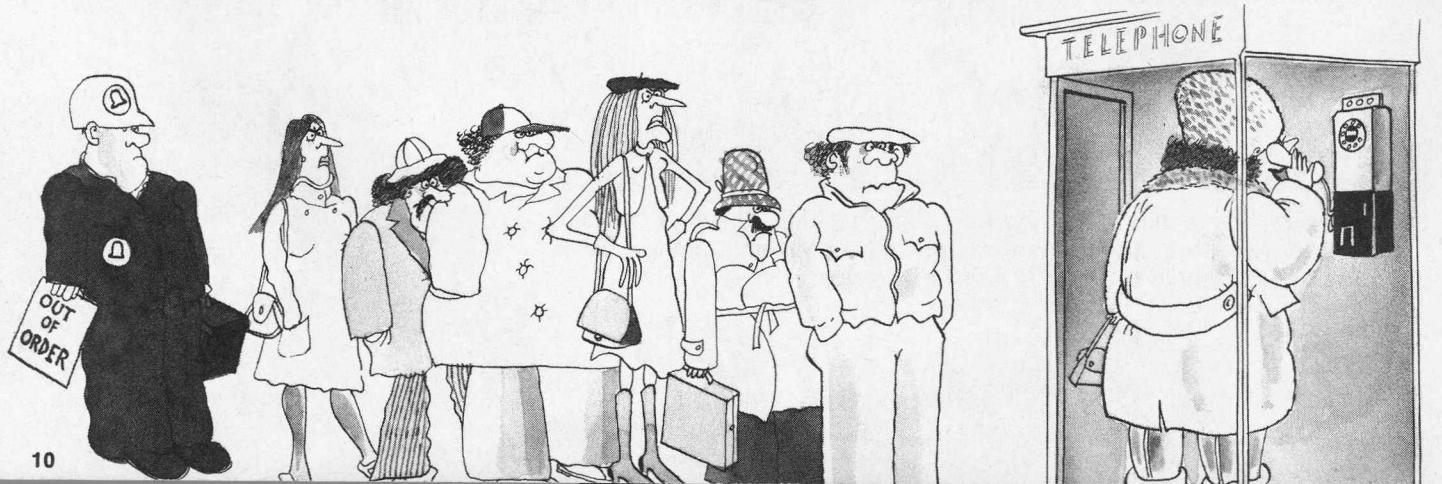


...For every disc jockey who says he's going to play 10 songs in a row without interruption, and then interrupts between every song to remind you you're listening to 10 songs in a row without interruption.

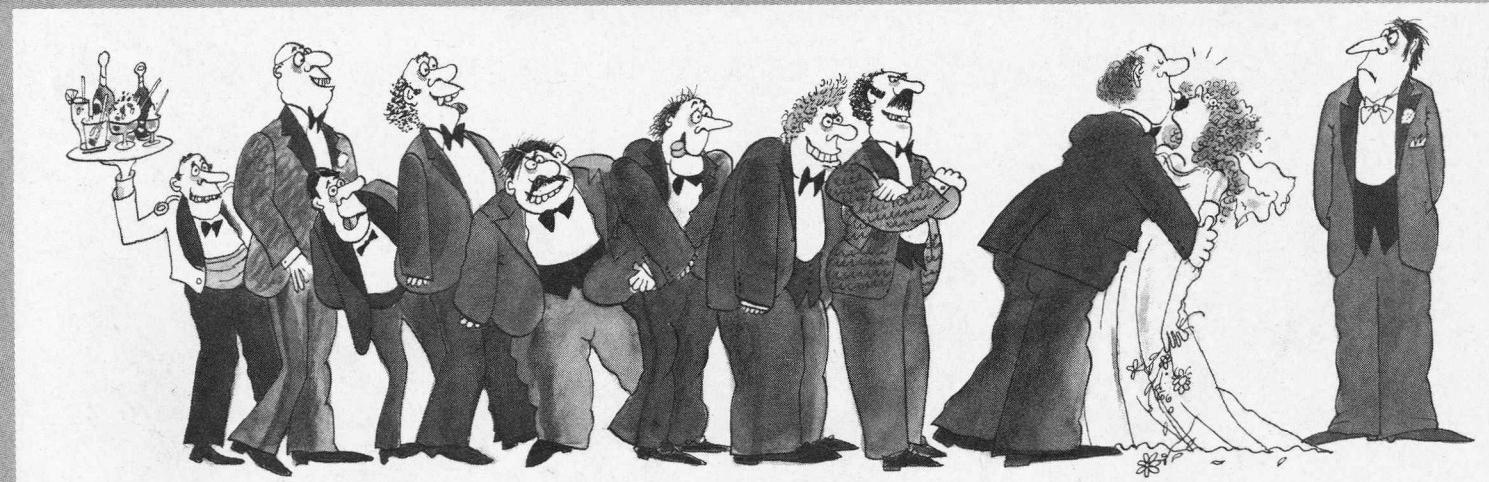


QUEUE TEASE DEPT.

A MAD LOC

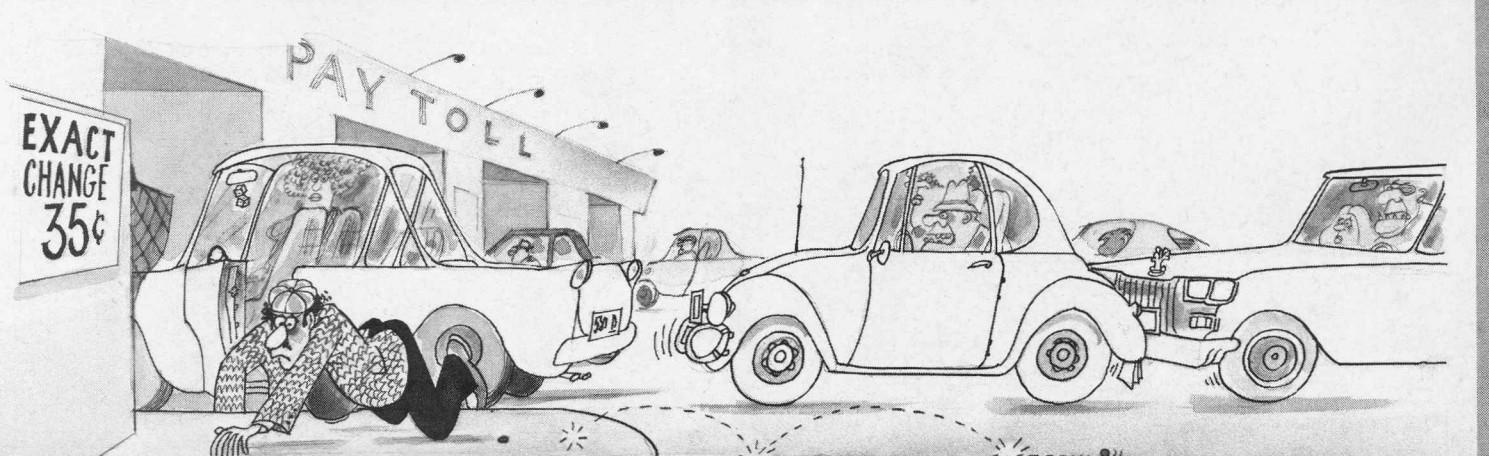


OK AT LINES



ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

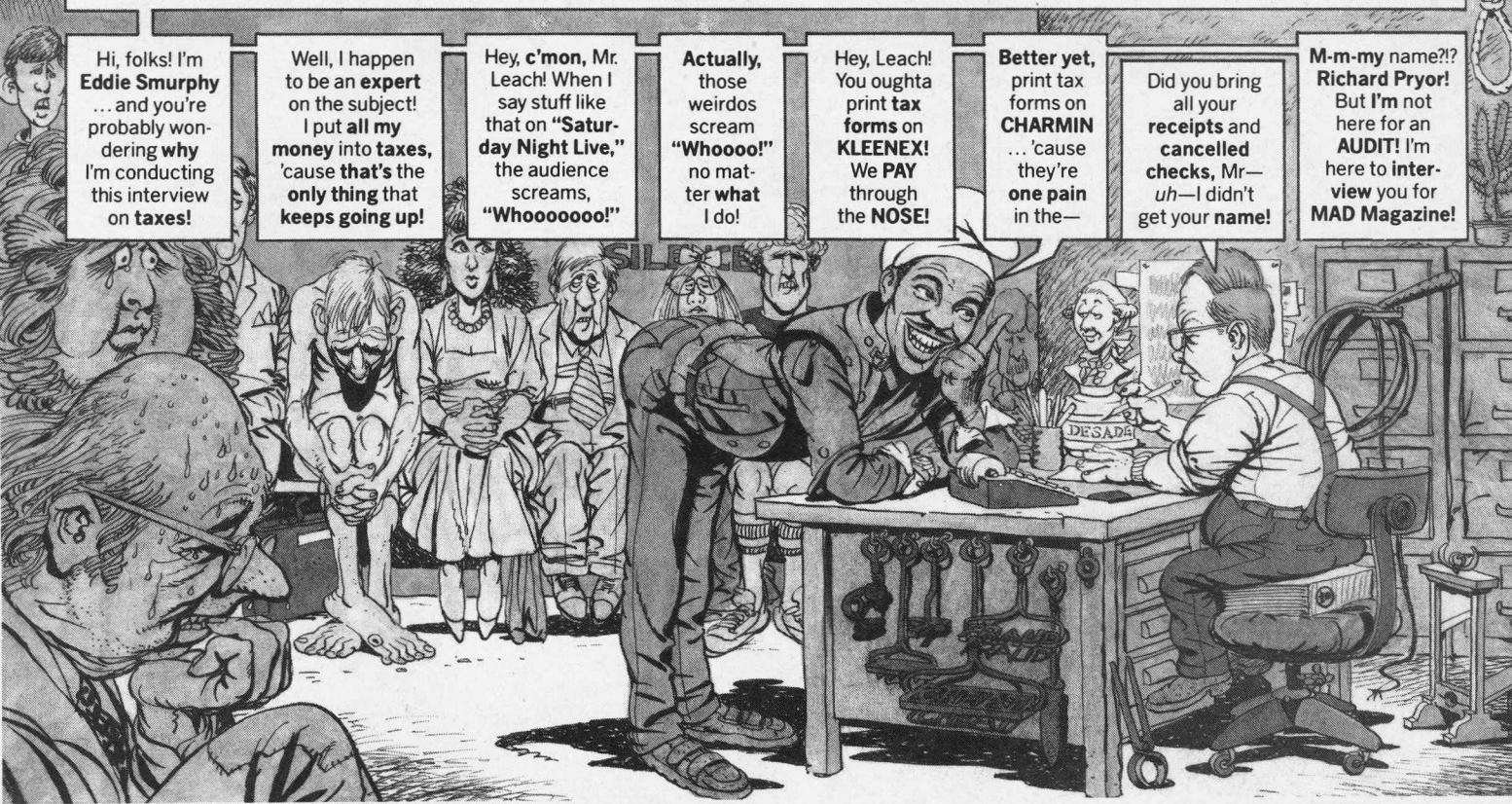




MANY UNHAPPY RETURNS DEPT.

Who is the most **feared person** in the world? No, it's not an international terrorist or a **Mafia hit man** or a guy who can **push the button** and **start a nuclear war!** It's a **boring, wimpy little accountant** who happens to be a **man** from the **I.R.S.!** And why does this mild-mannered little guy strike **terror** into the hearts of even the **bravest** of men? To find the answer, we bring you another **fearless, hard-hitting, no-holds-barred interview** ... this one with **Mr. Shylock Leach** who has been selected as

MAD'S I.R.S. AGENT OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Tell me, Mr. Leach, why did you **become** an I.R.S. Agent? Are you into "S & M"?

Do you remember when you were in **SCHOOL**, and there was always **one kid** that everybody **picked on**???

Right! I KNOW the wimp!! Short little sucker! Wore big old glasses! Had all them ball-point pens in his pocket! Carried a calculator! And the turkey always did his homework!!

Yes... well, I was that kid that everybody always picked on...!

Not ME, Man!! I never hassled the dude! I used to tell the other guys, "Hey, you fools! You be leavin' that boy alone ... or you're gonna hafta deal with ME!"

But NOW it's "PAY-BACK TIME"! If anybody gives me the slightest trouble, I hit him with the magic words: "May I have your FULL NAME and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER???"



You I.R.S.
guys
make
big
bucks,
huh?

No! We're Civil
Service! We get
paid the same as
mailmen, sanitiza-
tion workers and
xerox operators!

Yeah, but I'll
bet you make
plenty on the
side from those
rich cats you
catch cheating!

May I
have your
FULL NAME
and
**SOCIAL
SECURITY
NUMBER???**

Hey ... I'm only messin'
around! Sure, you I.R.S.
guys are honest! I mean,
just because you don't
make much money ... and
you're auditing guys who
are MILLIONAIRES ... is
no reason to think you'd
take a bribe, huh ... ?!

Actually, we DID have
a **BRIBERY SCANDAL!** A
Congressional Investi-
gation Committee found
that there were a lot
of I.R.S. people on
the take! But that was
thirty years ago ... !

Today ...
nobody's
on the
take?!?
No, today,
nobody's
investi-
gating us!

What's
this??
The TV
Game
Room??!
You got
PAC
MAN??

No, these are
the **computers**
that help us
find **tax cheats**!
As a matter of
fact ... I just
caught me one!

You **ZAPPED**
him with your
technological
hardware??!

Not exactly!!
His **WIFE**
turned him in!

Why'd she do that?

She found out that
taxes weren't the
ONLY thing he was
cheating on! And,
of course, there
was the reward we
pay to informers!!

You **PAY** people
to **RAT** on each
other?! Gee, you
oughta run **ADS**!

"Kids, get that
new stereo you
want! Turn in
your old man!"

Great idea! I'll bring it
up at our **next meeting**!
If the President expects
doctors and nurses in
Family Planning Clinics
to squeal on **pregnant
teenagers**, why shouldn't
we expect teenagers to
squeal on their parents?
It's the **American Way**!!

Let's
hear it
for
America
... the
land of
the free
and the
home of
the fink!

Hey,
Man!
Is
this
YOUR
house?

No, this
is where a
suspected
tax cheat
lives!

But you're reading
the guy's **MAIL**!!
Man, it's **ILLEGAL**
to get evidence
that way!!

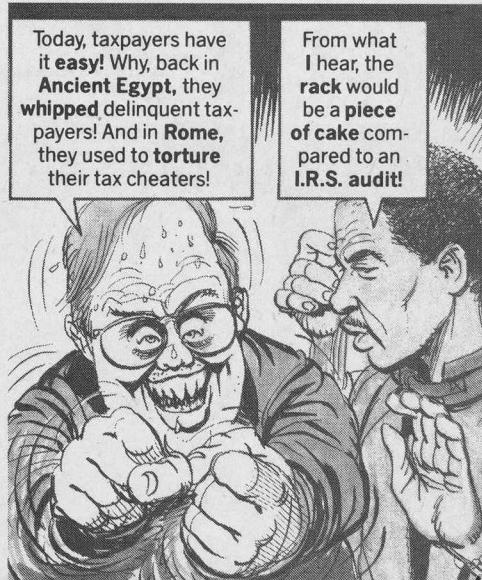
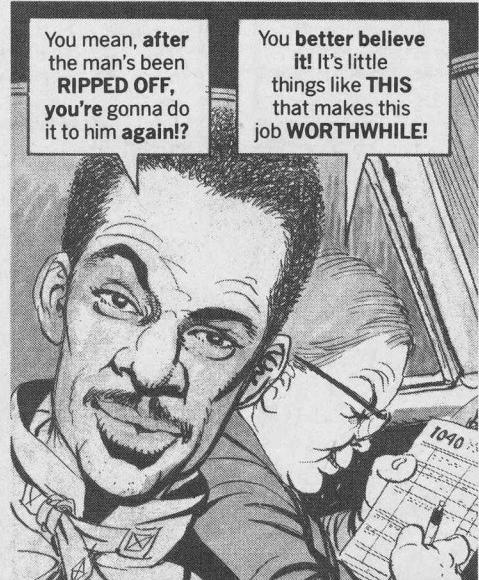
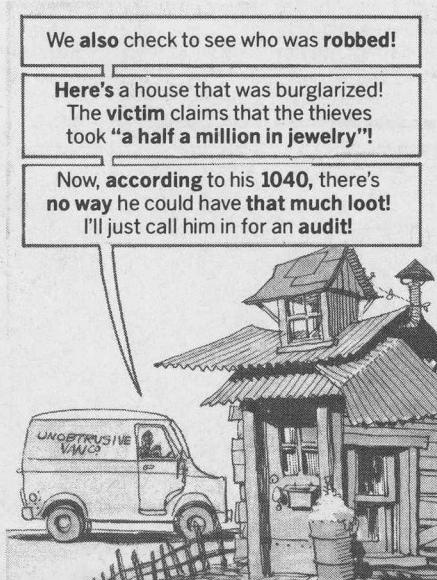
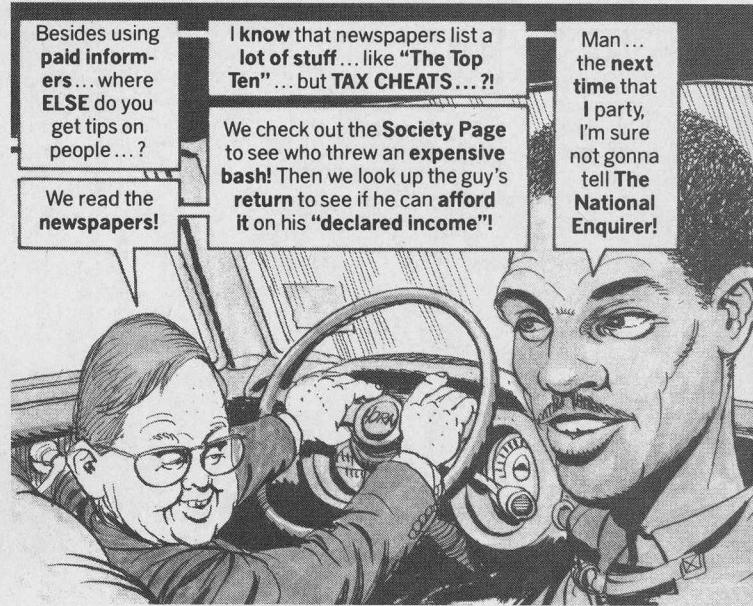
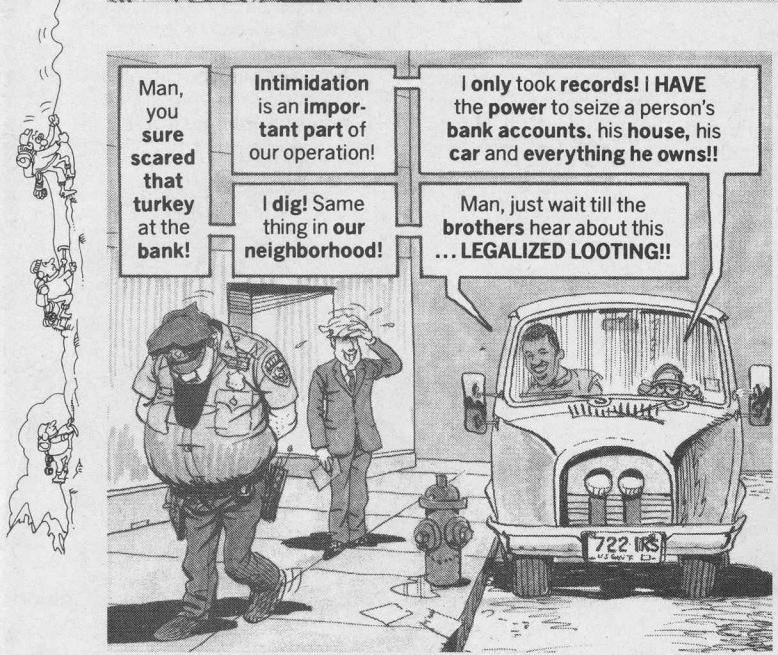
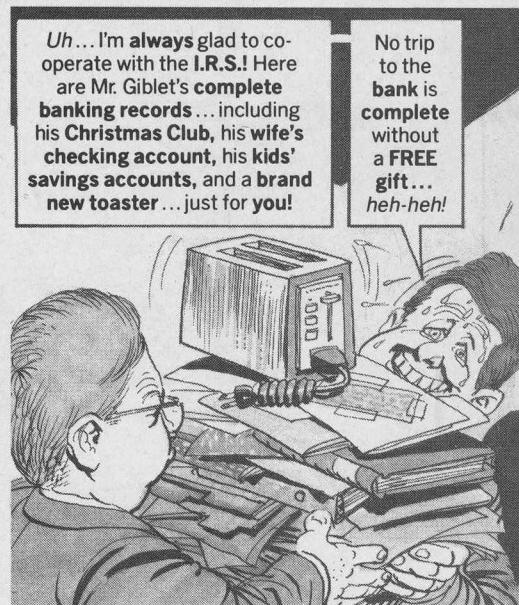
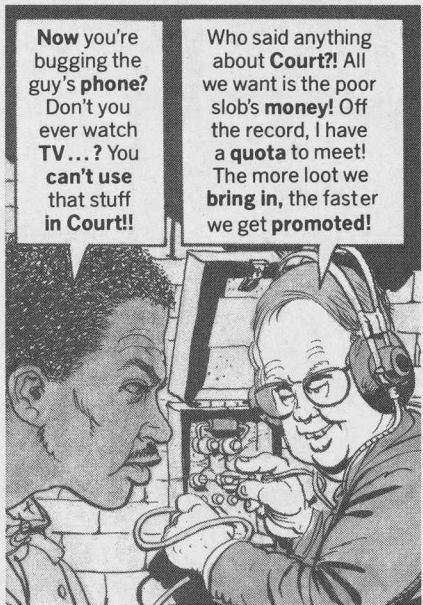
What
evidence?!!
This is a
letter from
his **GIRL
FRIEND**!

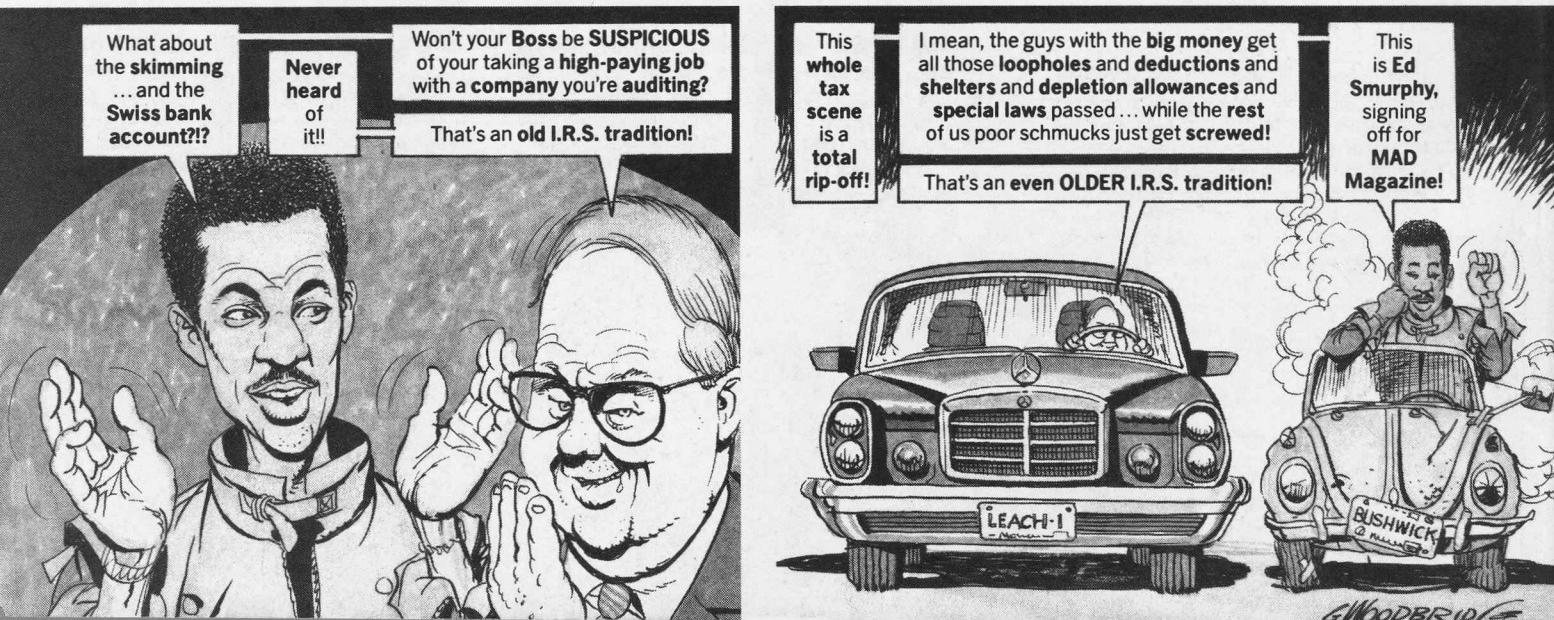
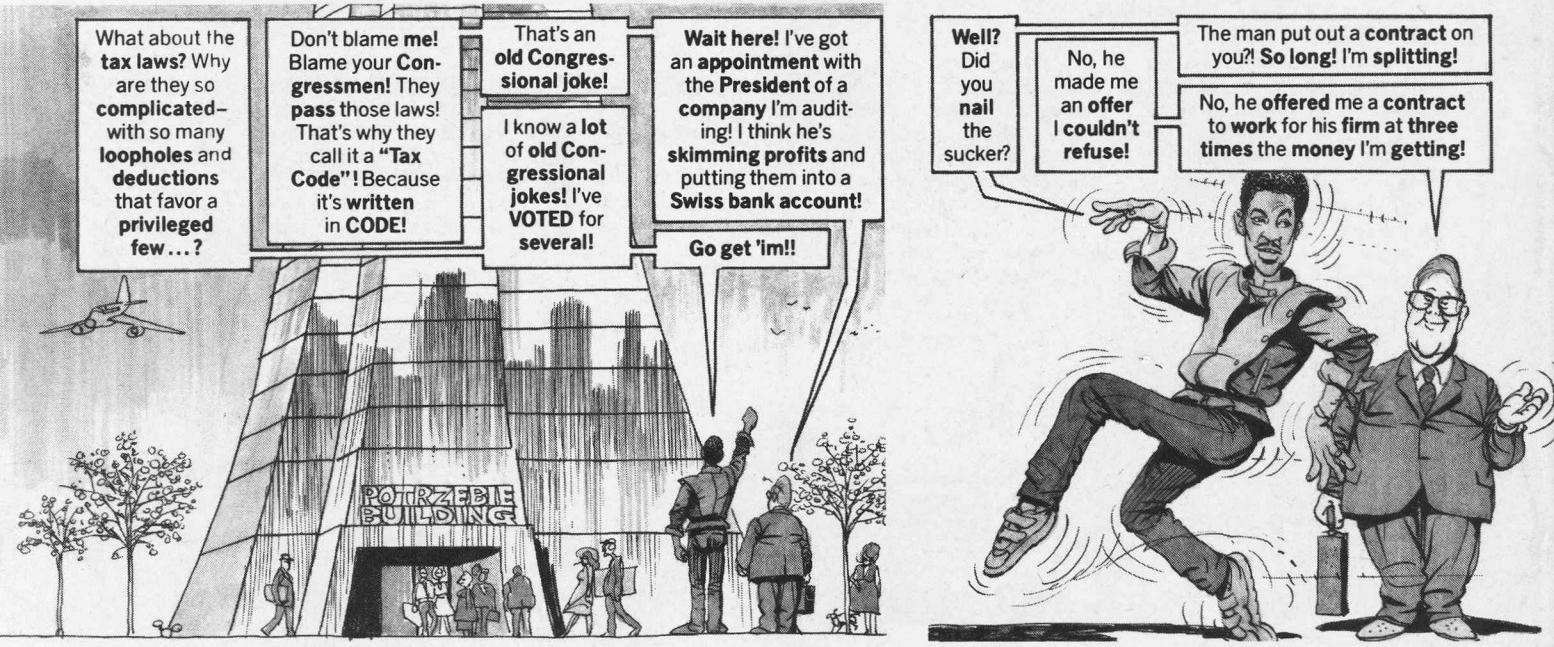
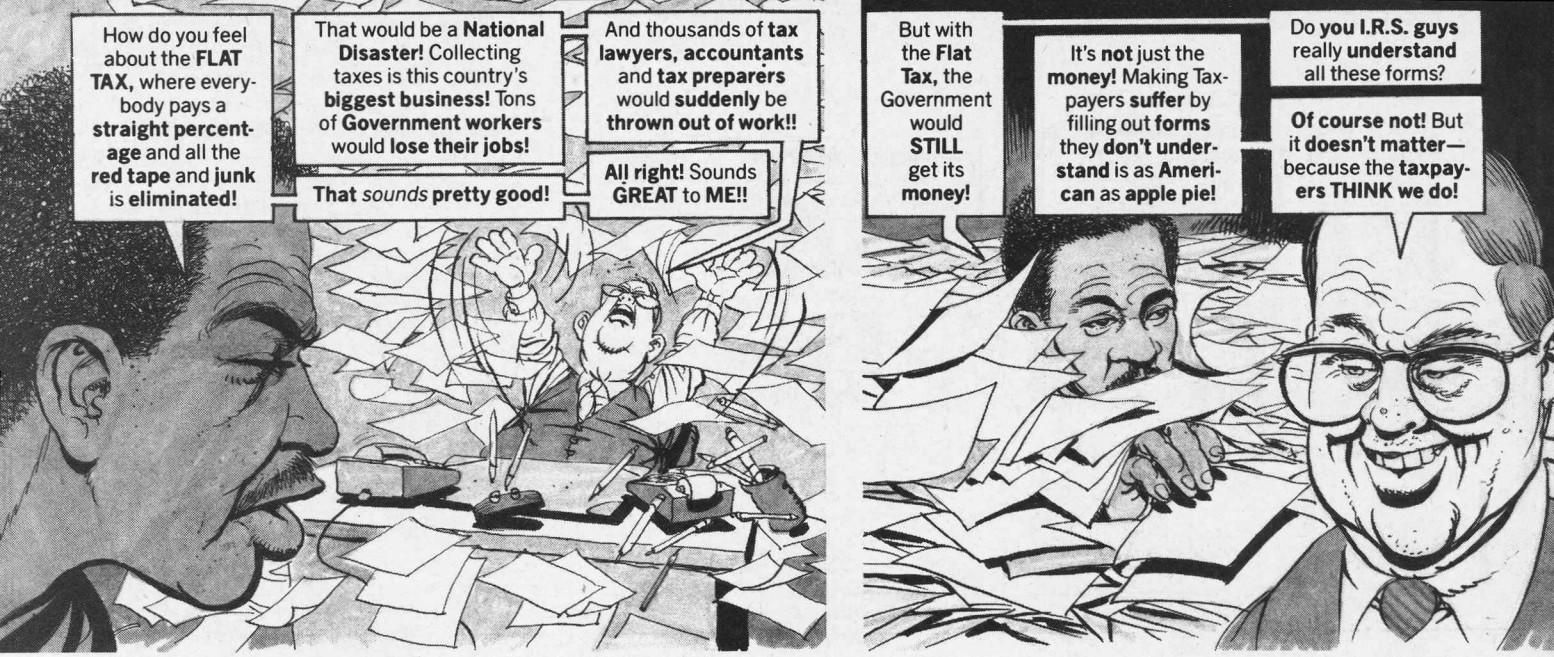
What's a let-
ter from his
chick have
to do with
his **taxes**??!

Nothing, really!
But in this **busi-**
ness, we **NEED**
a few laughs!

Murderers, yes! Taxpayers, no!!





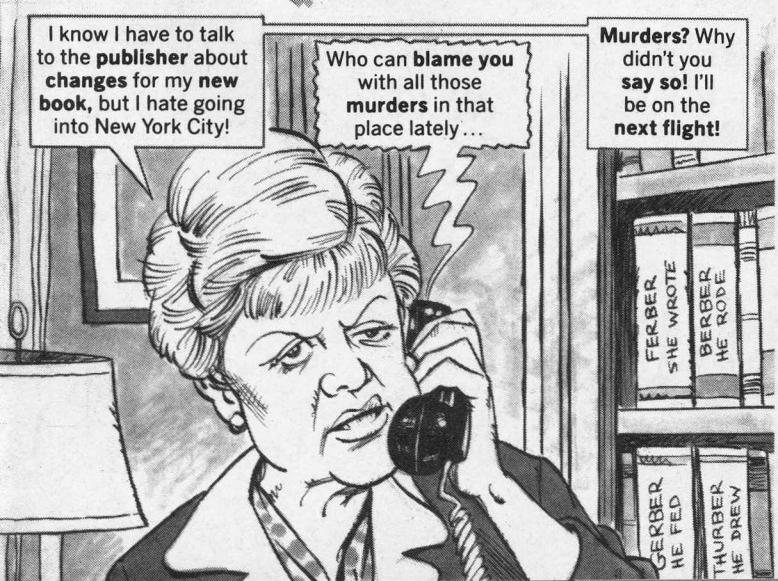
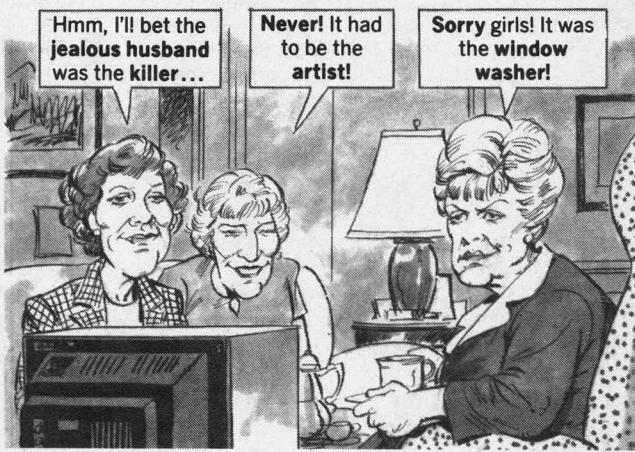


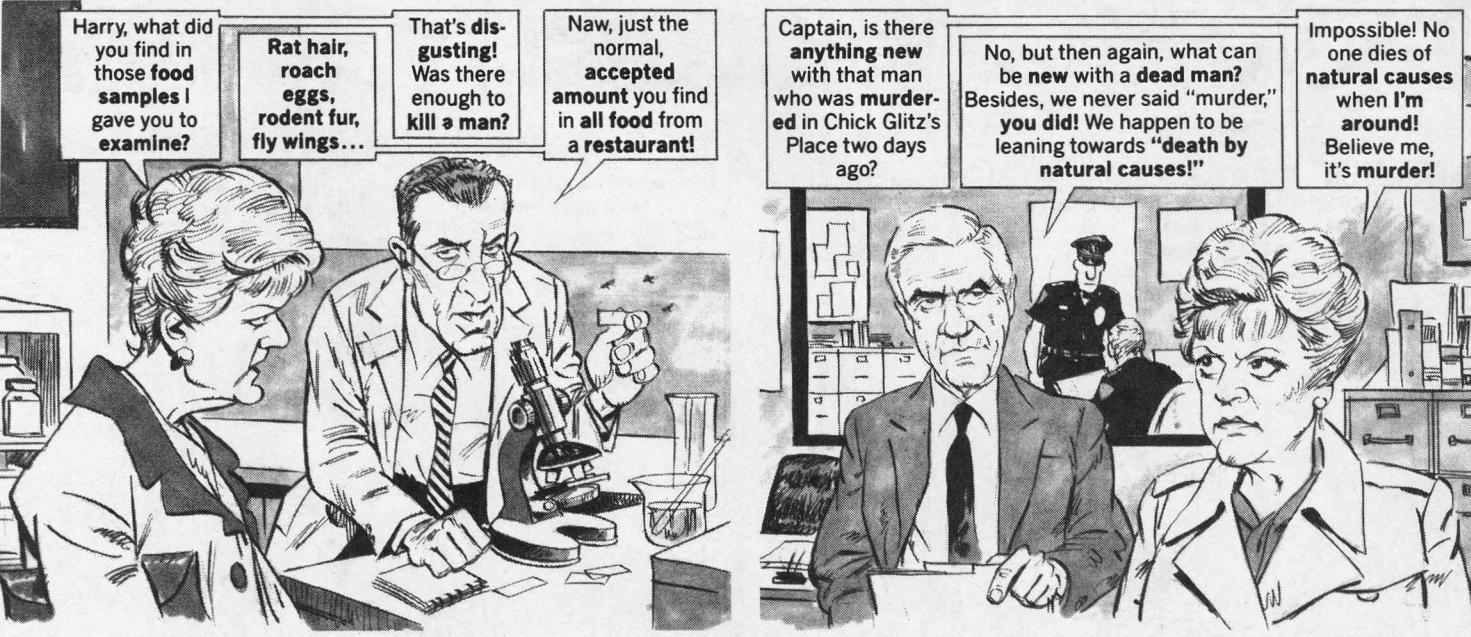
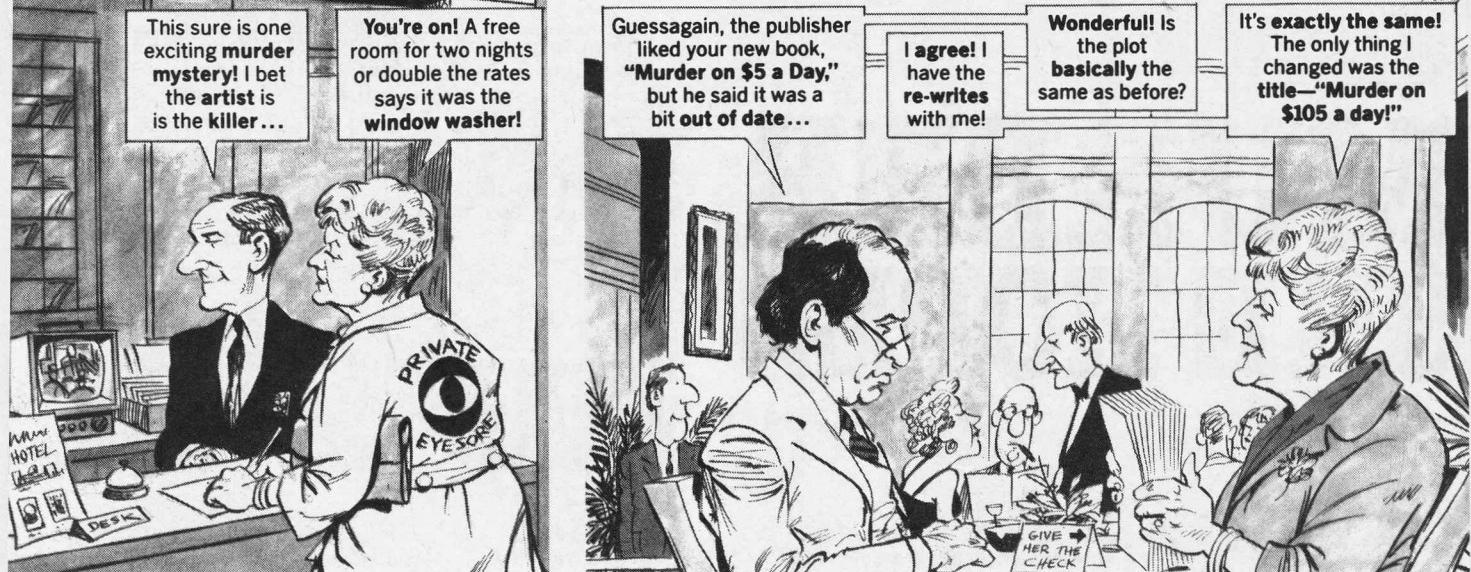
SLEUTH DECAY DEPT.

MURDER SHE HOPES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES





What's your interest in this case, anyway?

Well, sir, I certainly hold no official capacity, but I do write **murder mysteries!** That gives me some expertise about searching for clues and motives and such ...

Well, let me tell you there's a **big difference** between the fiction you write and the facts of a real case!

Yes, I know— all my crimes get solved!

Guess again, the publisher liked your **changes**, but they felt their team of **editors** should make one drastic change...

I hope they didn't wreck my work!

No, they just changed the title to, "Murder On \$505 A Day!"

For that they needed a "team?" Those poor dears are terribly over-worked!



Waiter, am I mistaken, or is that man at the next table dead?

My gosh—I do believe you're right!

Hmm, is it just coincidental that this is the second time I've eaten here and also the second time someone died during the meal? What are you going to do about that?

I suppose we'll begin a new policy where the check is paid before the meal is served!

The restaurant's books and the background of every employee have been checked out! I've listed every conceivable motive! The only purely scientific procedure left is to throw a dart at that wall!

"Wheresoever this dart shall land, that will be the guilty hand!"



Captain, we do have "smoking" and "non-smoking" sections, but asking me to install "death" and "no death" sections is totally absurd!

Be with you in a second! I just want to see if the jealous husband is the killer!

My Instincts tell me it's the window washer, but that's easy for a pro like me! Let's line up everyone and have a real life murder solution!

Mr. Brandes, you own this building! If you could force the restaurant to fold, you'd be free to lease this space to a new rental for 10 times the amount you're now getting!

That would make me a dishonest landlord, and everyone knows there are no dishonest landlords in New York so your accusations are absurd, turkey!

One turkey...



Mr. Ames, as head chef who has recently accepted a partnership role with a new restaurant opening across the street, you might just want to dissuade customers from coming here so that your own place will benefit!

If I wanted to drive people away from here, all I'd have to do is let them know what I put into the meatloaf!

That's one meatloaf!

And you, Mr. Kelbeck—weren't you given two week's notice last Friday? Both deaths have occurred since then! Perhaps you're trying to get even with your boss for firing you!

Baloney!

One baloney coming!



And what about you, Mr. Hyman? As half-owner of this place, you've been trying to buy out your partner for 2 years! Maybe he'd finally sell—and for a much lower price—if the business faltered because of your spitework...

I've got a Sprite working! With baloney, turkey, meatloaf...

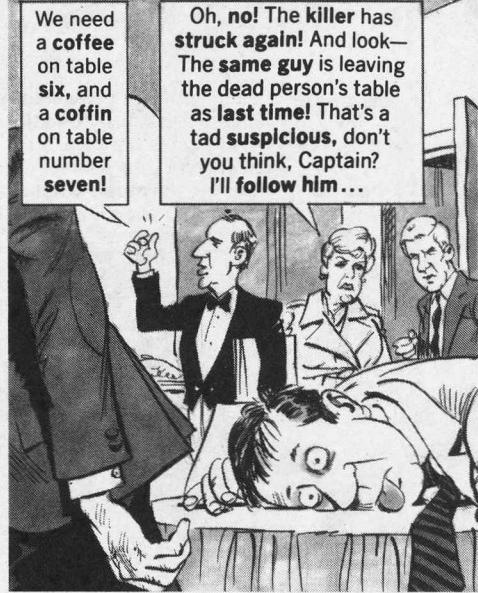
You're full of beans, lady!

You got that? Beans, baloney, Sprite, meatloaf, turkey!

Cheeseburger! Cheeseburger! No Sprite! Only Pepsi! Pepsi!

We need a coffee on table six, and a coffin on table number seven!

Oh, no! The killer has struck again! And look—The same guy is leaving the dead person's table as last time! That's a tad suspicious, don't you think, Captain? I'll follow him...

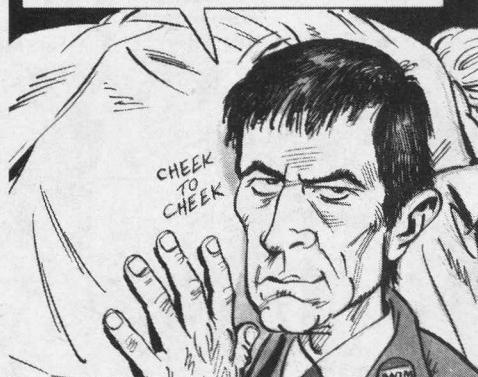
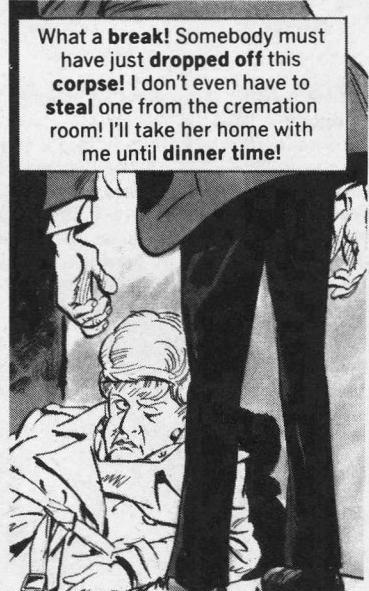
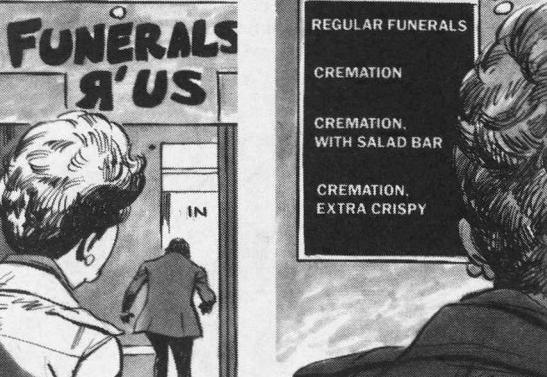


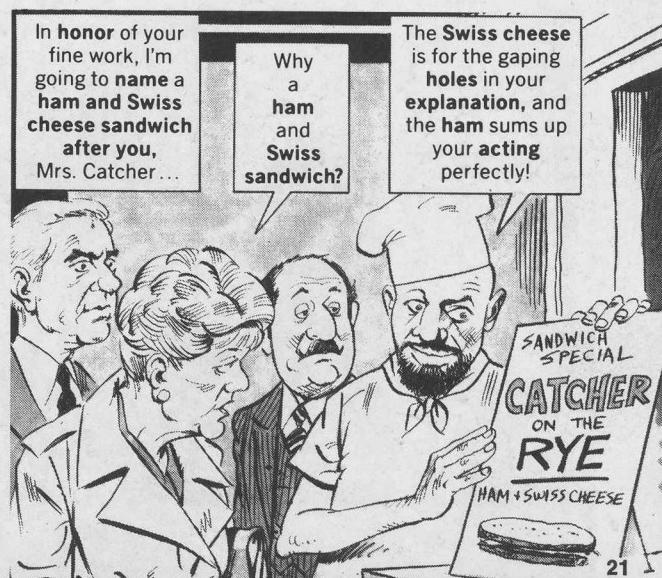
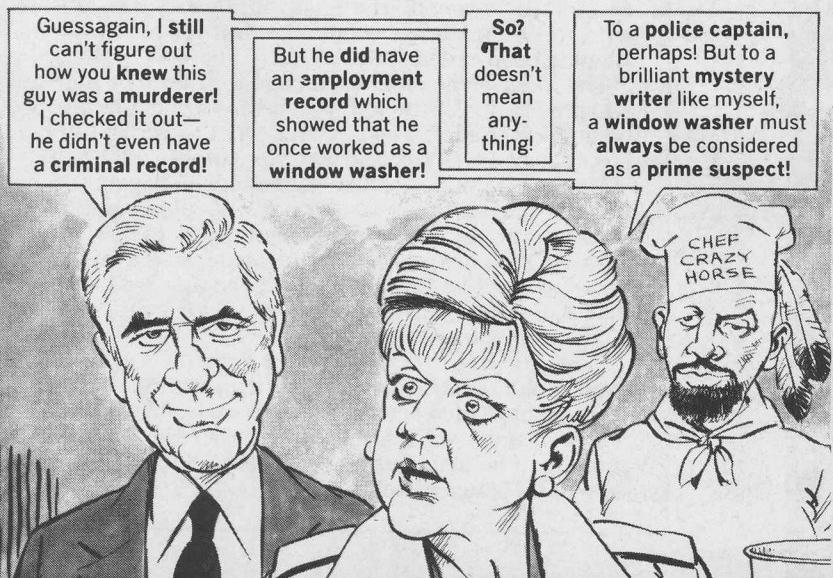
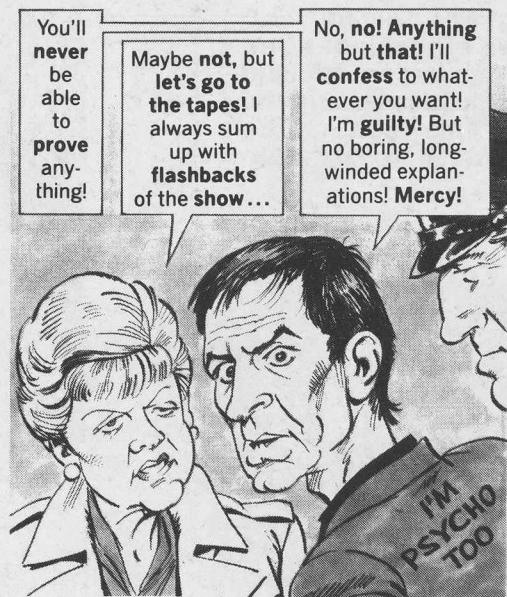
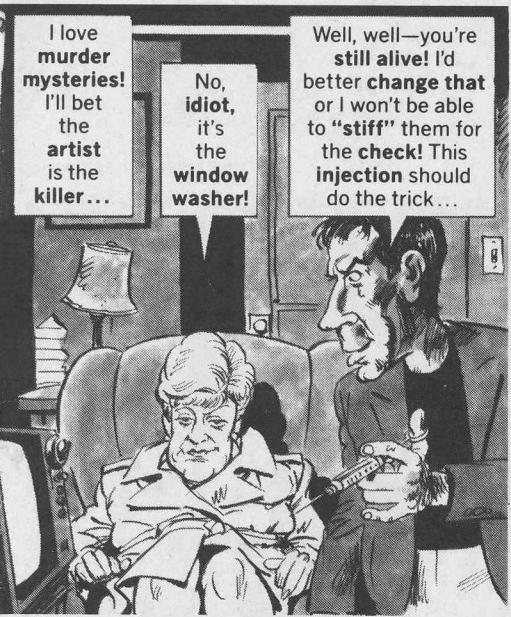
He's going into "Funerals 'R Us!"

Boy, Los Angeles has really had an influence on the east coast! Look at this list of options! I'll play dead and see what this guy does!

What a break! Somebody must have just dropped off this corpse! I don't even have to steal one from the cremation room! I'll take her home with me until dinner time!

You're probably wondering how I can afford to take you to my favorite restaurant! Well, after I've eaten my meal, I just let you fall into your plate! Then, while everyone goes crazy because of your "death," I sneak out! Who needs Master Charge! Master Corpse is a helluva lot cheaper!





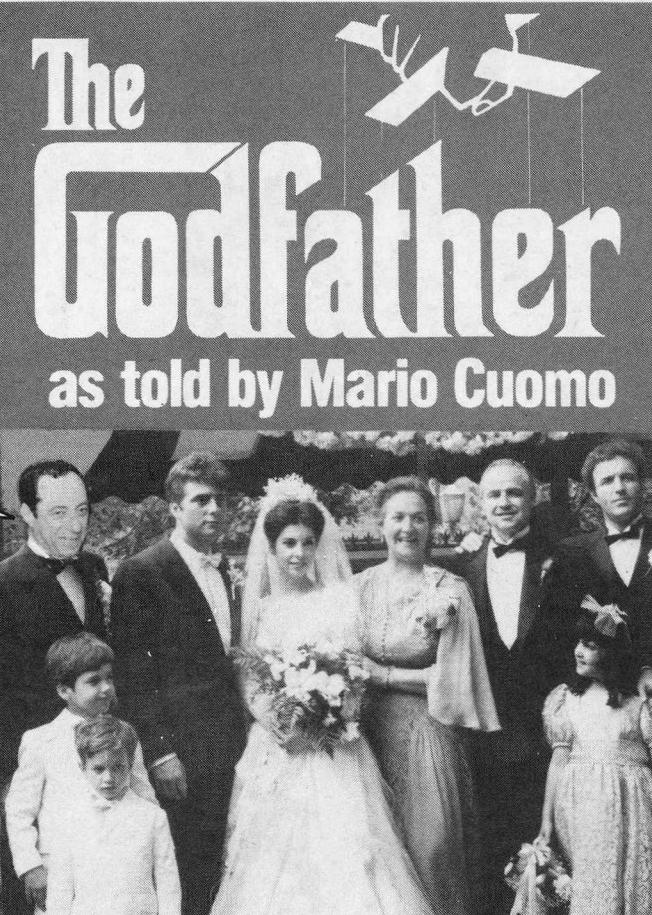
AMERICAN STORIES AS TOLD BY FAMOUS STORIES AS TO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Once upon a time there was an Italian-American named Don Corleone. Mr. Corleone was a successful olive oil importer. He was called Godfather because he was always being asked to be the Godfather of the children of his many friends and employees. The key to Mr. Corleone's success in business was his relationships with his customers. He made them offers they couldn't refuse. When Don Corleone died peacefully in his tomato patch, his son, Michael, inherited the family business.

During the war Michael was a marine and he received many decorations for bravery. But because he was from New York and was of Italian descent, a group of politicians accused this war hero of being involved in something called the "MAFIA." Michael, naturally, was cleared.

He sold the family olive oil business and bought several hotels in Las Vegas. Michael would like his son to go into politics because he wants to prove that any American can be elected to national office, even if his last name ends in a vowel.



The Color Purple

as told by Sen. Jesse Helms



There was this nigra family livin' in the sovereign state of Georgia. They were your typical colored folks, they was into incest and havin' illegitimate babies and puttin' on airs. For example, the husband, Mister, insisted his wife Celie call him "Mister," when we all know he shoulda been called "Boy."

The nigra women folk used to go to church on Sunday and pray to our white God, which shows you how benevolent He is. Celie's sister, Nettie, went to Africa to be a missionary, which is a fine place for colored folks to go.

Mister treated Celie like a slave, which gets me to thinkin' that maybe the nigras really didn't object to slavery at all. Too bad Lincoln didn't mind his own business. Besides beatin' on his wife, Mister had a few other good points, like he smoked tobacco and we all know that the good Lord gave us tobacco for everybody to enjoy, even blacks!

Celie got into the women's movement thing and of course, she became involved in an unnatural, disgustin' relationship which is what women's lib is all about.

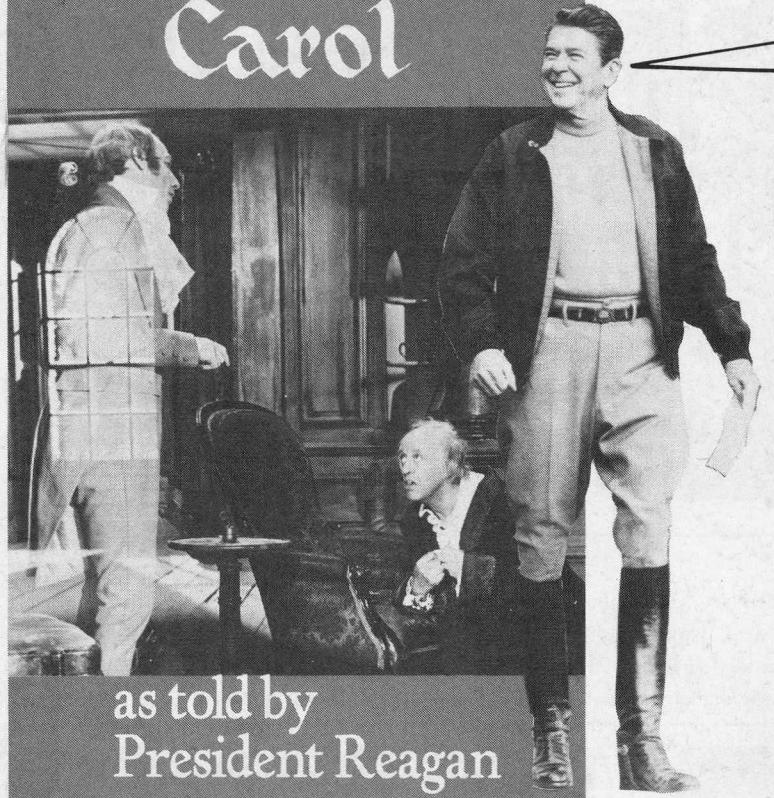
Mister summed it all up by tellin' Celie, "You black, you poor, you ugly and you a woman." Shoot, I couldn't have put it better myself.

MUCH OF THEMSELVES TO THE STORIES THEY TELL. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN AFTER READING THESE...

OLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

A Christmas Carol



as told by
President Reagan

Yankee pride comes right from the top, the team owner. Naturally, Lou Gehrig was a ball player who knew the meaning of Yankee pride. Whether he was hurt or not, Lou played every day. He hit for average, he drove in plenty of runs and hit the long ball. Best of all, Lou's salary was less than I pay my groundskeepers today. Lou never asked to be traded or went crying to the press to complain about the owner. He was my kind of guy.

In many ways, Lou reminds me of myself. Yes, "the Boss" and "the Iron Horse" had a lot in common. Lou Gehrig and George Steinbrenner both had football backgrounds, we both wore our pinstripes with pride, we both knew what loyalty to our fans was all about and we were both proud to be Yankees—New York Yankees. I'm sure if Lou was still with us, he would be proud to be a New Jersey Yankee, if that's the way the ball happens to bounce.

I still get a lump in my throat when I think of Lou Gehrig Day. Yankee Stadium was packed and the owner didn't have to give away free bats or helmets. Now that's what I really call "Pride of the Yankees"!

Ebenezer Scrooge was a hard working businessman. He employed Bob Cratchit as a clerk. Cratchit complained constantly. He wanted "more holidays," and "more money." He was always whining about the office being "too cold," and other such nonsense. It never occurred to Cratchit to roll up his sleeves and do an honest day's work or go to night school and pull himself up by his bootstraps. No, it was easier to complain.

When Christmas time came around the Cratchit family blamed Mr. Scrooge because they couldn't afford an elaborate dinner or expensive presents for their children.

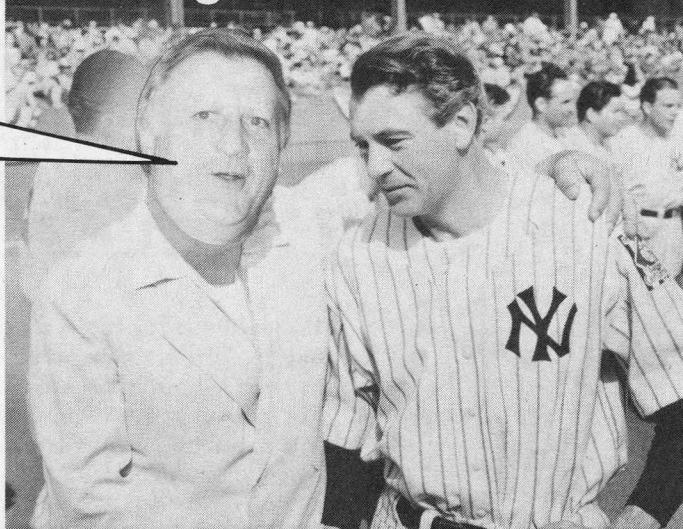
On Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he was visited by his dead partner, Marley, and three ghosts. These ghosts, using Marxist-Lenin propaganda techniques, made Mr. Scrooge feel guilty because he was a success and Cratchit was a failure.

Mr. Scrooge allowed his own good fortune to trickle down by buying expensive gifts for the Cratchit children. He treated them to a fancy Christmas dinner and he paid their medical bills. Even though Cratchit received a fair salary, Mr. Scrooge gave him a raise, which only added to the inflationary spiral. I know this sounds familiar, because it's the same principle as our own welfare system—something for nothing—and it just doesn't work.

Well, we can only pray that next Christmas, Mr. Scrooge will be visited by three Conservative ghosts who will show him the error of his ways.

The Pride Of The Yankees

as told by
George Steinbrenner



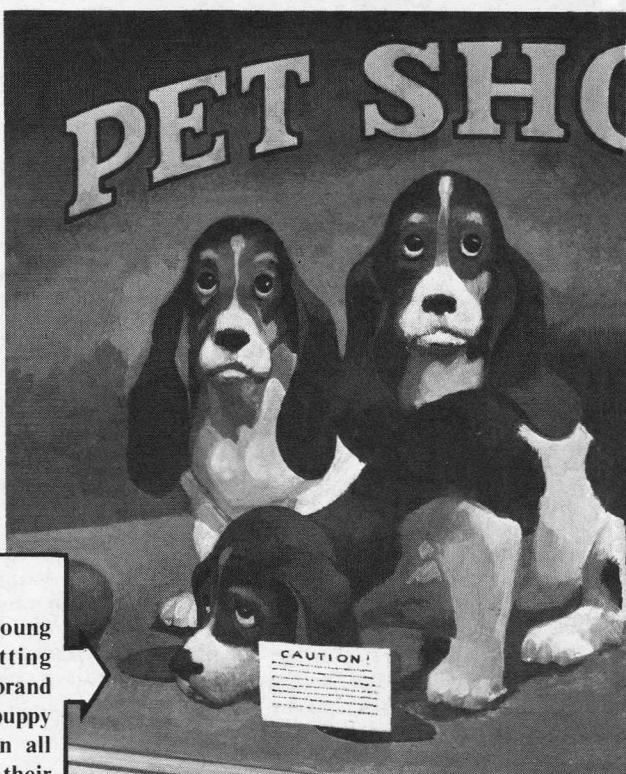
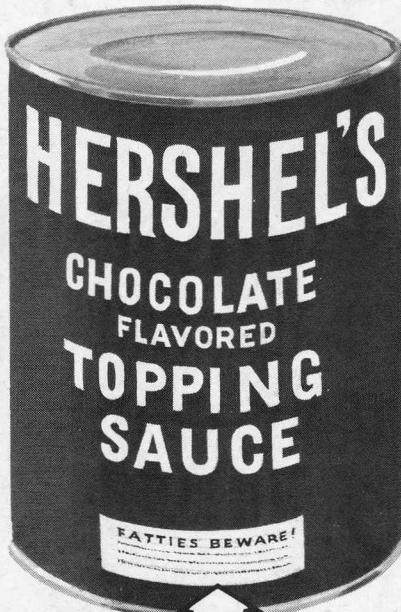
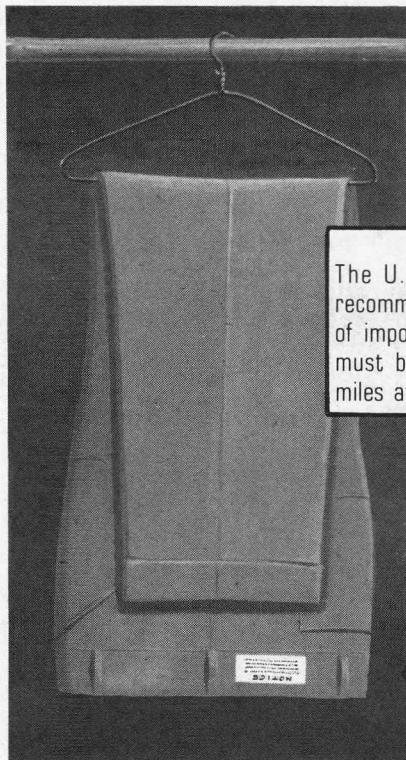
WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were

those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

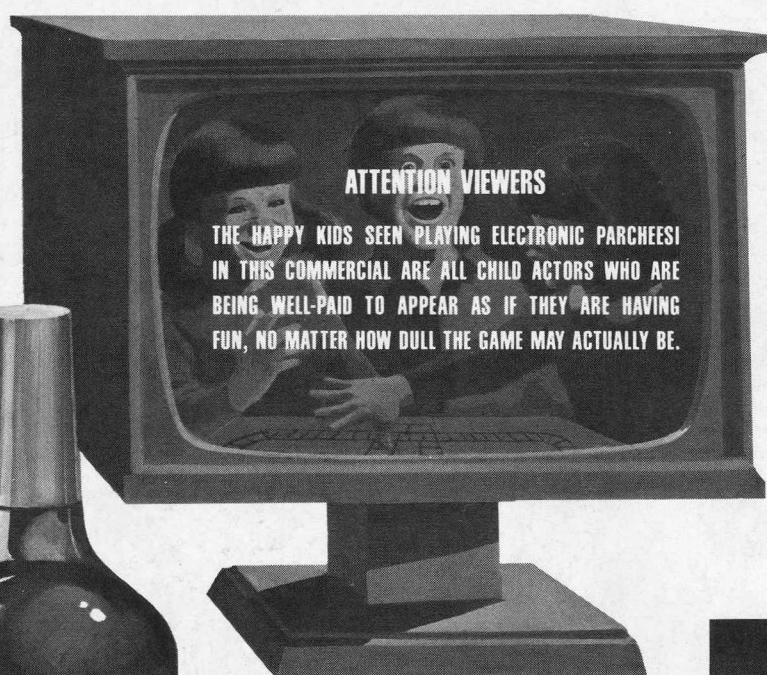


sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD

feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

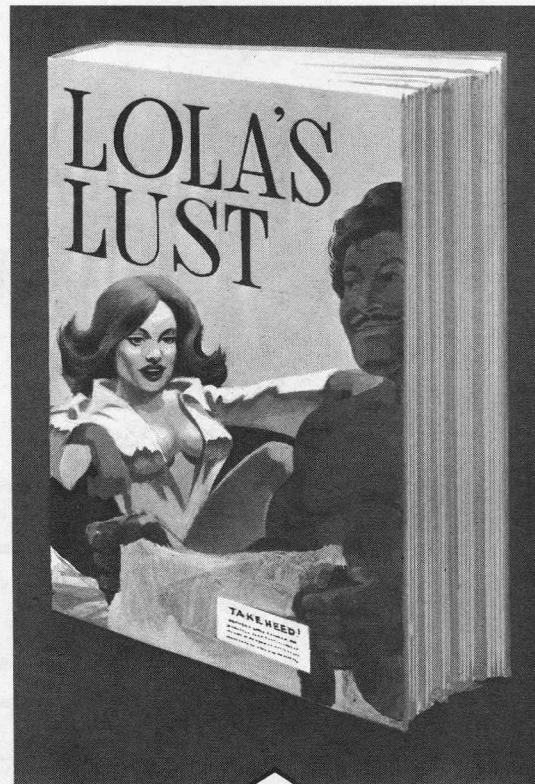
E DESPERATELY NEEDED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



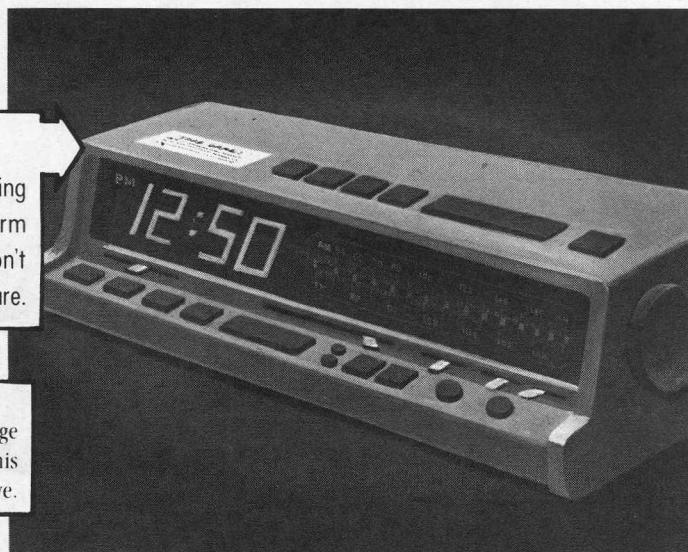
TAKE CARE!
You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.

FINAL WARNING!
Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.

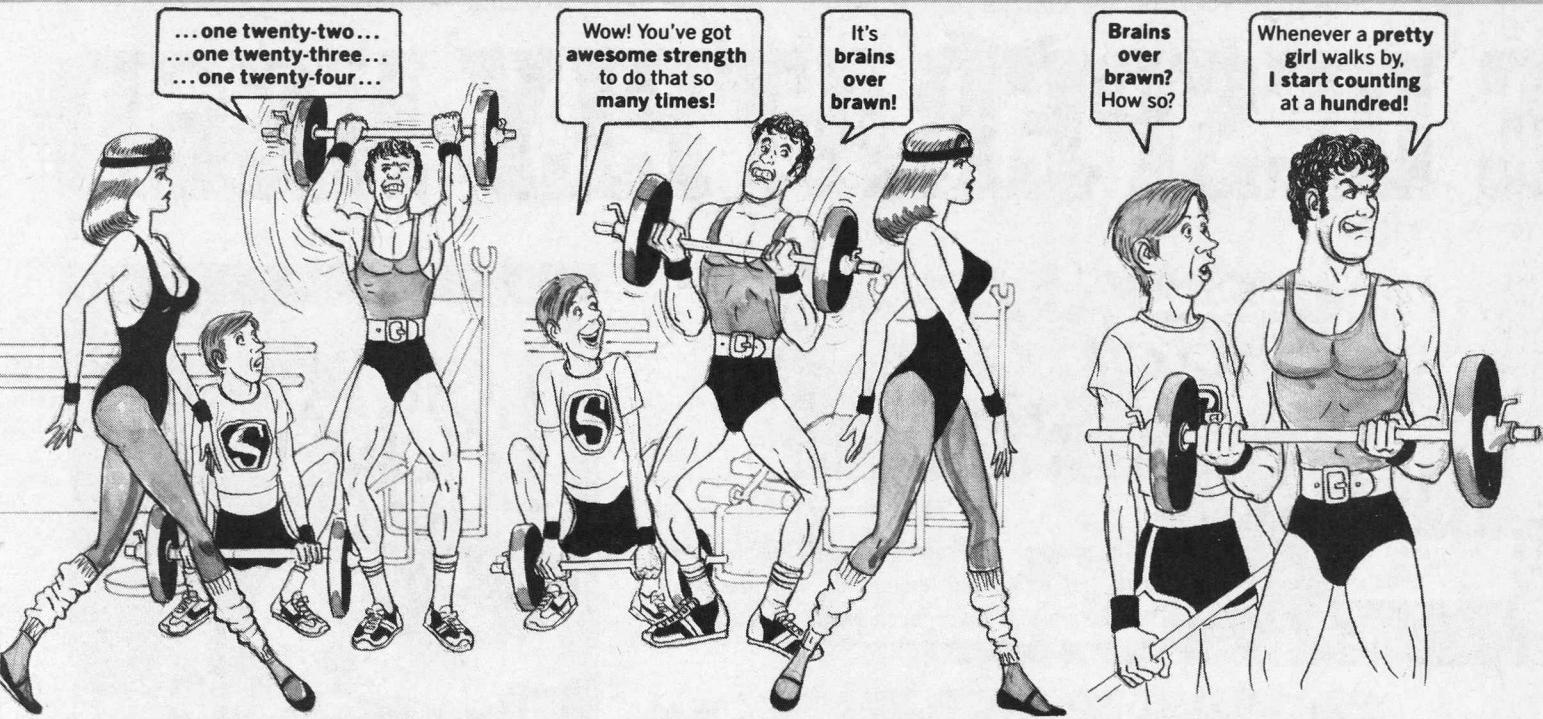


TAKE HEED!

This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.



PUMPING IRON



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

CLOTHES



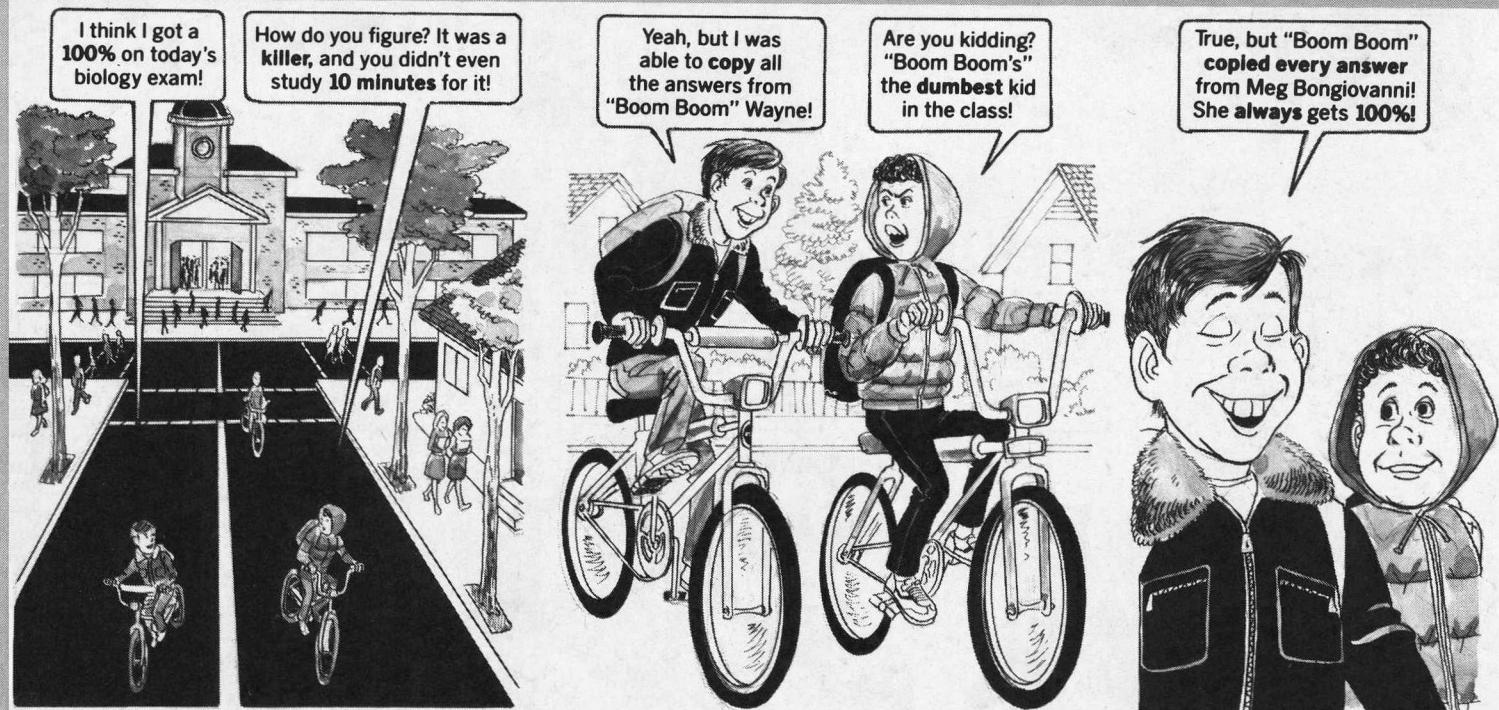
DRIVING



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

EXAMS



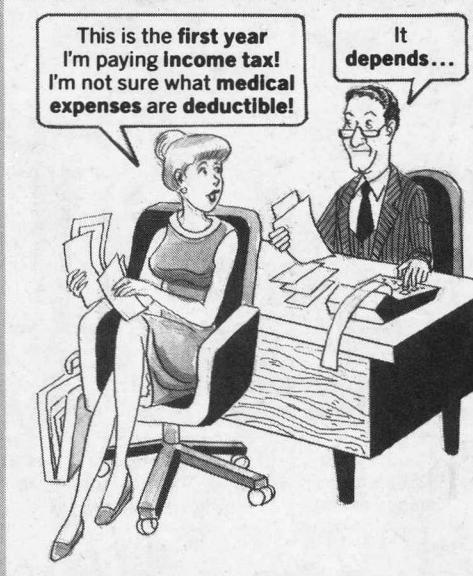
OBSESSION



SPENDING



DEDUCTIONS



LOVE



RESPONSIBILITY



TELEVISION



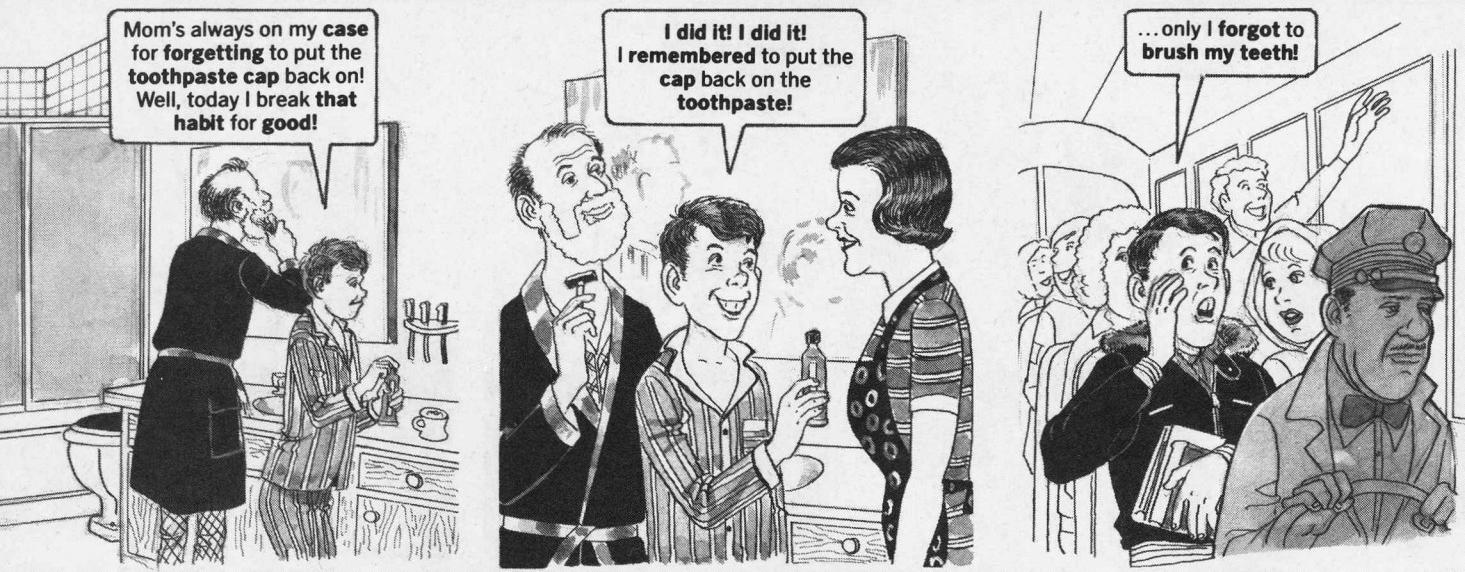
SELF-EFFACEMENT



GOLF



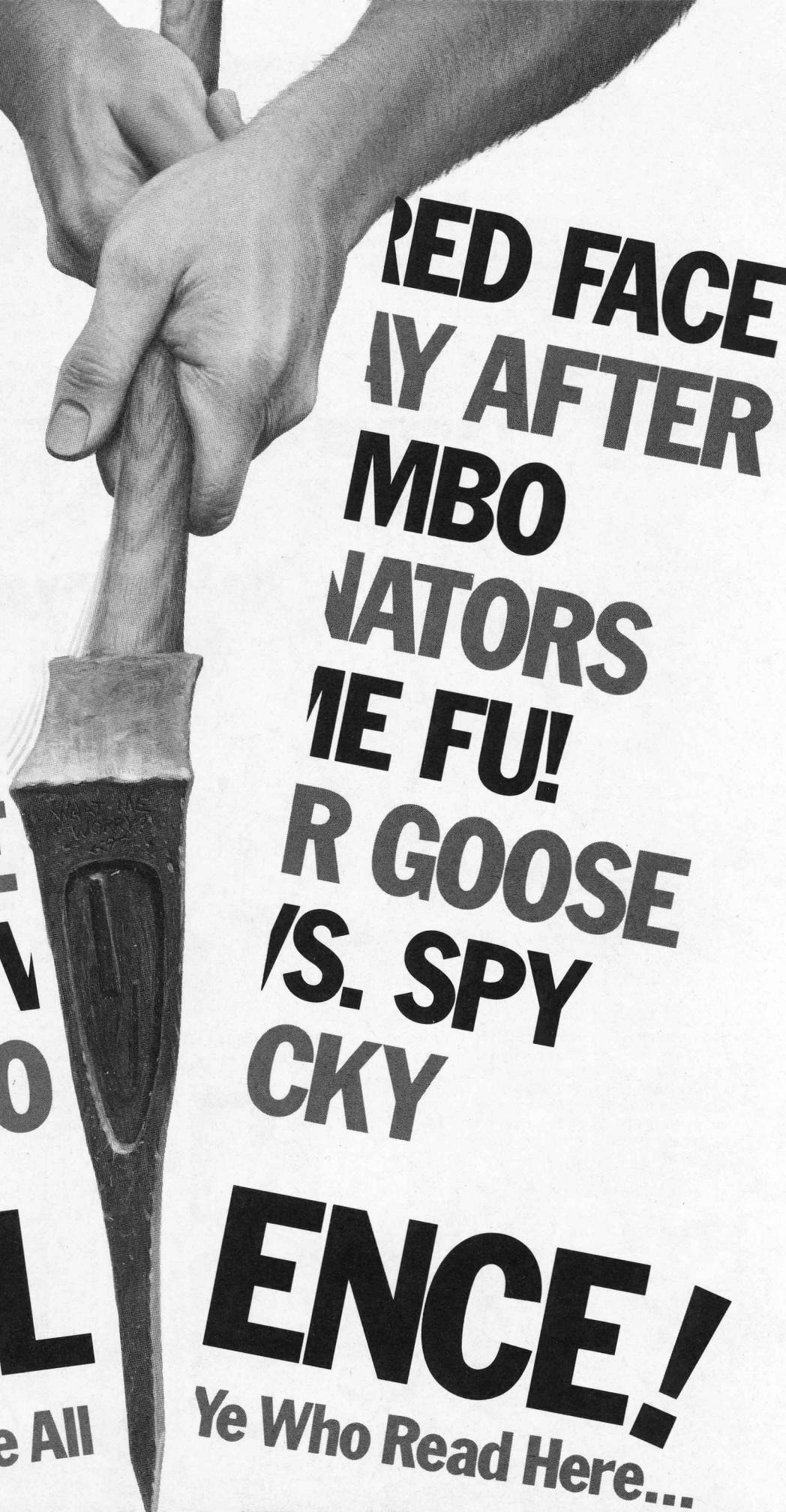
HABITS



DOCTORS



SCARR
THE DA
RA
ALIEN
HON
MOTHE
SPY V
RO
VIOL



RED FACE
IY AFTER
MBO
NATORS
IE FU!
R GOOSE
'S. SPY
CKY
ENCE!
Ye Who Read Here...

Abandon Hope All

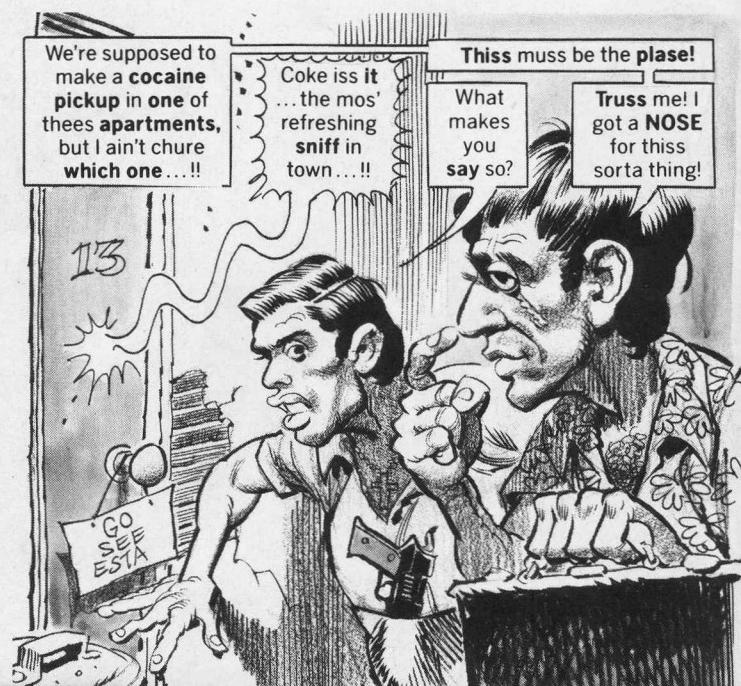
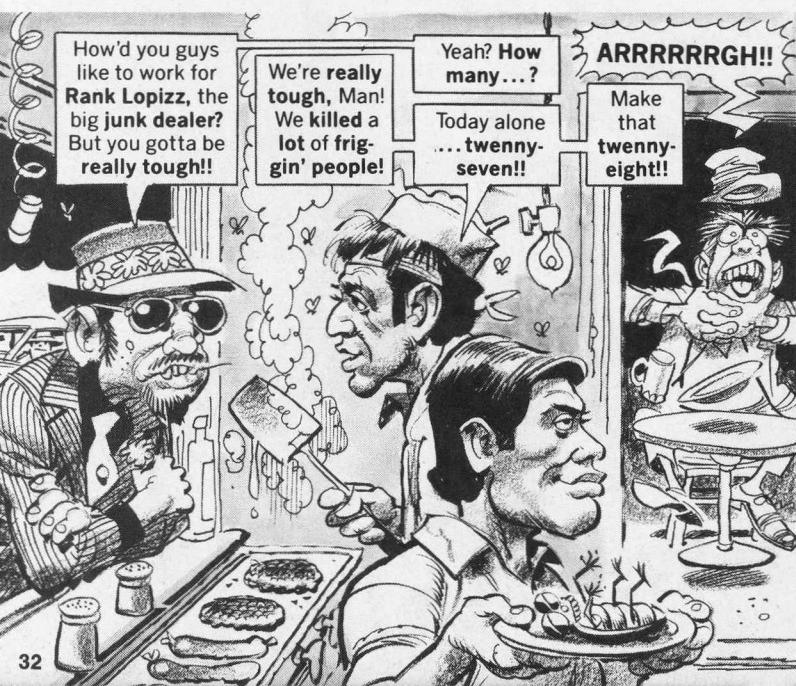
SNORT SUBJECT DEPT.

Some time ago, a promising young film star rose to new heights portraying a brilliant Italian-American college graduate who takes over a huge criminal empire. Now, more than ten years later, this same film star sinks to new lows portraying a sick, amoral Cuban junkie who takes over another huge criminal empire. In real life, this would be called "degeneracy." In Hollywood, this is called "progress." Anyway, here's our version of—

SCAR



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



RED FACE

Listen, I got
beeg dreams,
Bebbel! Some
day, all of
thiss weel
be YOURS!!

THIS...?!?
Feefty dirty
tents... an'
ninety tons of
street crap!!!

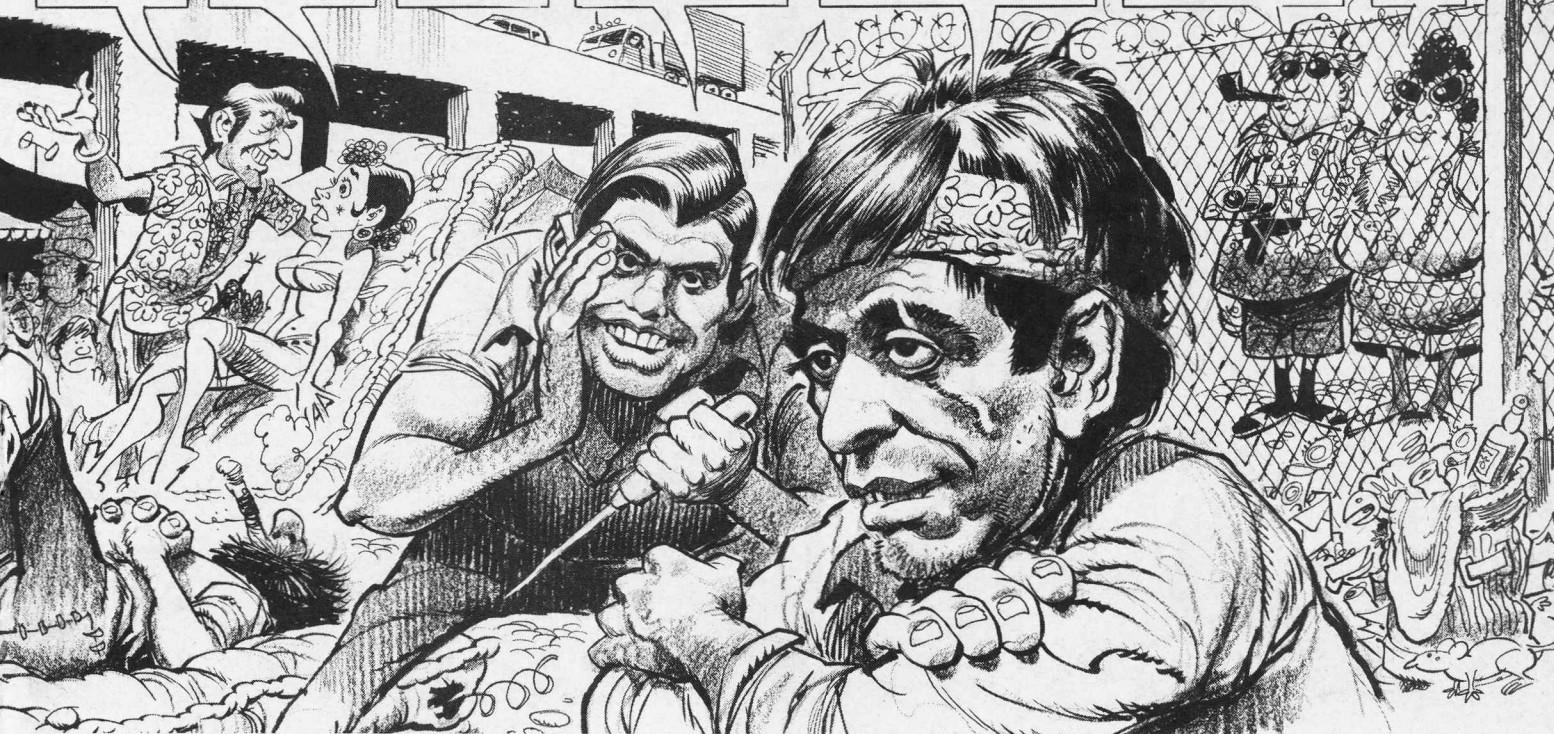
I said I had
BEEG dreams,
Bebbe...!!
I never said
I had TER-
RIFIC ones!

Iss all set, Toadie!
Rank Lopizz says he
weel spring us from
here! All we gotta
do iss ICE one of
his ol' enemies...!

Man, in **Cuba**, they lock-
ed us **UP** for killing
somebody! **Here**, they're
gonna let us **OUT** for
killing somebody! I tol'
you **America** iss **GREAT**!!

They say that **Fidel**
Castro emptied his
Cuban jails of the
worst criminals and
shipped them **here**
to Miami Beach...!!

There goes
the neigh-
bor-
hood!!



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hey, Man! We're
here to deliver
the **money** for
the **coke pickup**!

Juss a minute, Man!
We ain't finished
with the delivery
boys ahead of you!!

Hoo-hah! I
guess thiss
means they
don't tip!!

Remember the **good old days**... when
kids used to eat **CAKE** at birthday
parties, instead of **sniffing coke**??!

Well... at least
they still hire
CLOWNS!!



You done a **good job** for me, Toadie! You steek with **Rank Lopizz**, an' you gonna make it **beeg**!

Oh, thiss iss my **gringo** girl friend, Elvirus...

Charmed. I'm Chure!

Go suck an egg, you friggin' greaseball!!

Hey, Toadie, I theenk maybe she **LIKES** you! Weeth ME, she's a leetle **cold**!

Hey, Bebbee! How 'bout a ride in my classy new car?

In **THAT** monstrosity?!! With those **OBSCENE** seat covers! I happen to **LOVE** animals, and I wouldn't sit on **LEOPARD** skin for all the gold in Ft. Knox!!

This ain't **LEOPARD** skin, Bebbee! This iss **HUMAN** skin! The spots all over it are **BULLET HOLES**!!

Well, in that case— maybe a **short spin**!!

Great news, Meanie!! Elvirus an' me iss gettin' married! I asked her to name the day, and she did!

Man, thass terrific!! When iss it gonna be??

I'll let you know as soon as I check out when **HELL** iss gonna **FREEZE OVER**!

Mama, iss your **son**, Toadie! I became a **beeg shot** here in America, an' I got plenny of **BUCKS** for you! Here ...

I don' wan your feelthy money! I can imagine how you got it, you dirty bum!

Mama, all I do is ring doorbells an' deliver packs of **POWDER**!!

Oh...?! You're an **AVON** MAN! Why didn't you SAY so?!

Iss good to see my sister, Genie, again! To me, you are a **pure angel**! An' that iss why I don' wan you to let men do all those sick, disgusting theengs to you!

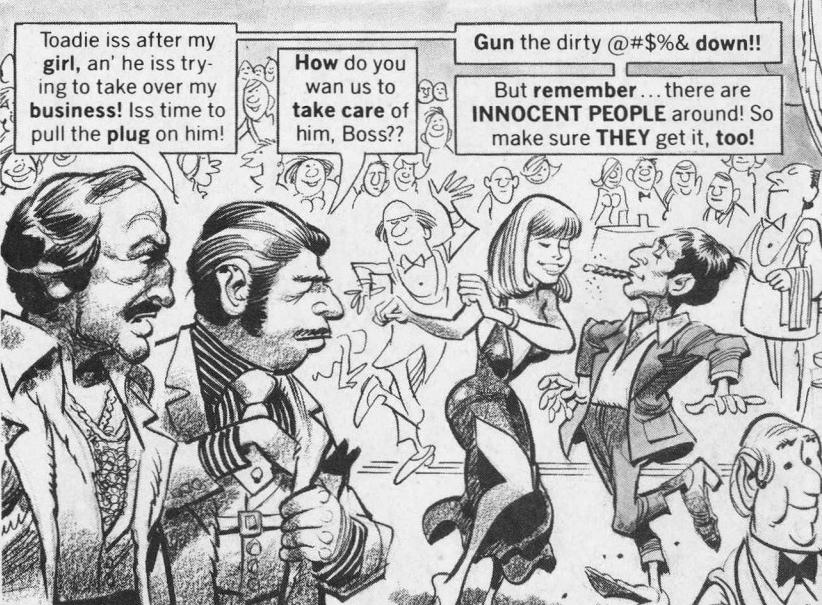
WHAT sick, disgusting theengs, Toadie???

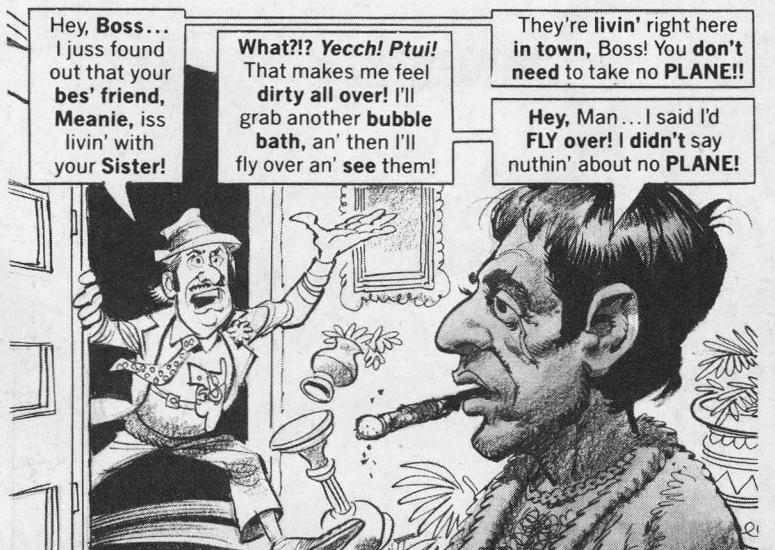
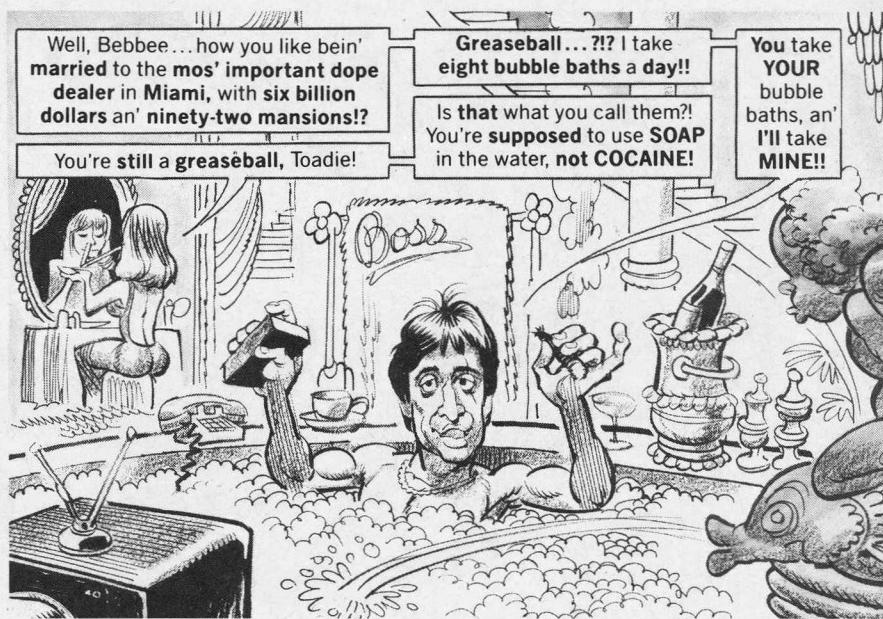
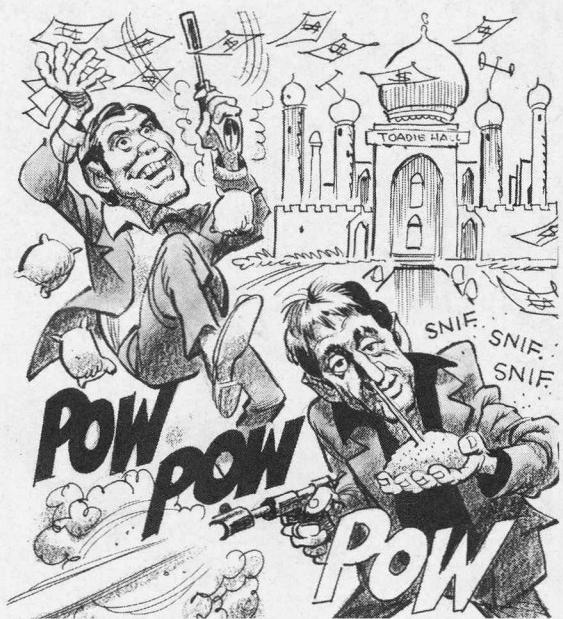
The sick, disgusting theengs I'm doing to you right now!!

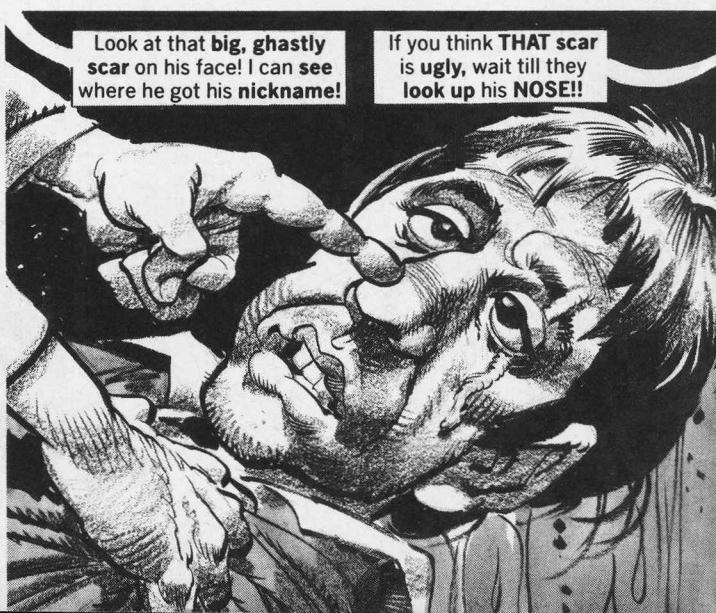
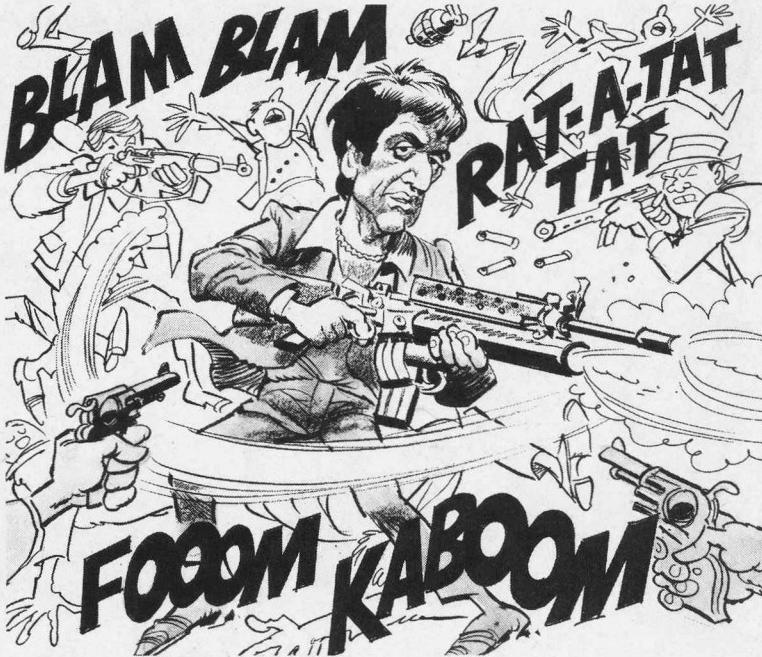
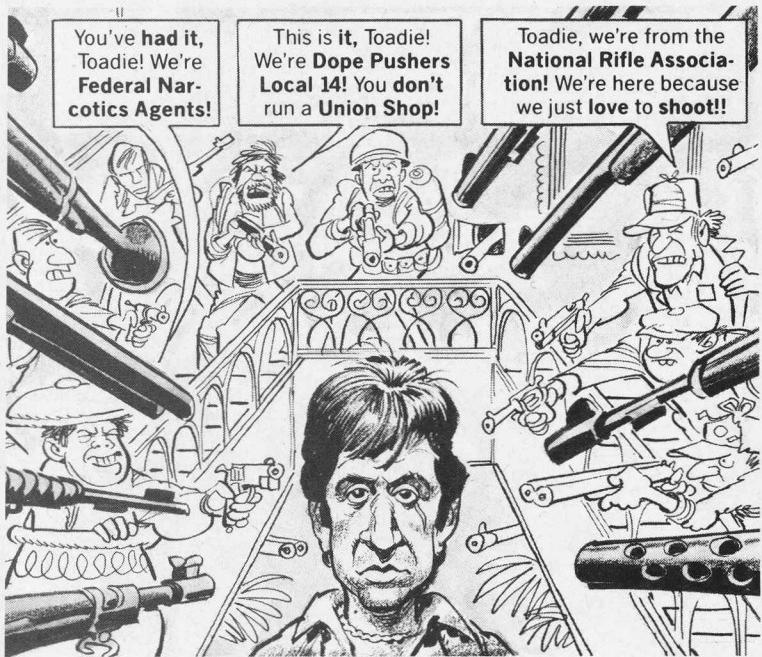
Toadie iss after my girl, an' he iss trying to take over my business! Iss time to pull the plug on him!

How do you wan us to take care of him, Boss??

Gun the dirty @#\$%& down!! But remember... there are **INNOCENT PEOPLE** around! So make sure **THEY** get it, too!







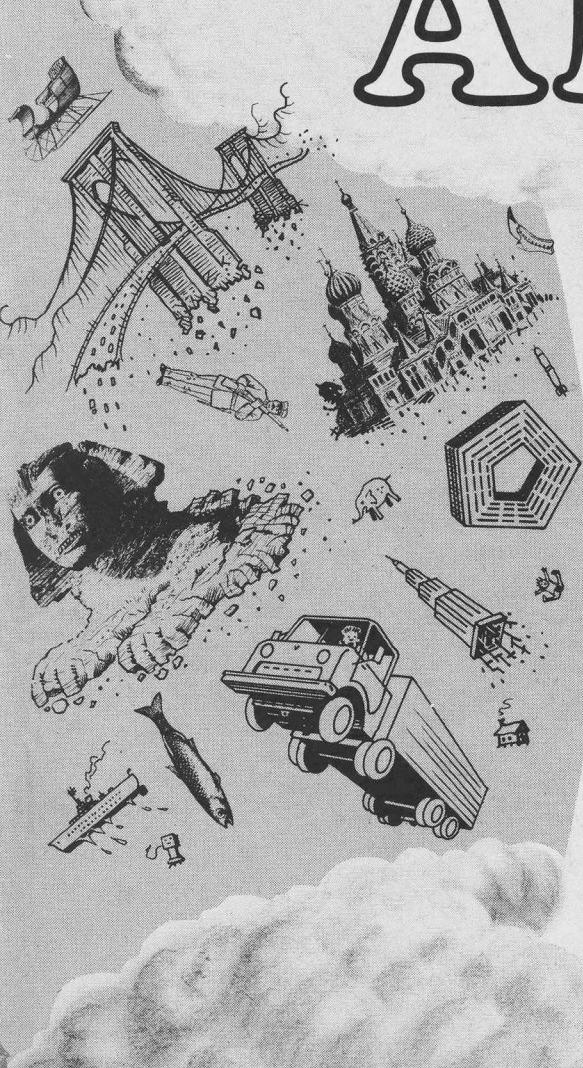
BLAST LAUGH DEPT.

Everyone knows that the best thing to do in difficult times is to keep busy! Keeping busy occupies your mind and prevents you from going into deep depression. So, just to be safe, here are some MAD suggestions for keeping busy during the difficult time ahead. Mainly, here are some

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT EXPOSURE TO NUCLEAR RADIATION MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

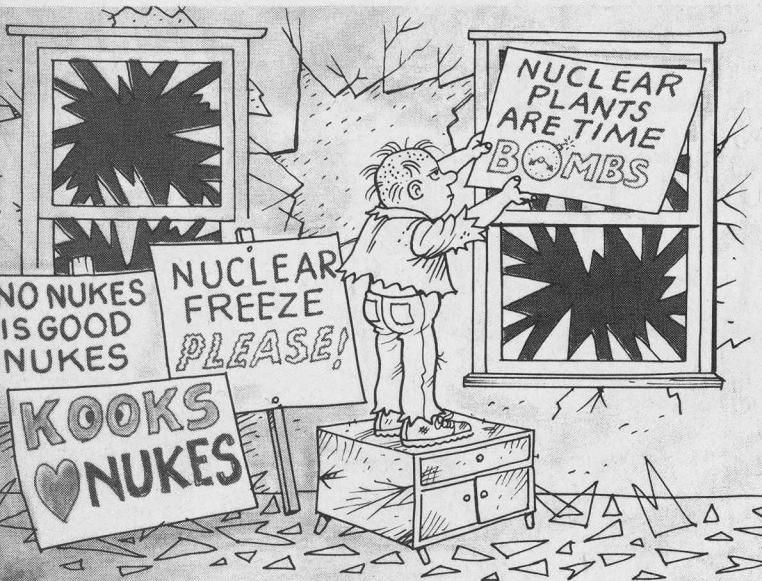
THINGS TO DO ON THE DAY AFTER

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE





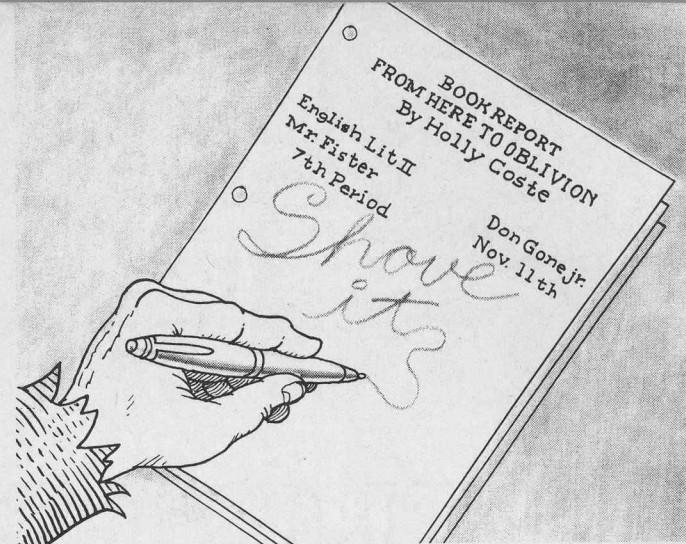
Cancel your subscription to "House Beautiful" magazine.



Use old "Nuclear Protest Signs" to close broken windows.



Find other uses for flashlights,
now that you glow in the dark.



Write a tender message on your overdue term paper.



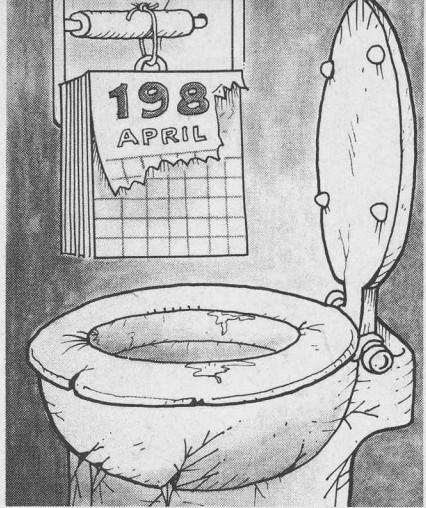
Use birth control devices for other recreational activities... now that everyone's sterile anyway.



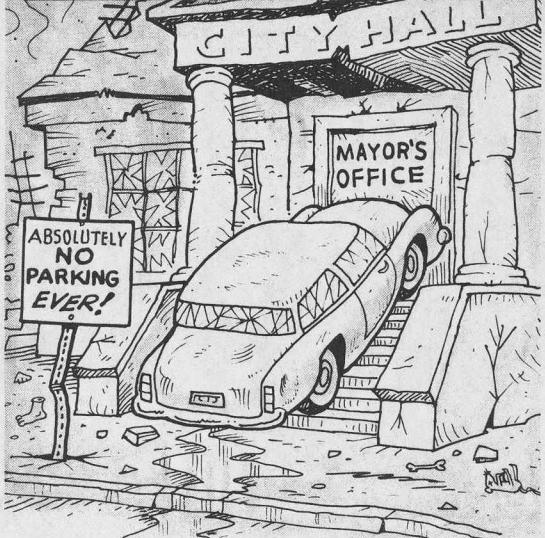
Stuff a pillow with your
falling-out hair, and...



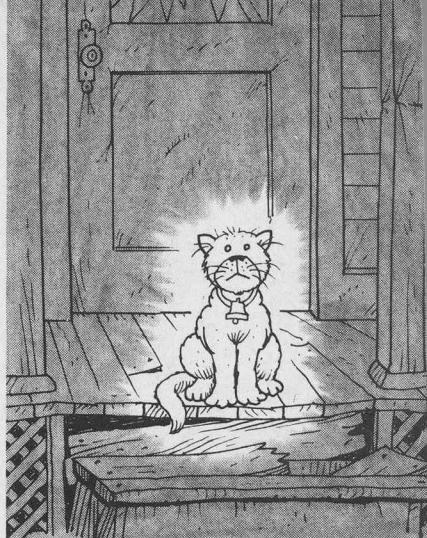
...make a necklace with
your falling-out teeth.



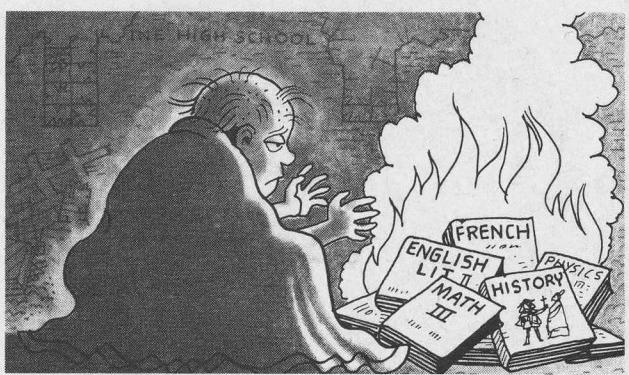
Put your Ten-Year-Calendar to more immediate practical use.



Park anywhere you like any time you like.



Put the cat out as a night light.



Use your school textbooks to keep warm.



Promise to clean your room if your parents buy you a bulldozer.



Call any broker and offer to buy ten million shares of General Motors Corp. for ten cents.



Treat your "Pro-Nuke" neighbor to a special cigar you've saved for just such an occasion.



Eat, drink and smoke anything you want! The nicotine, tars and additives are the least of your problems now.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND TERRORIST

He must face a firing squad! He took 17 flights and failed to blow up a single one!

And what was his flimsy excuse, too much conscience?

No, he said he needed the frequent traveler bonus mileage!

Pay attention! This is the most important course you will take!

Will we learn how to make explosives?

No, you'll learn how to look good on American television!

Remember, all bombings and raids must occur before 9 PM American Time. That way they'll be able to put their stories together for the 11 PM news!

I heard you lost your room-mate. Did he flunk out?

No, we were assigned to make a letter bomb and his was returned for insufficient postage!

What happened?

What a loss!

I told him never to kick the tires of a car loaded with explosives!

Yeah, vehicles are very hard to come by!

Sir, how do we get our guns and grenades past airport security?

Don't worry, those metal detectors only pick up keys and nail clippers!

We must destroy our enemies! We must chop off their arms and pull out their eyeballs! We must mutilate, kill and...

Boy, Omar sure has mellowed since his last speech!

ID THE SCENE AT A MING CAMP

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Ishfahar, where are you taking that box of dirty, smelly, dung-stained rags?

To the PX. They're our shipment of new uniforms!

I'll need grenades, ground-to-air mortars, a machine gun, ample ammunition...

Who is Saheed talking to?

His travel agent!

The Russians' weapons may be all right but their USO shows are absolutely the pits!

You should be proud! You have been selected for the highest honor—the privilege of dying for our noble cause!

If it's such a great honor, how come none of the big shots volunteer for these suicide missions?

Wanna have a good laugh? Watch this!

Yeah, the Americans get Bob Hope and Brooke Shields and we get Olga and her Magic Tractor.

WELCOME
CLASS REUNION 1967

Hi, it's great to see you but where is everybody?

We are everybody!

Who can tell me why we hijack, take hostages, blow up property and murder?

Correct!

Because ours is a religious struggle.

Okay class, if Haji has 13 hostages and Yasir has 18 hostages will Yasir have to kill to have the same amount as Haji?



Tomorrow he's driving a truck full of explosives into a military base and today he's worried about slipping!

Ever since the Vietnam War, Americans have been looking for a hero to restore our national image. At last, thanks to Hollywood, we have our man—Rambo! That tough, no-nonsense galoot generates pride! Confidence! And egomania! He's given this country a badly needed shot in

WHEN THE RAMBO INFLUEN

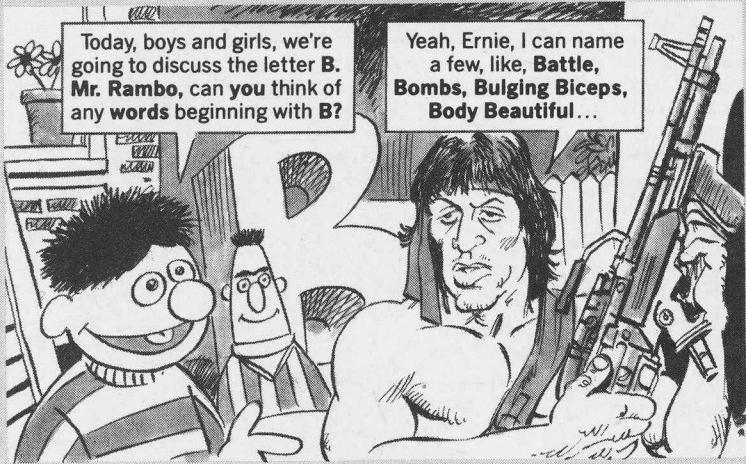
COMIC STRIPS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITERS: LOU SILVERSTONE AND J. PRETE

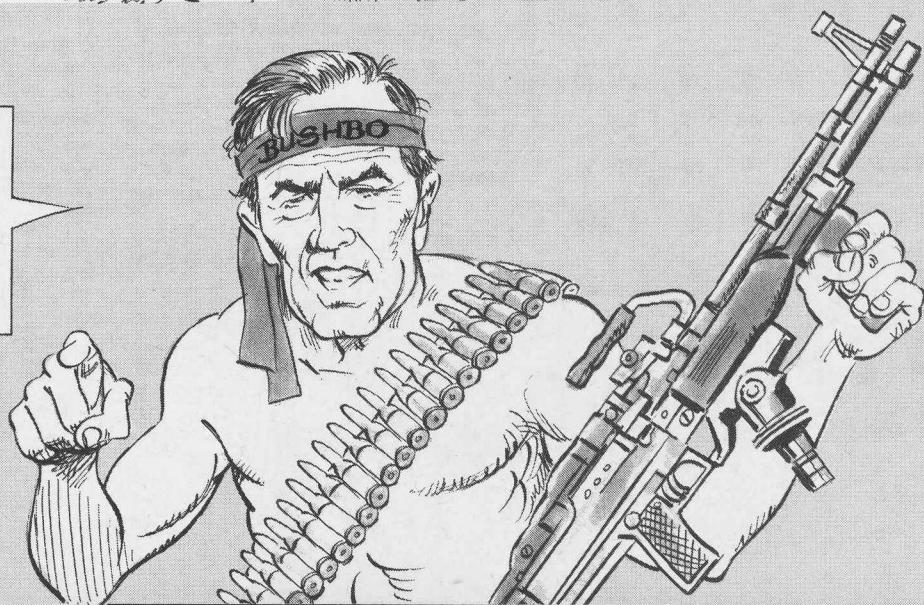


KIDDIE TV SHOWS



POLITICS

Yo, third world creeps! I'm gettin' tired of you faggots runnin' down the U.S. of A.! Who the hell do you think foots the bill for this paradise where you hang out? America! If you bums keep bad-mouthin' the land I love, I'm gonna blow you back so fast your hair will fry! You'll have to crawl back to those stinkhole countries you came from, and the good life will be over! So start sidin' with the USA, or else!



the arm—with the business end of a bazooka! That kind of spirit is pretty darn contagious! We at MAD bet that sooner or later it will get around to all areas of life. In fact, we've written a little article on it! You'll read it—and you'll LIKE IT!! And you'll be ready

ADVICE SPREADS EVERYWHERE

ADVICE COLUMNS

DEAR DANN:
I've always been a very religious person, so naturally I'm opposed to war. I just turned 18 and I'm supposed to register for the draft. This goes against all my religious beliefs. As the Bible says, "Thou shalt not



kill." My father says I should follow my own conscience. What do you advise?

—**Troubled in Ohio**

Dear Troubled: Wimps like you make me want to throw up. You're just another coward hiding behind the Bible. In case you missed it, the Bible also says, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." So cut out all that phony religious garbage and for once in



your life be a man! Be proud to serve your country! If all you religious nuts had your way, we wouldn't have an army and the Commies would take over without a fight, and believe me, they'd know how to deal with you Bible-thumping porkers!

Send for a copy of Ann's free booklet, "Killing Made Easy, a Guide For Patriotic Teenagers."



GAME SHOWS

And now, let's look at the "Rambo" showcase...

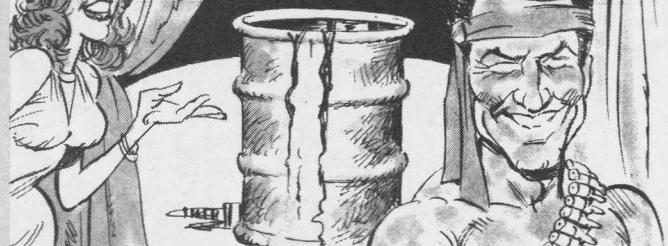
Your showcase starts with camouflage furniture. Even if the Commies flatten your house they won't notice you and your family lounging on this fabulous "Rambo"-inspired loveseat...



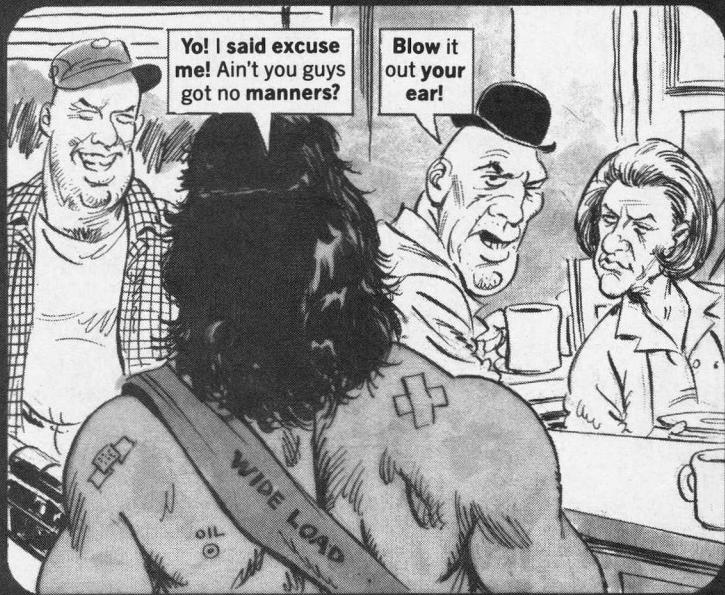
But they will notice when you retaliate with this combination hat rack/misile launcher!



And finally, a 55-gallon drum of "Rambo" mudpack. Rub it all over and make like a guerrilla! Yes, you'll stalk Commies in comfort and safety as you blend into swamps and mountain terrain. All yours if the price is right...



ADVERTISING



THE SECOND SLIME AROUND DEPT.

Picture this...Creatures so hideous they would suck every breath of life out of you! No, we're not talking about the Internal Revenue Service, we're talking about the stars of one of this year's hottest films! Those cretins from another planet who burst out of people's stomachs, drip acid, ooze slime, torture and never once pick up a dinner check! We're talking about the...

A L I E N N a t o r S



You claim Aliens were invading human bodies and spawning eggs inside them, so you had to destroy a \$200 million starship?

It was the only way to kill them! They had acid for blood!

Yeah, well that's nothin'! Our insurance company has a rock for a heart! They refused to pay off on "The Company's" claim for the starship you blew up!

We want you to go back to DOA426.

No! Never! I'll never go back!

What if I told you that even with your 57 years in space, you still need two million Frequent Flyer miles to qualify for a free trip to Puerto Rico!

Okay! Okay! I'll go! Dealing with "The Company" rules is worse than any stupid Aliens!

Come on, Marines, rise and shine! You've been asleep for three weeks! Coffee's ready!

Coffee is the last thing we want! The BATHROOM is what we want!

Me first! I have to shave!

No one told me there was an android aboard!

How did you know I am an android? Because I bled white fluid when I did that knife trick and cut myself?

That, and the fact that you're having pancakes smothered in STP Oil Treatment!

Okay, men, we're ready to launch our land rover and explore DOA426! Drop station at ready! Sequencers activated! Switching from GE range to sterno can! Septic tank plug tightened! Fuzzy dice on rearview mirror in place! Saint Christopher medal secured to dashboard!

Oh, stop making it sound so technical and just hit the button marked "GO"!

Look at this disgusting place! Pus-filled sores in these living-membrane walls! And that moldy-odored slime hanging from the ceiling! Don't touch it!

Whadda ya mean, don't touch it? I thrive on hand-to-slime combat! Can't we have any fun on this lousy mission?!



Corporal Hex, the tunnel your platoon is in is **right under** the Ronson Fuel-Ignited Generator! If they fire their weapons, we'll all be blown clear into the next article!

Er, guys, listen up! The plan is EXACTLY the same as before—seek and destroy the Aliens, but, er... don't fire your guns!

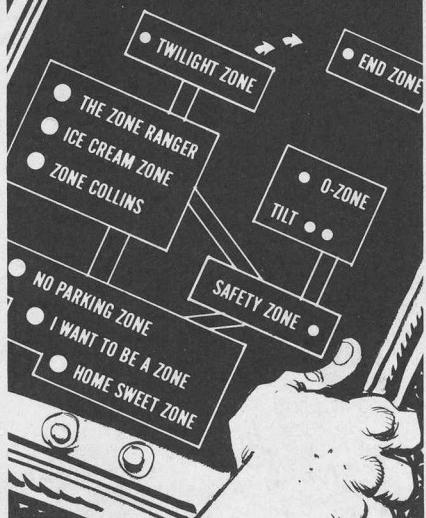
No guns? What's that leave us with?

Barfing, running and sweating profusely are all OK!

We're doomed! We're going to die! And I only have three years, 11 months left to my four-year hitch!!! Oh... why did this have to happen to me now?!?



Sir, on the micro-locators! There's some movement!

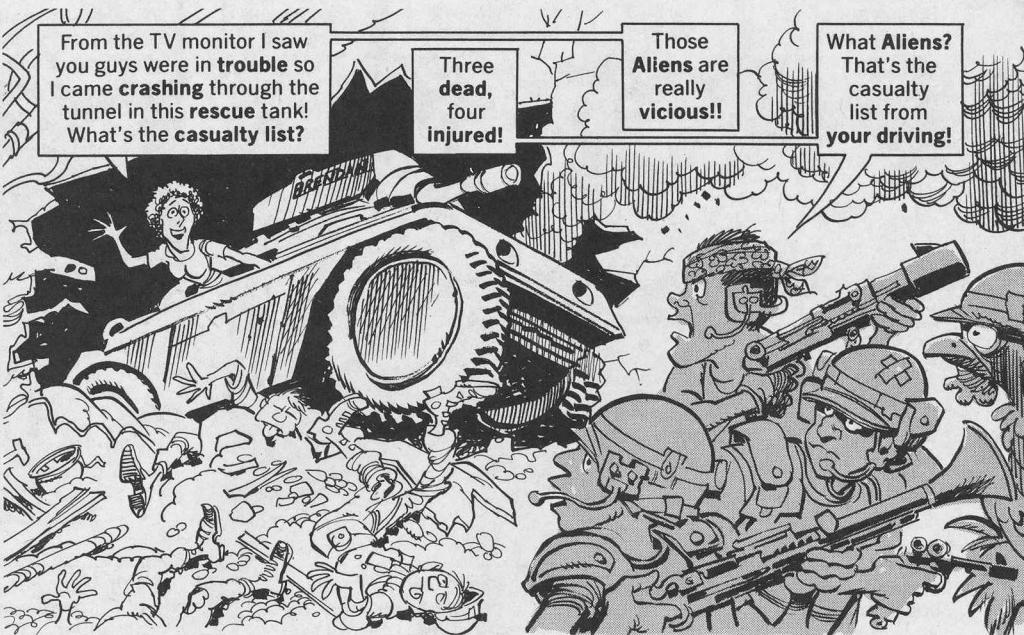


From the TV monitor I saw you guys were in trouble so I came crashing through the tunnel in this rescue tank! What's the casualty list?

Three dead, four injured!

Those Aliens are really vicious!!

What Aliens? That's the casualty list from your driving!



Are these the Aliens, Ripley?

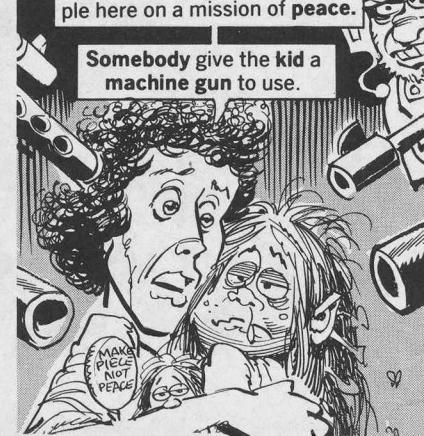
Either that or we've discovered an Italian Restaurant with the galaxy's largest calamari! Of course they're Aliens!

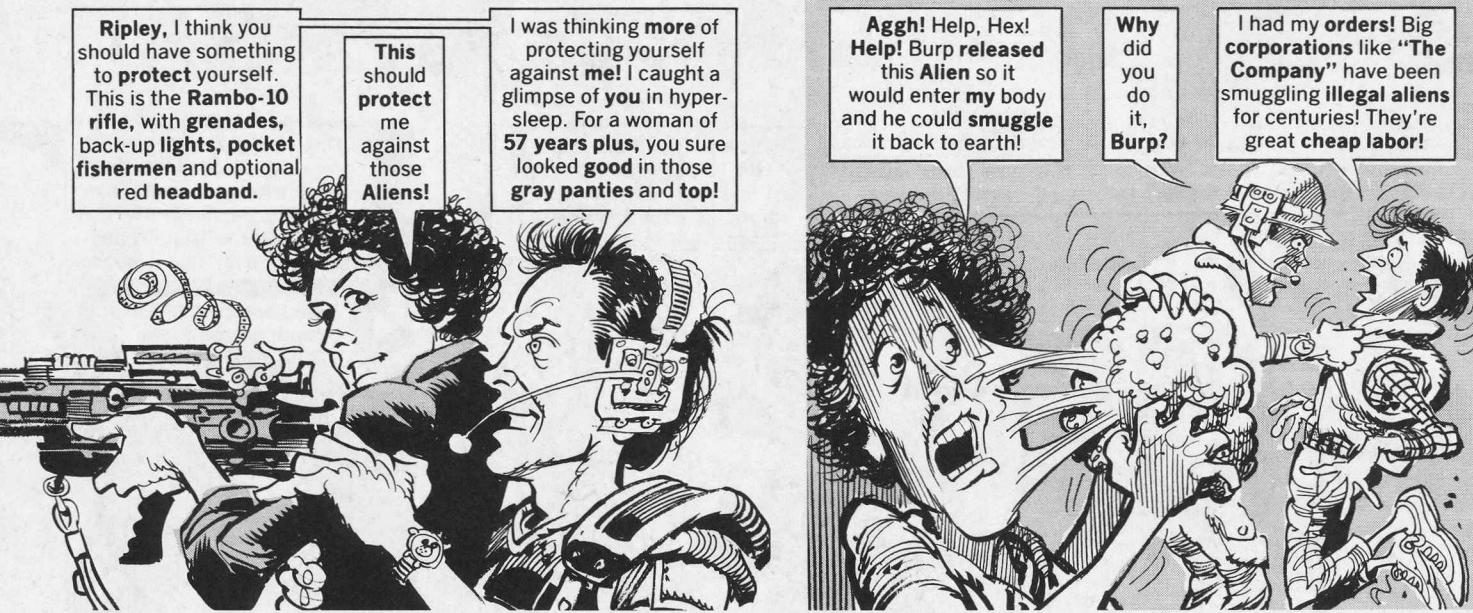
Over there! Look! Help! Kill it! It's alive! Run! Run! Run for your lives!

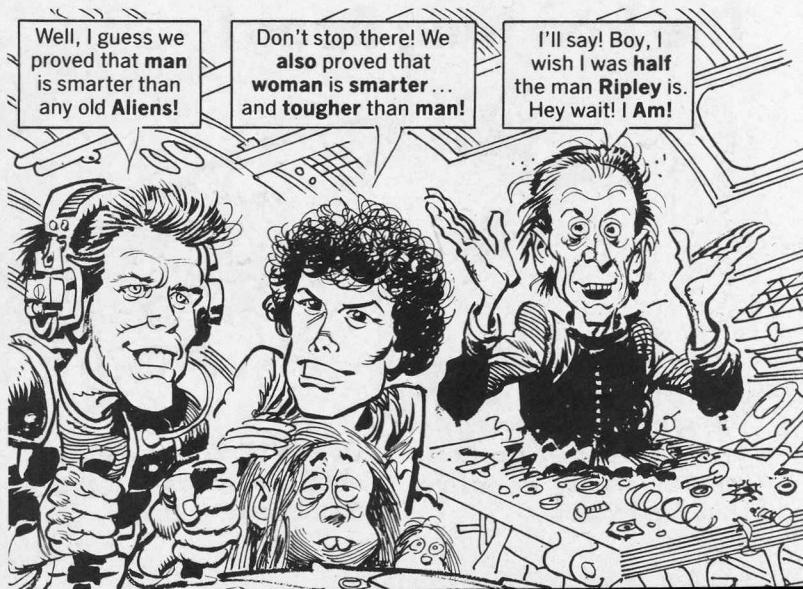
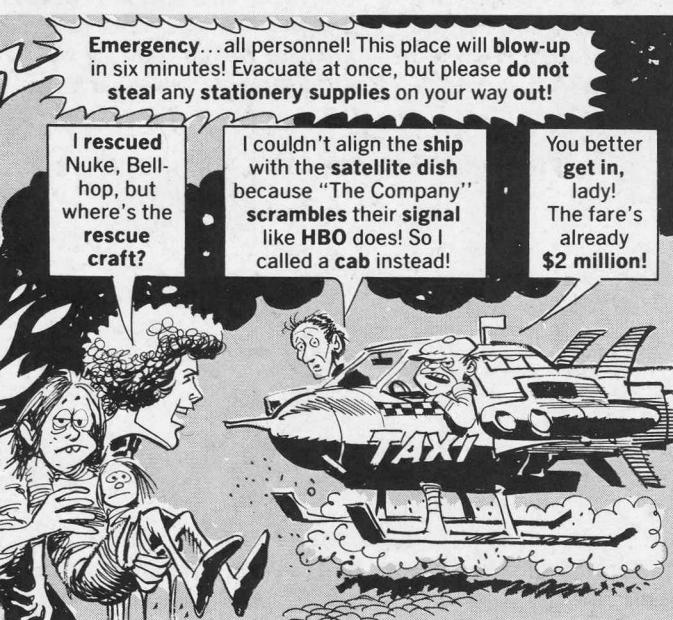
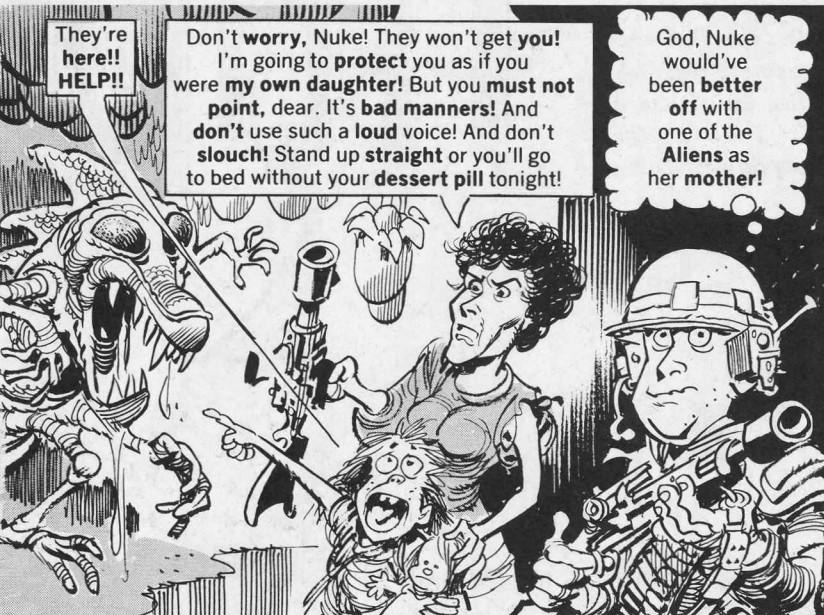
That's a little girl, you idiot!

Yes, but she'll grow up to be a big girl like my mother unless we shoot her now!

Don't be afraid, little girl. We only came to blow this planet to kingdom come and kill everyone of those &*!*& Aliens! We're a friendly people here on a mission of peace.







Kung Fu started many years ago when poor Chinese farmers, who could not afford real weapons, developed self-defense techniques using whatever was available: plow blades, staffs, even benches. Nice idea. But since very few poor Chinese farmers are MAD readers, it made very little sense to us to write an article on Kung Fu. So instead we wrote an article about a self-defense technique the average American could use. A deadly defense called:

HOM

Phone Fu



BLOCKING: The phone conveniently fits over the hand in a way that allows the steel bottom to deflect your opponent's blows.



ENSNARLING: By holding the body of the phone in one hand, and the receiver in the other, you can use the cord to tangle up your opponent.



OFFENSE: By holding the cord at mid-length, the receiver may be swung and launched at your opponent. It may also be used for long-distant ensnarling.



LAST RESORT: If you hate violence you can still use the phone to call your enemies in the middle of the night and mutter obscenities.

The Links Of Agony



WHIP METHOD: Grasp one end of a sausage and savagely snap the other end at your enemy!



NUNCHAKUS METHOD: This is a complicated maneuver and is not recommended for beginners!



PELTING METHOD: Break up the links, grab an equal amount in each hand, and throw all of them at your opponent!

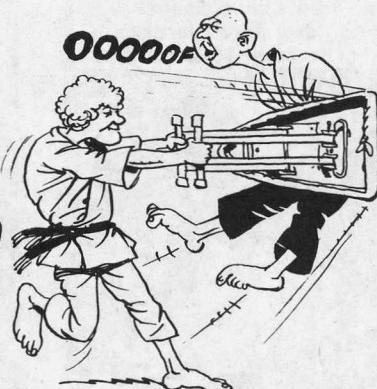
The Iron Ning Board



BLOCKING: Because the Iron Ning Board is roughly the same length and width as the human body, it makes a very effective blocking tool.



OFFENSE: Grasp the feet of the board while it is in the closed position.



Quickly bring your arms together while aiming at your opponent.



ESCAPE: If all else fails, you can use the Iron Ning Board to slide down the stairs and beat a hasty retreat.

E FU!



The Stove Of Death



OFFENSE: Even an empty stove can provide you with a deadly weapon!



Grab the burner guard as shown.



In a quick motion, hurl the burner at your opponent!



IMPORTANT! Do not use this technique if you have just been cooking something!

The Oven Mitts Of Death



PREPARATION: Oven mitts offer the same benefits that boxing gloves do —they protect your hands in combat!



They are quick in that they fit either hand, thereby avoiding confusion at critical moments.



OFFENSE: When stuffed with a potato they make an effective long distance weapon.

Other Home Fu Maneuvers



Twin Slices Of Doom!

Kung Fruit!

Drawer Of Destruction!



Fridge Fu!

ECCH THE HALLS WITH BOWELS FOR KALI DEPT.

A few years ago, "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" reminded theater audiences of the great movie "serials" of the past. Now, that same production team has brought us a sequel that reminds us of yet another cereal...oatmeal! We're talking, of course, about—



INBANANA JONES

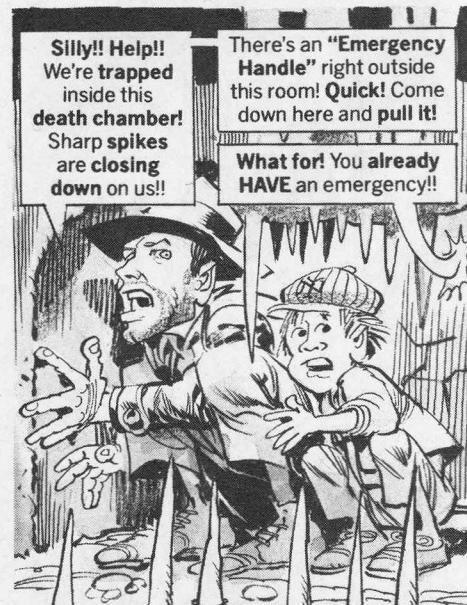
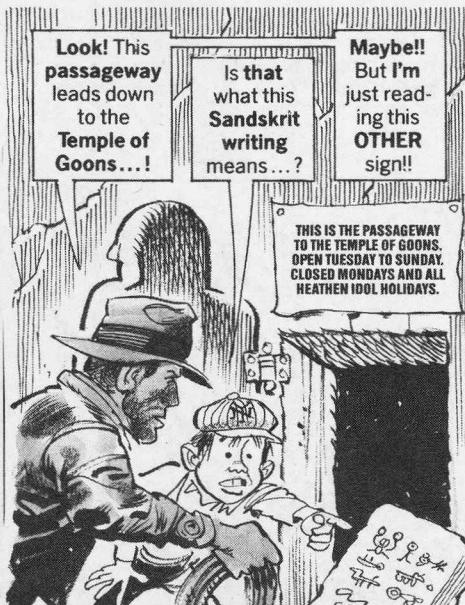
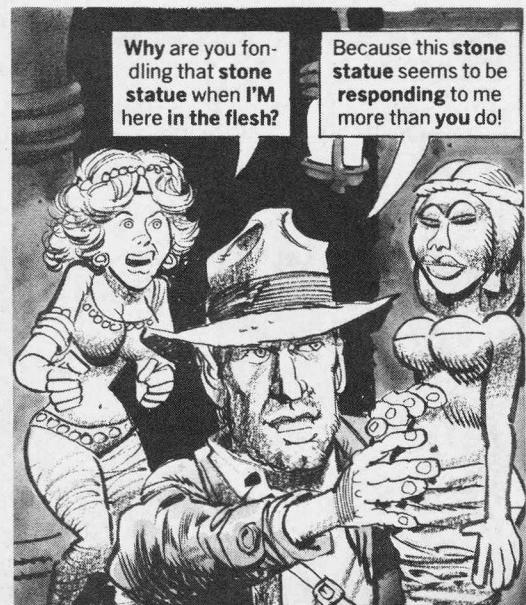
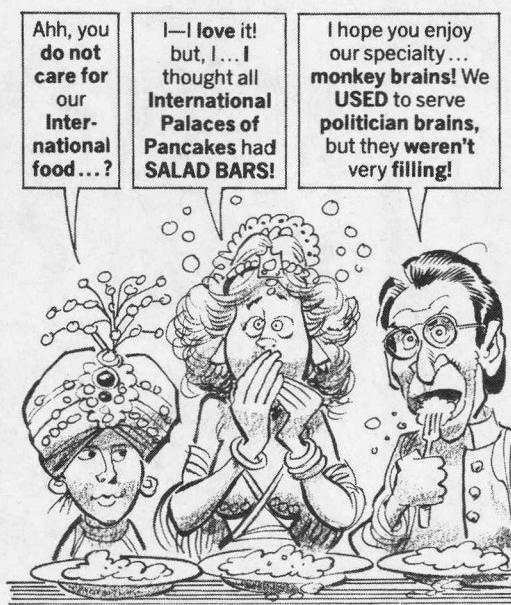
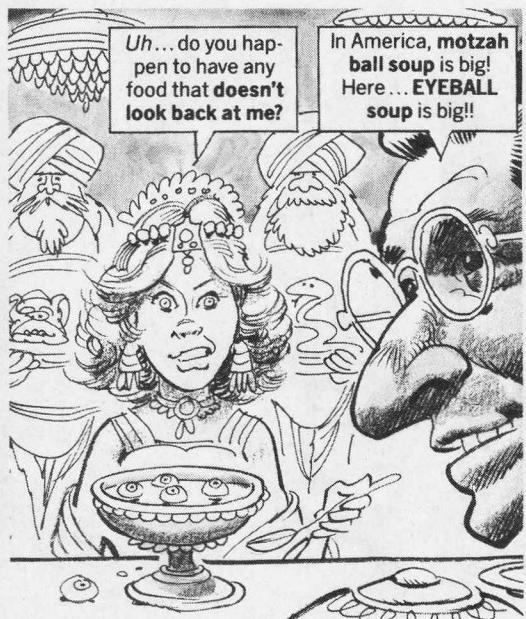
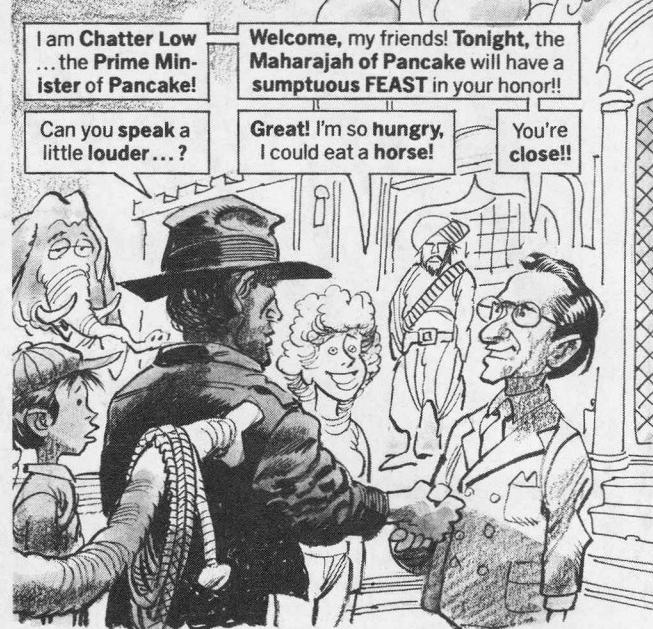
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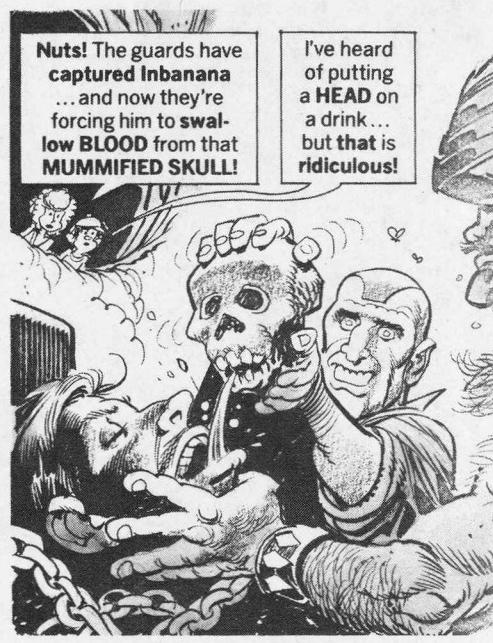
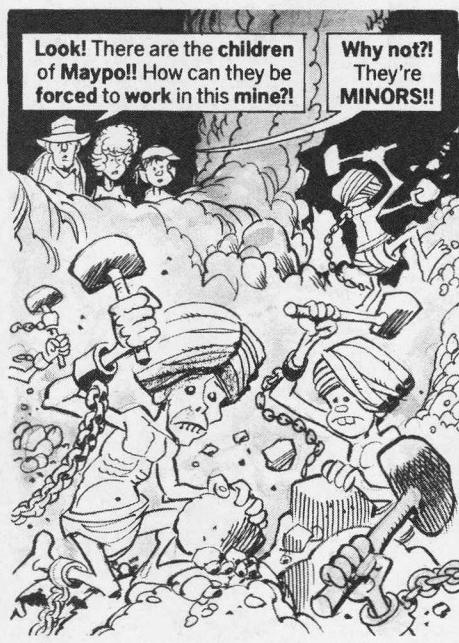
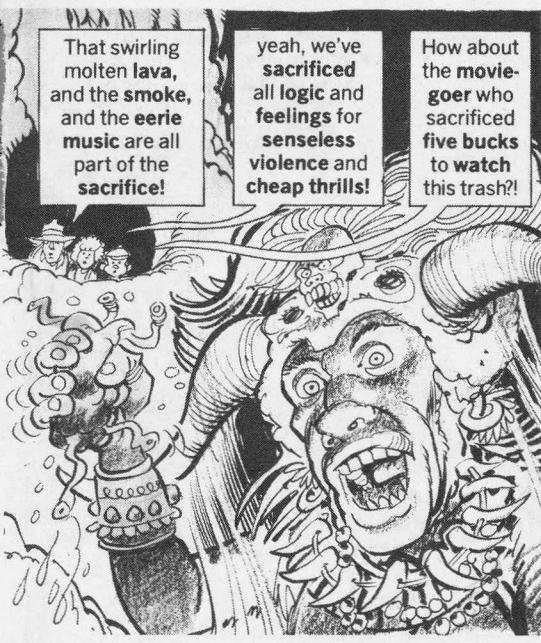
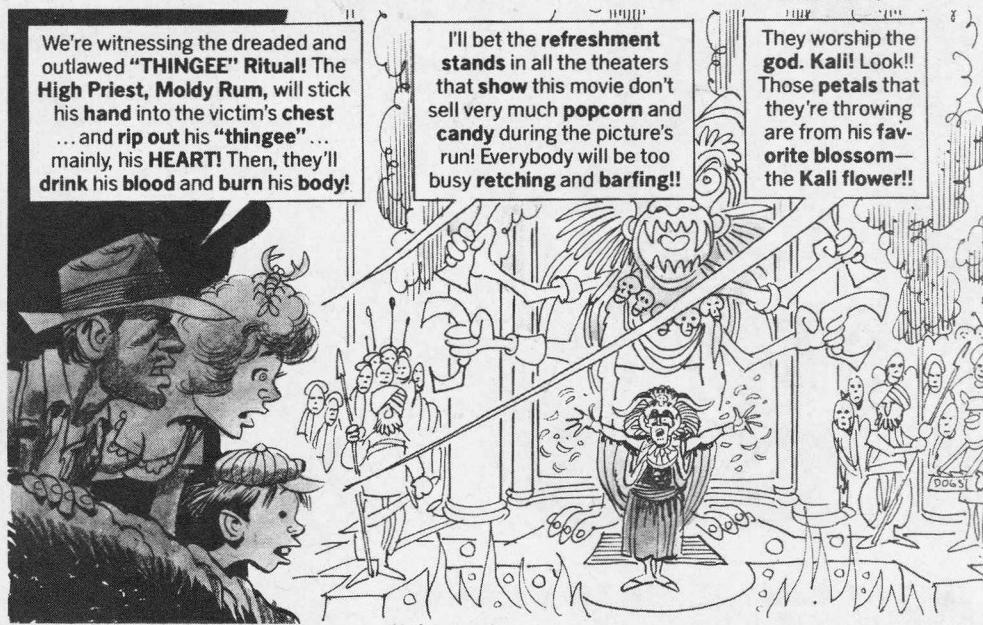
TEMPLE OF GOONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO







Now ... we'll be free all of the children!
Thank goodness this ONE KEY fits all ten thousand of these locks!!

Hey... where'd you get the skeleton key ... ?

From a skeleton, where else?

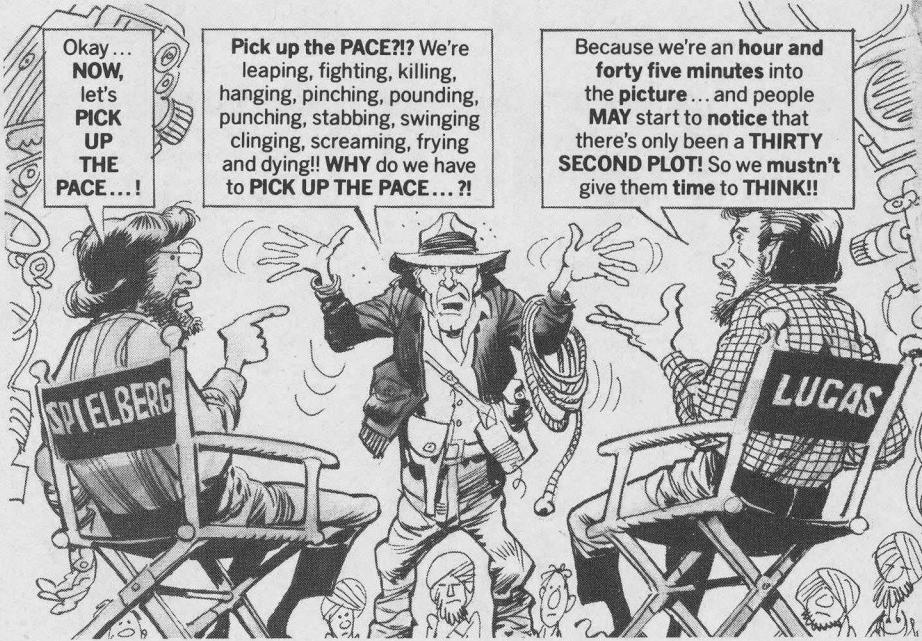
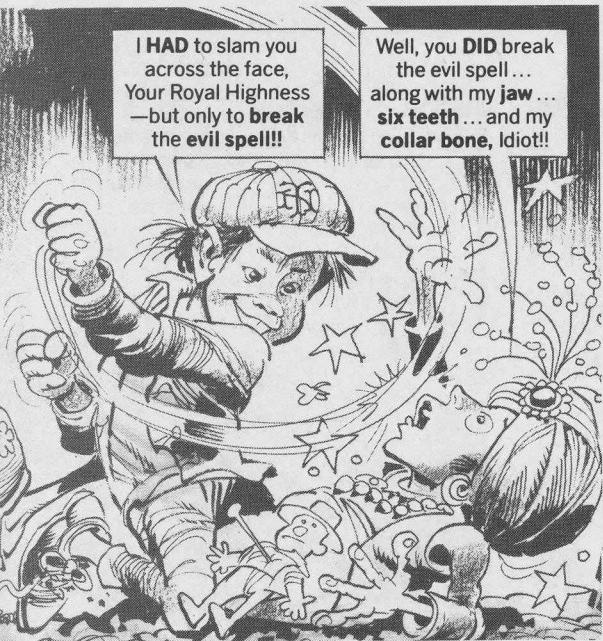
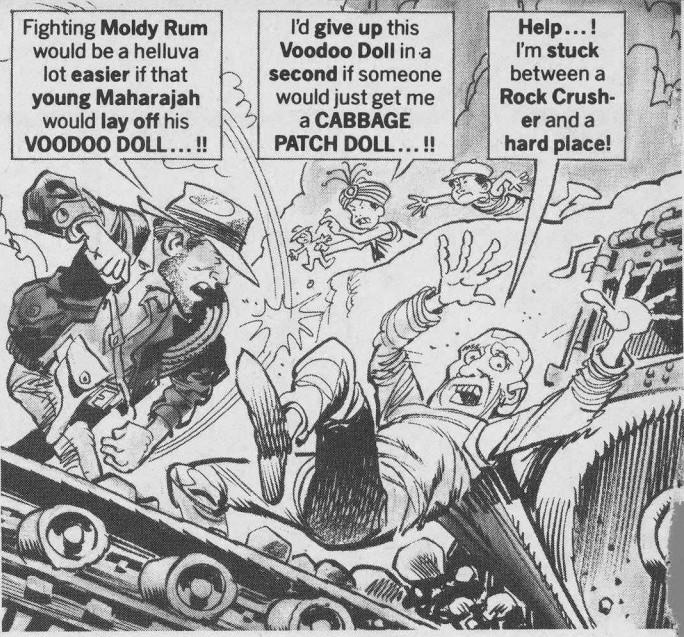
What are you kids MINING, anyway?
Plain ROCKS?! What FOR?!!

Rocks! Plain rocks!
The Maharajah spent eleven million dollars for that ROCK CRUSHER and he needed SOMETHING to put into it!

Fighting Moldy Rum would be a helluva lot easier if that young Maharajah would lay off his VOODOO DOLL ... !!

I'd give up this Voodoo Doll in a second if someone would just get me a CABBAGE PATCH DOLL ... !!

Help...! I'm stuck between a Rock Crusher and a hard place!



Okay ... then here we go!! First, I escape from the onrushing guards...

Then ... I escape certain death in an out-of-control speeding min-ing car ...

Then ... I es-cape falling to my death from a col-lapsing rope bridge ...

Now ... if only I could escape from my contract ... I wouldn't have to make "INBANANA JONES III" ... !!



Here is the Sanka Stone!

Thank you, Inbanana Jones! Now there will be singing and dancing in the streets of our village once again!

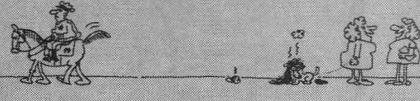
Can you tell me what magic the stone holds?

Oh ... no magic!! It's the BUNG to our BEER KEG!!



OUR CREATURE PRESENTATION DEPT.

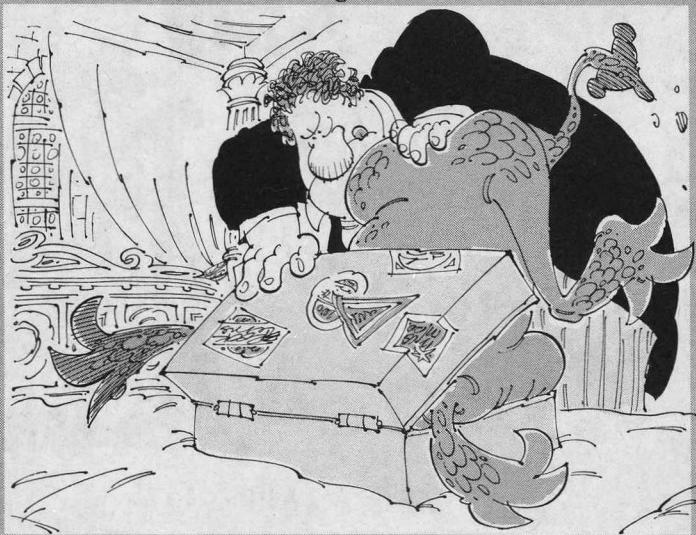
HORRIFYING CRIME CLICHES



ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Packing A ROD



Committing A FELONY



Running A RACKET



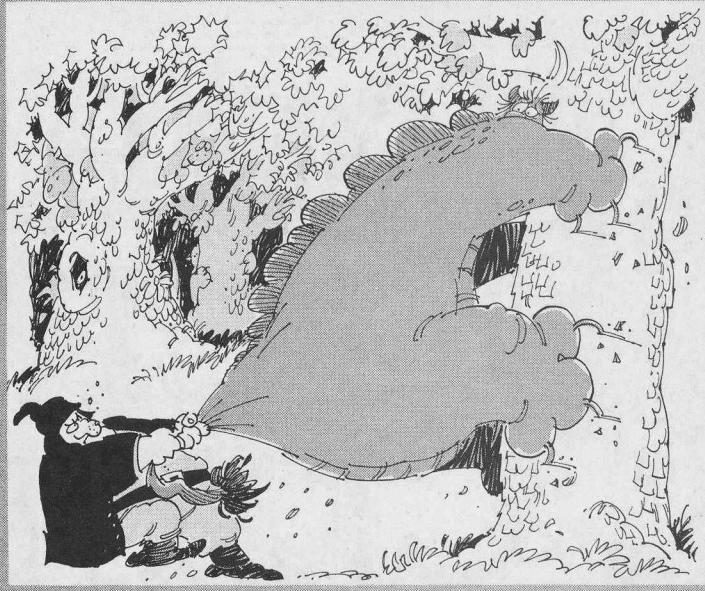
Putting Out A CONTRACT



Ignoring A SUMMONS



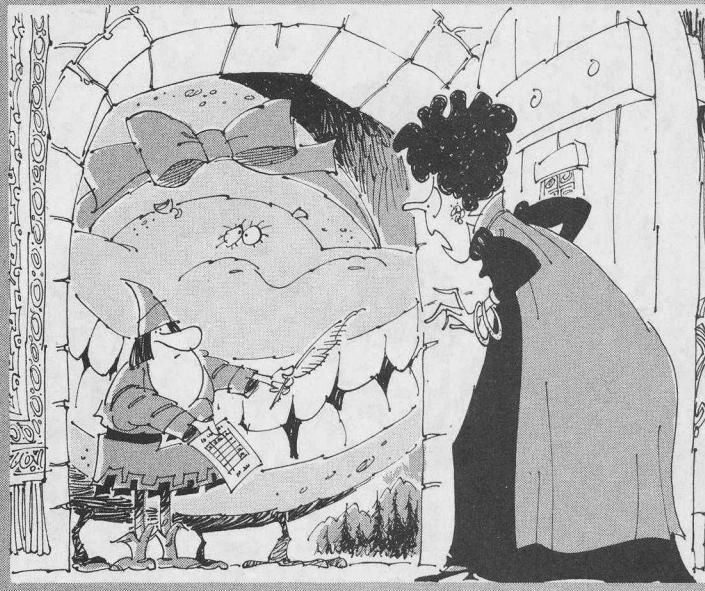
Pulling Off A CAPER



Impaneling A JURY



Delivering A VERDICT



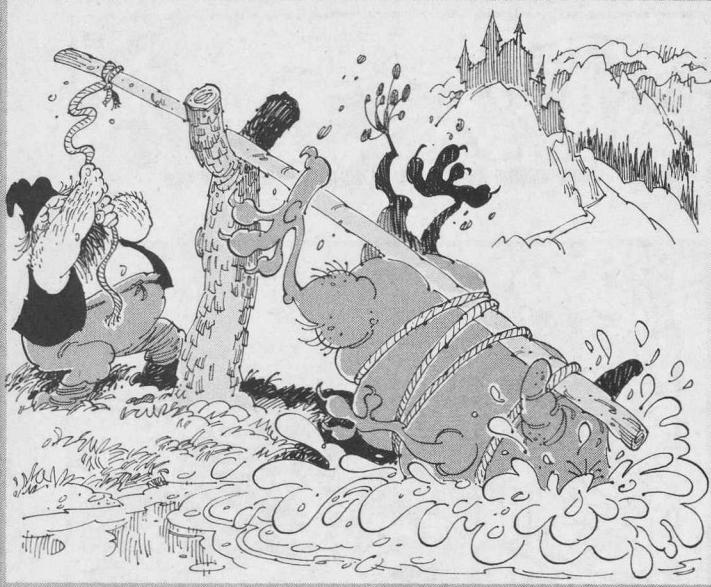
Getting Off With An ACQUITTAL



Filing An APPEAL



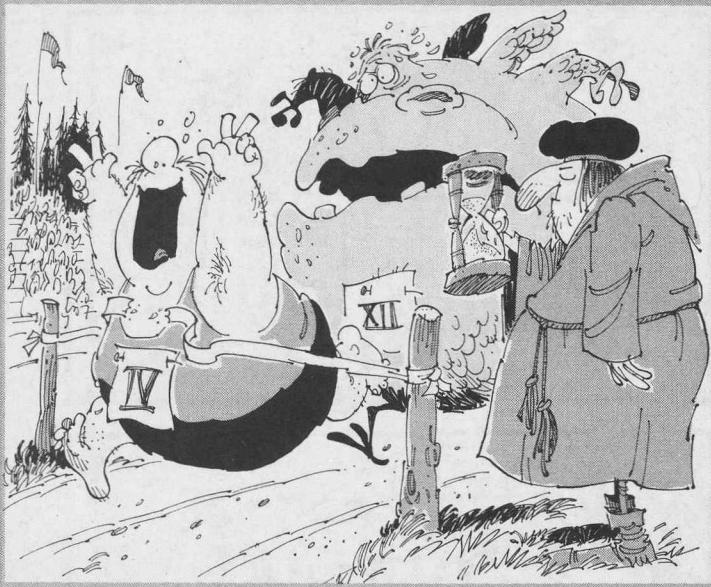
Ducking A WARRANT



Copping A PLEA



Beating A RAP



Suspending A SENTENCE

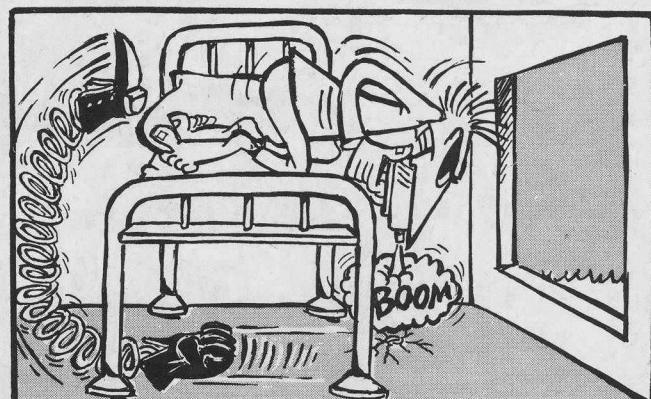
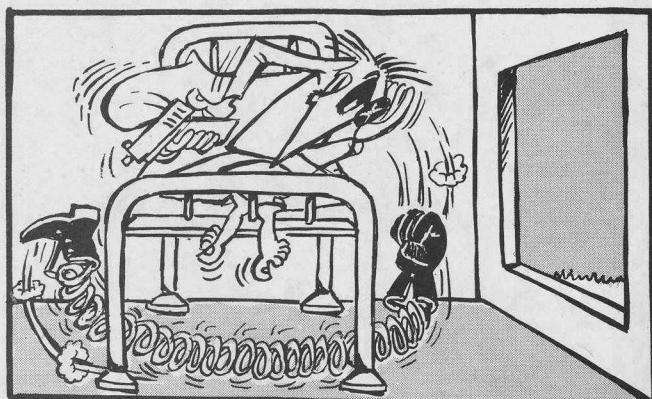
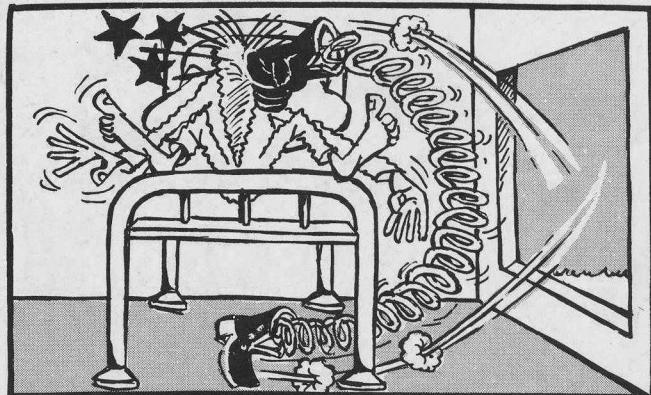
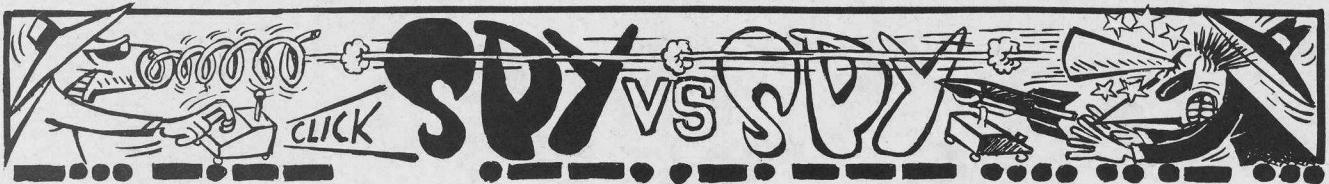


OVERTURNING A CONVICTION



Serving A STIFF TERM





DRAWING VERSE BLOOD DEPT.

It's an ugly world out there, what with wars and terrorists and muggers and all the rest. And it's time we prepared the kiddies by giving them the message as early as possible. Well, what better way to introduce them to the hard realities of life, than with Mad's...



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat
Can swing his bat;
His wife can spray her mace;
He'll smack her hard
When she's off-guard;
She'll spritz him in the face.



Jack Sprat
Is knocked out flat,
His wife the worst of sights;
Though bitter foes,
At least it shows
They're into equal rights.

THIS IS THE FILM THAT JACK MADE



This is the film that Jack made.



This is the girl who's blown away
who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the ax that splits the head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.

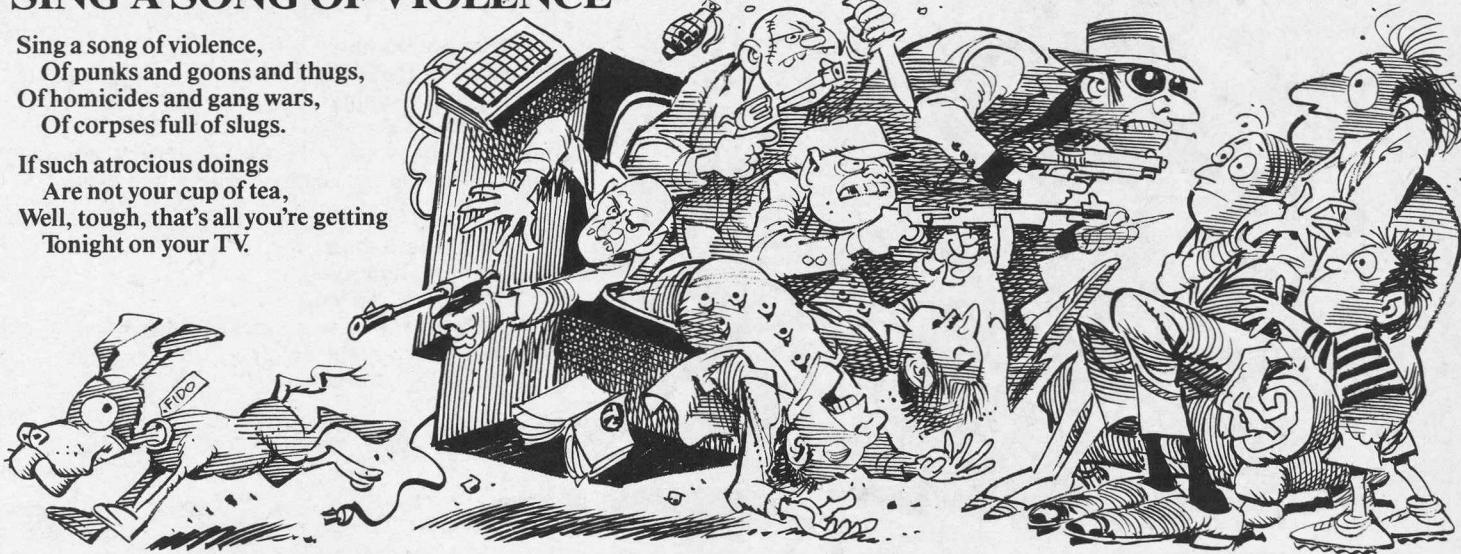


These are the profits of bucks galore
That come from the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who follows the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.

SING A SONG OF VIOLENCE

Sing a song of violence,
Of punks and goons and thugs,
Of homicides and gang wars,
Of corpses full of slugs.

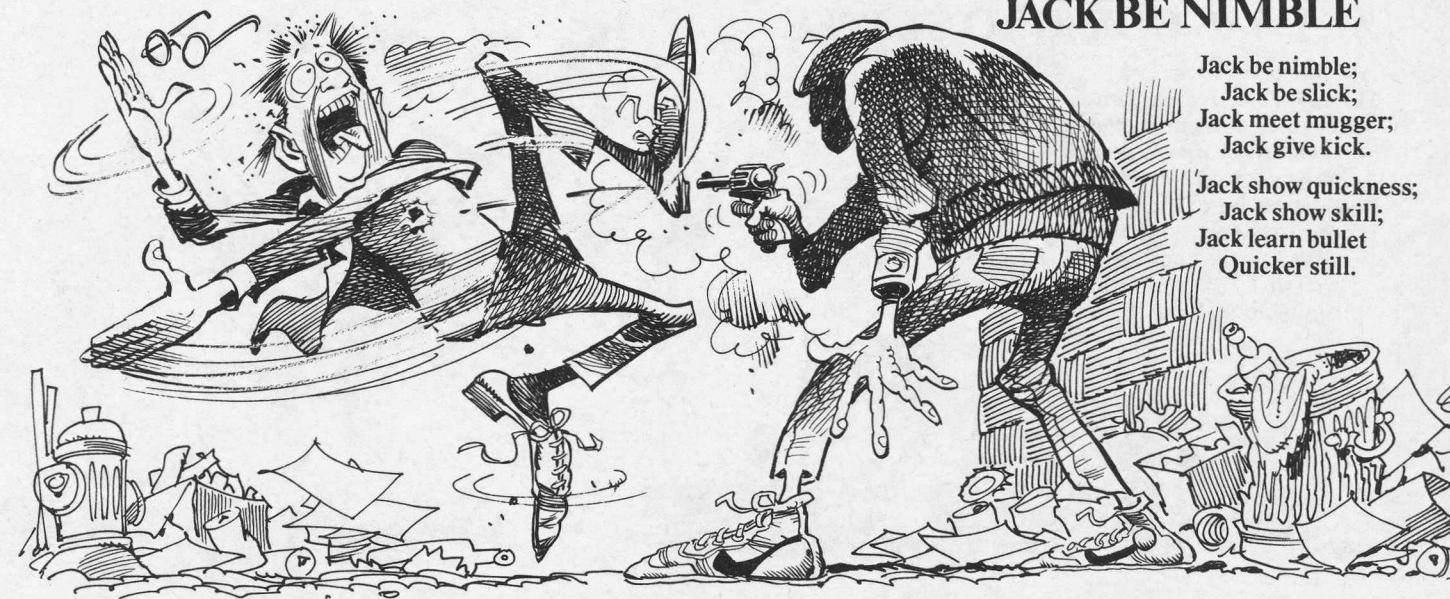
If such atrocious doings
Are not your cup of tea,
Well, tough, that's all you're getting
Tonight on your TV.



JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble;
Jack be slick;
Jack meet mugger;
Jack give kick.

Jack show quickness;
Jack show skill;
Jack learn bullet
Quicker still.

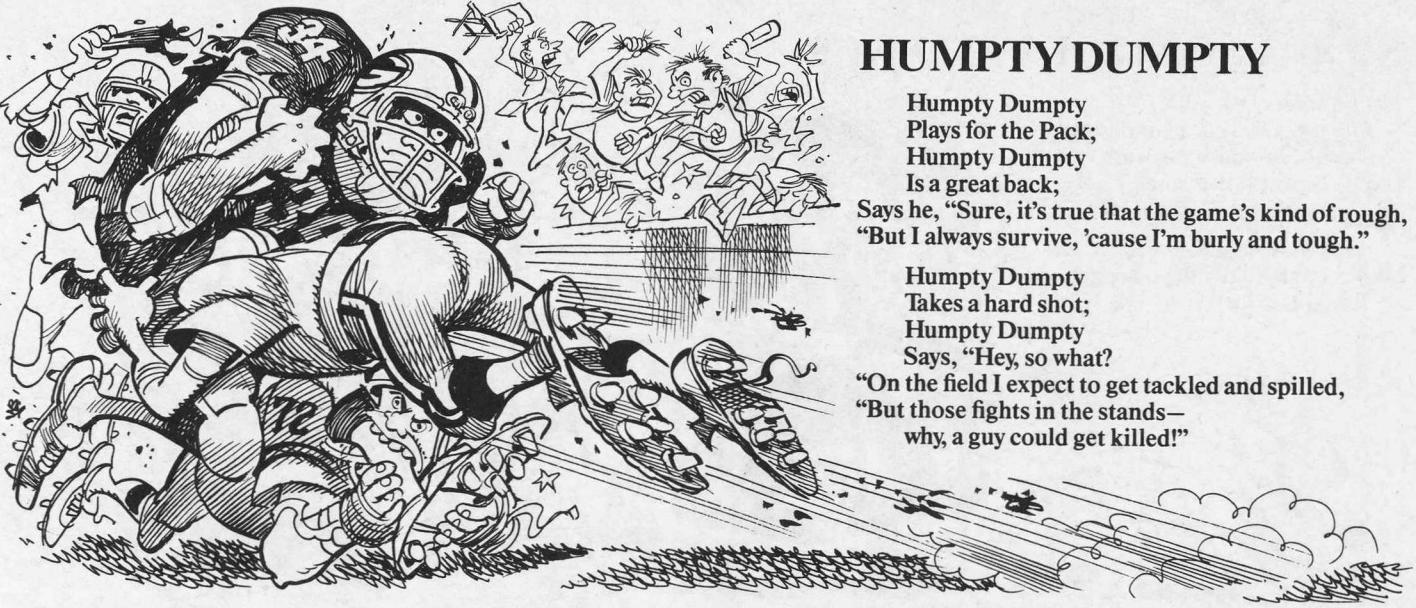


OMAR HAD A LITTLE BOMB

Omar had a little bomb;
He found it filled a need
For getting rid of all those folks
With whom he disagreed.

Omar let his bomb go off
Without the proper care;
And now we're finding little bits
Of Omar ev'rywhere.





HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty
Plays for the Pack;
Humpty Dumpty
Is a great back;

Says he, "Sure, it's true that the game's kind of rough,
But I always survive, 'cause I'm burly and tough."

Humpty Dumpty
Takes a hard shot;
Humpty Dumpty
Says, "Hey, so what?

"On the field I expect to get tackled and spilled,
But those fights in the stands—
why, a guy could get killed!"

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES

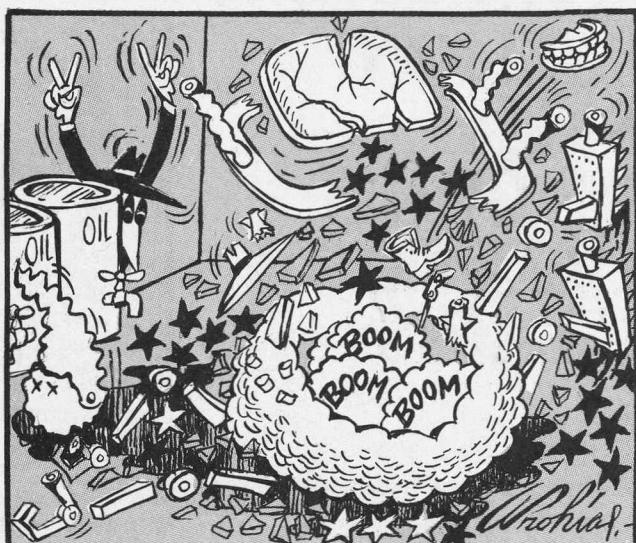
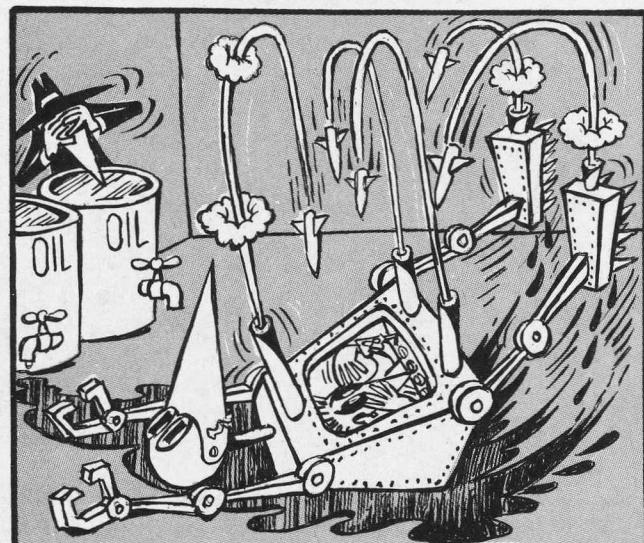
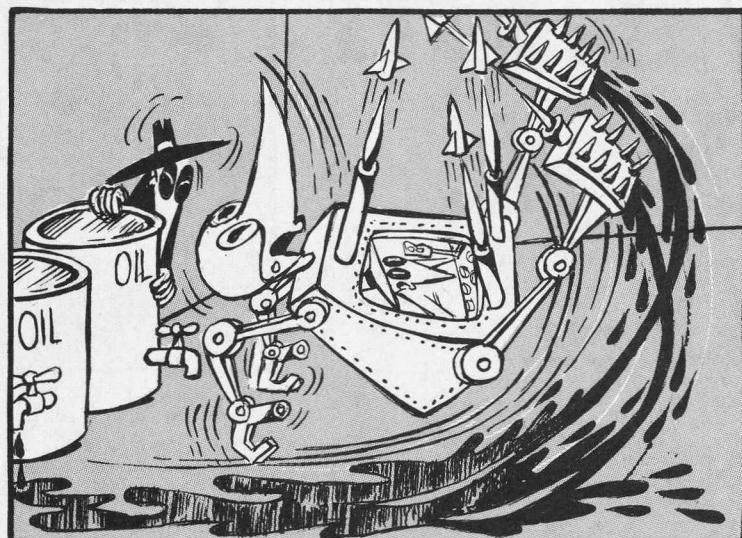
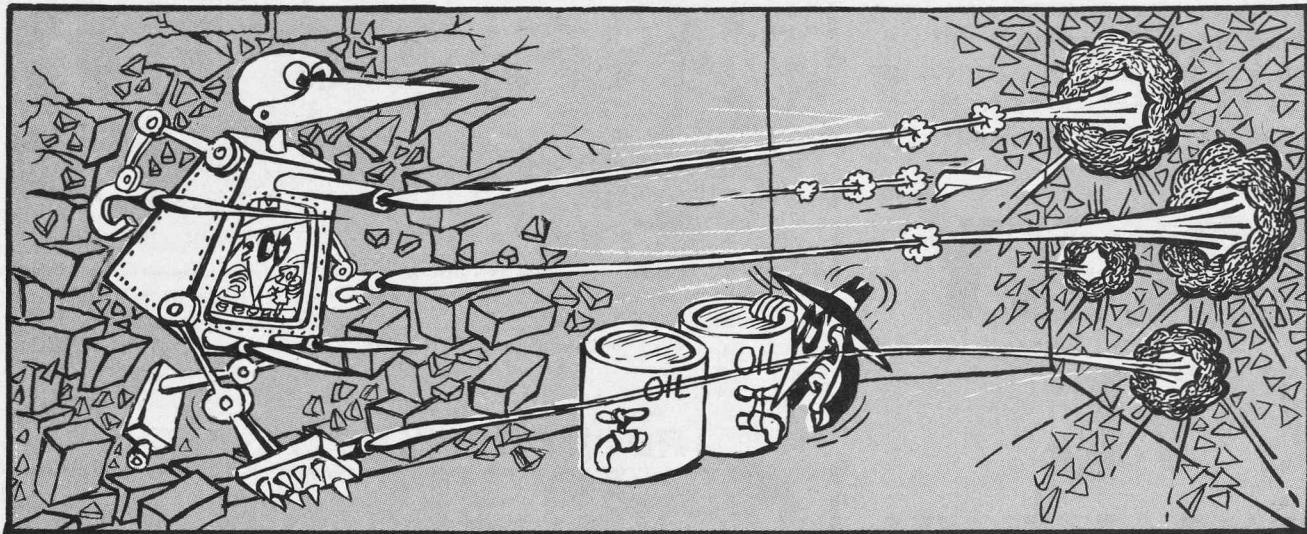
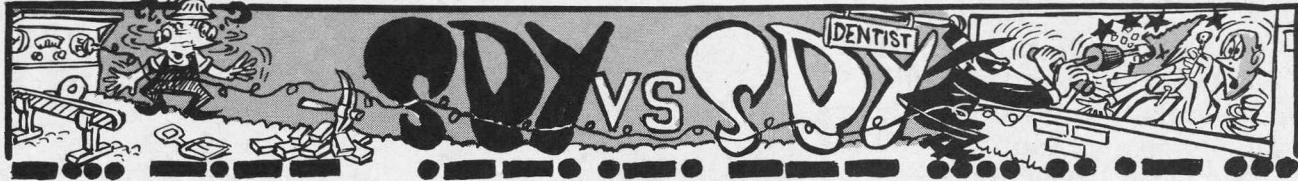
As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven knives,
Three rifles, 14 hand grenades,
Two hatchets sharp as razor blades,
A bow and arrow, poison darts,
Plus knowledge of the martial arts;

All of which may help to explain
why *he* wasn't beaten, robbed and
left to die like *I* was while
going to St. Ives.



TAFFY WAS A HITMAN

Taffy was a hitman
Hired by Mother Goose;
Taffy followed orders
When she turned him loose;
Taffy killed Jack Horner,
Taffy killed Jack Sprat,
Taffy killed the Fiddle;
Taffy killed the Cat,
Taffy killed Miss Muffet,
Taffy killed Boy Blue,
Taffy killed Ma Hubbard,
Killed her children, too;
Taffy killed Sol Grundy,
Taffy killed King Cole;
Guess this piece is finished—
Taffy's on a roll.

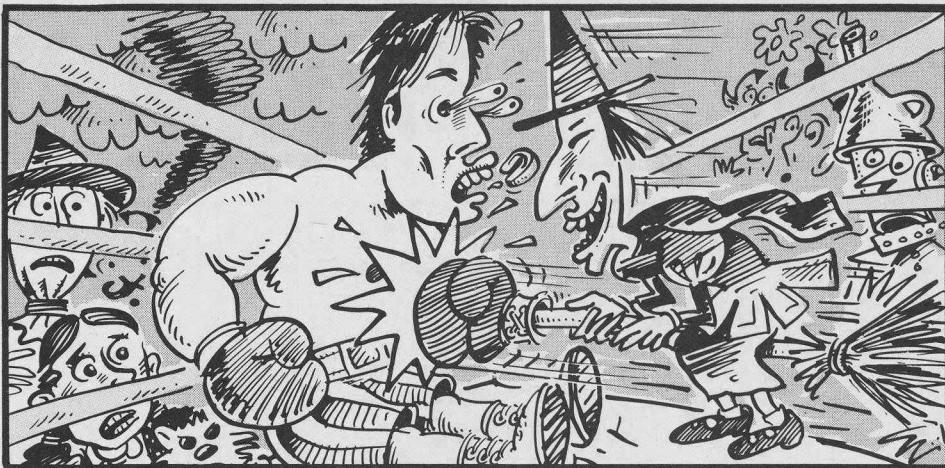


One of the keys to the success of the Rocky series is the thrilling, charismatic villains Sly Stallone invents: Apollo Creed! Clubber Lang! Drago! But who's left? Where are Rocky's next opponents going to come from? We think Sly plans to pilfer old movies for Bad Guys to fight. Here are the scenarios for...

ROCKY V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI OR,

THE ITALIAN SCALLION VS THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD VILLAINS

ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM HACHTMAN



In his first musical, Rocky, the lovable boxer without a brain, battles Margaret Hamilton, The Wicked Witch of The West! In the closing seconds of the fight, Rocky is saved from being counted out when a giant tornado picks up the Champ, carries him over the rainbow, and dumps him back in South Philly!

ROCKY BATTLES THE EMPIRE



It's Rocky vs the heavy breather of the universe, Darth Vader! On the night of the fight, Rock learns that Darth (aka "Lazer Fists") is really Don King! Can Rocky call on "The Force" in time to save the Boxing Federation? Is Don King Rock's long lost father? May the fists be with you in this battle of slow wit vs evil!

ROCKYDEUS



In this lavish costume drama, Rocky mocks his rival Salieri by donning boxing gloves and pounding out one of the poor man's bland melodies on the clavier. Salieri beseeches God, "Why did you choose this moronic brute for such gifts and not me?!" This is the cultural Rocky film the critics have been asking for!

ROCKY THE THIRTEENTH



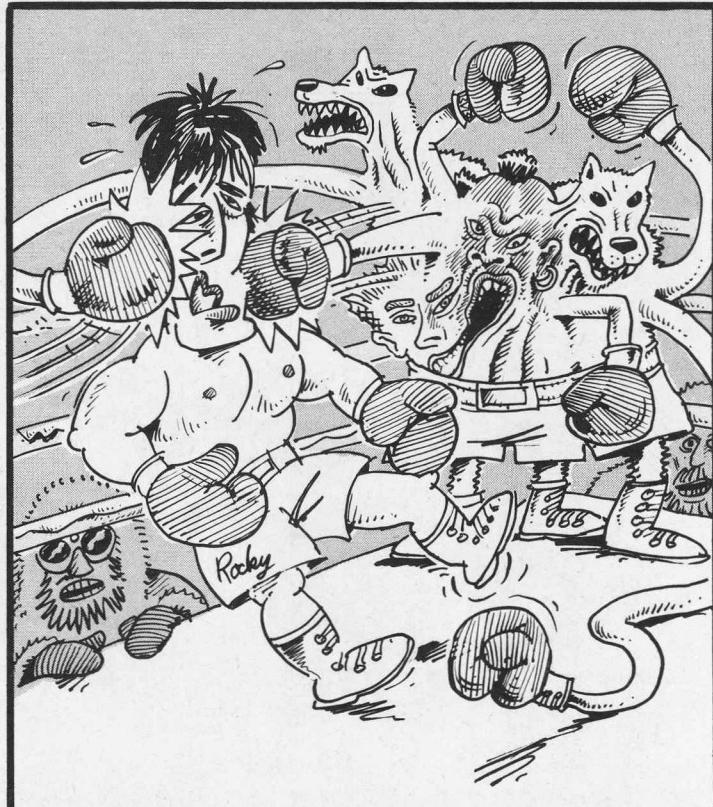
Rocky suffers his most brutal beating when he meets the summer camp champ, Jason, "The Mutilator"! Will this battle of the sequels really be "The Final Chapter"?? A blood lover's delight!

ROCKY FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST



Rocky fakes being punch-drunk to get into psychiatric hospital for a rest. But once in, he faces his meanest opponent yet—Nurse Cratchett! In round one, Big Nurse gives Rock a dose of medication! In round four, she zaps him with electro-shock! In round 10, she hits him with a frontal lobotomy! Will any of this punishment have a noticeable effect on the Champ??

JOHN CARPENTER'S THE THING IN THE RING



All of Rocky's former foes merge into one big, mutating lump and return for a rematch. If Rock isn't careful this slithering "Thing" will mimic his cellular structure and Rocky movies will never be the same—or just possibly more alike than ever!

ROCKY DEAREST



Faye Dunaway is charming as Joan Crawford—until the blood starts to spill! The minute one itsy bitsy drop soils the spotless canvas, Rocky finds himself down for the count—scrubbing the mat! As the referee cries, "NO WIRE HANGERS!" a dazed Rocky wonders if this could be his last tangle!

DATING



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE KNOWLEDGE



COLLEGE



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

GETTING CAUGHT



CULTURE



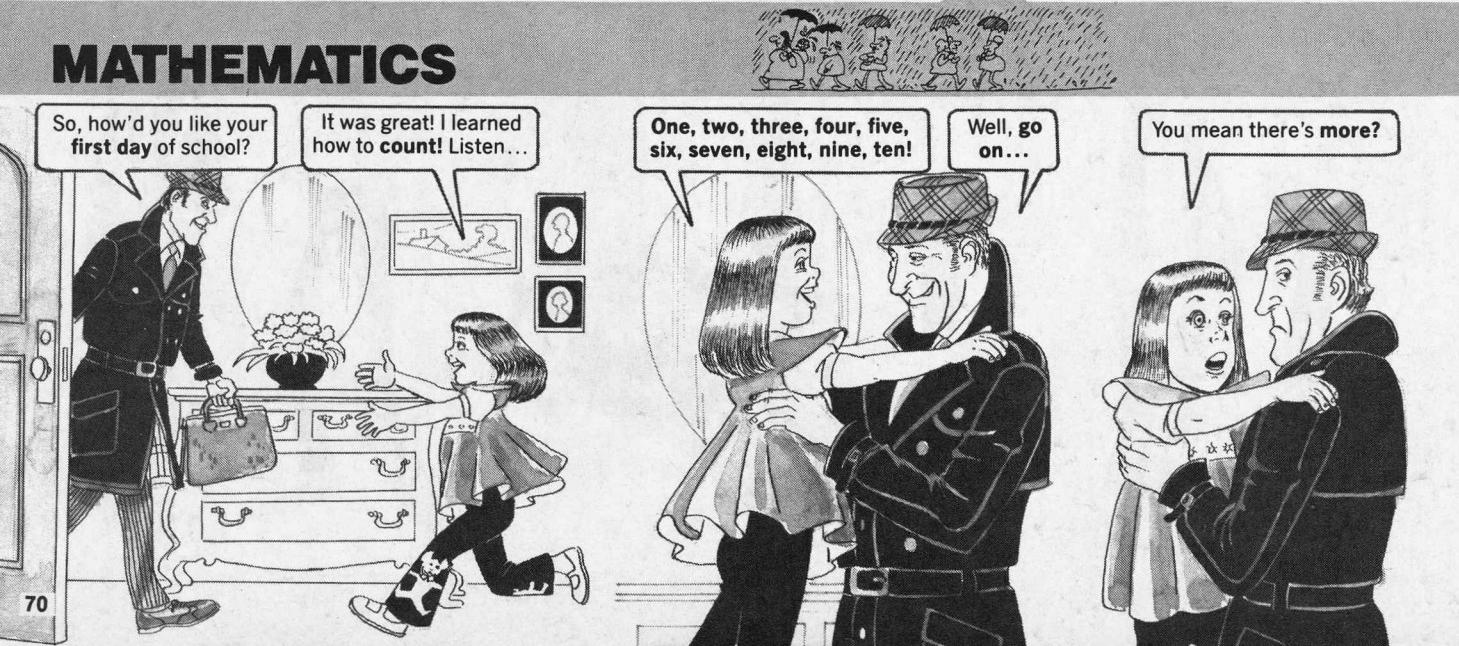
PICKUPS



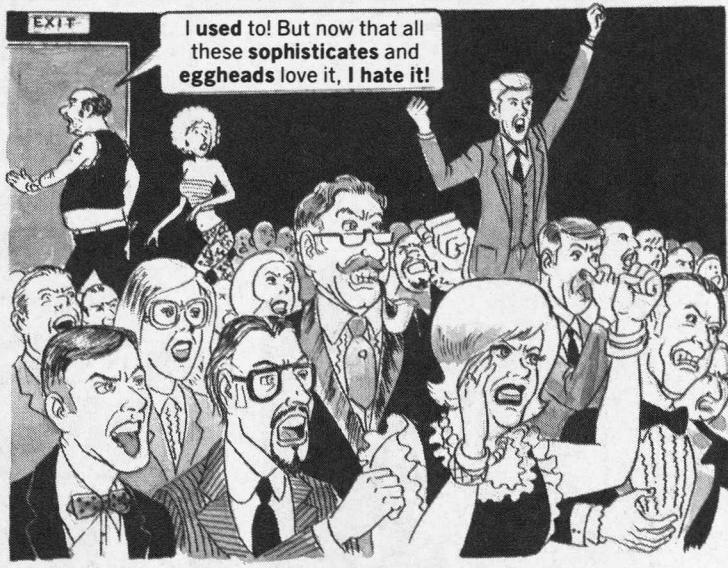
ARGUMENTS



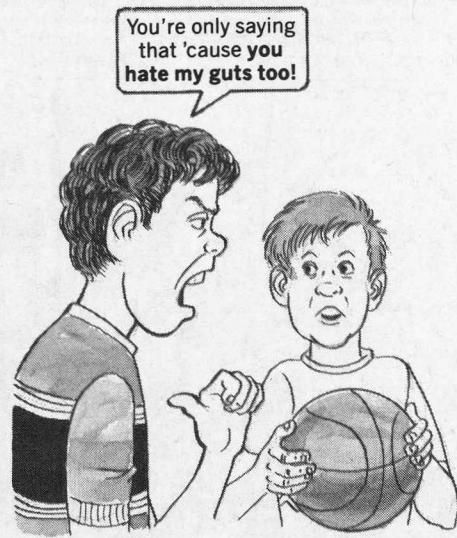
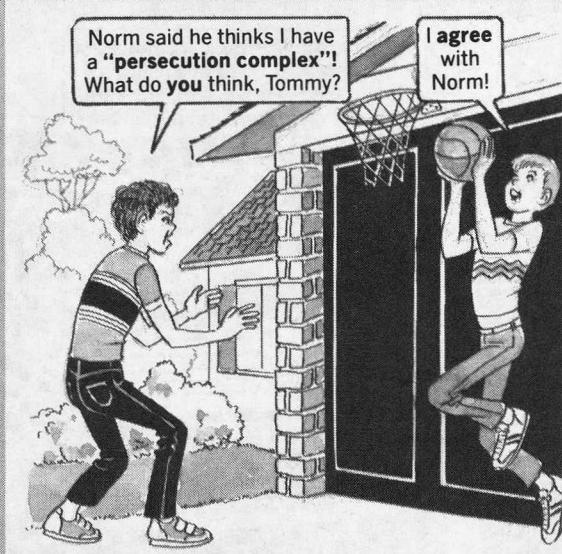
MATHEMATICS



WRESTLING



PSYCHOLOGY



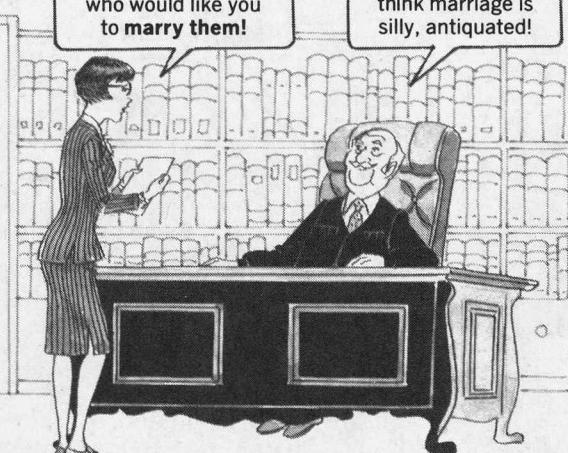
MARRIAGE

Judge Wessel, there's a young couple outside who would like you to marry them!

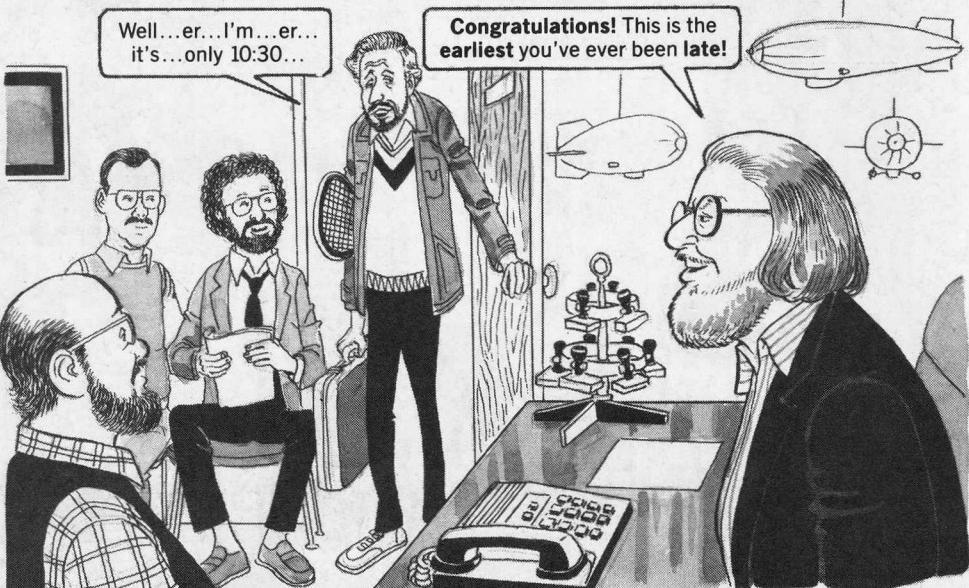
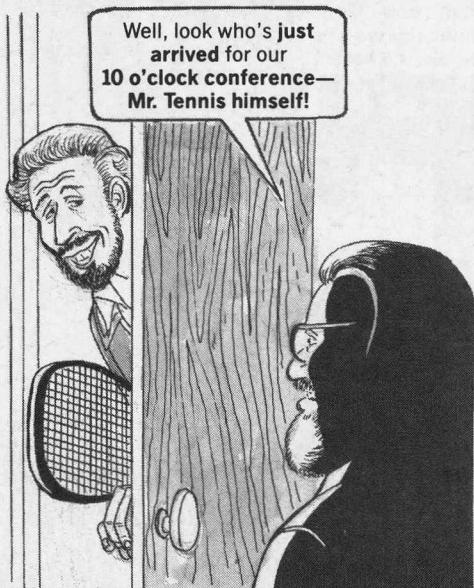
How nice! So many young couples today think marriage is silly, antiquated!

It's good to know there are still a few people left who feel that commitment is important in a relationship! Bring them right in, Joyce!

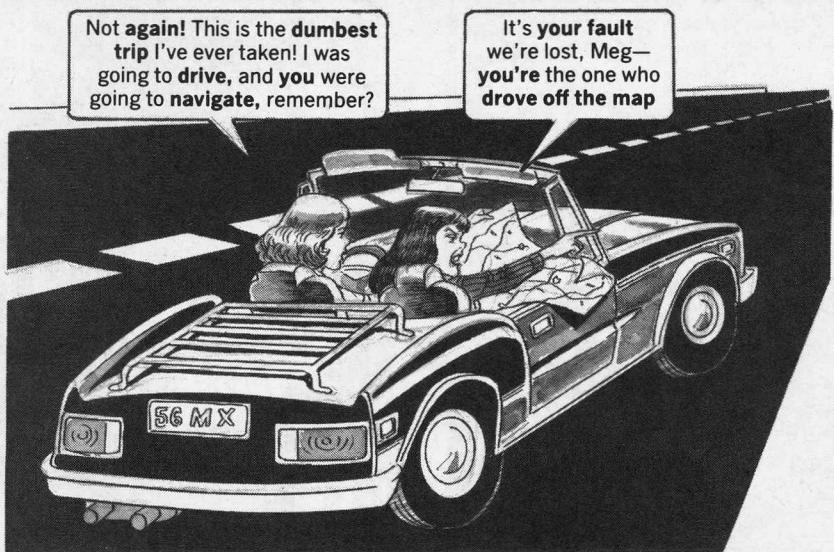
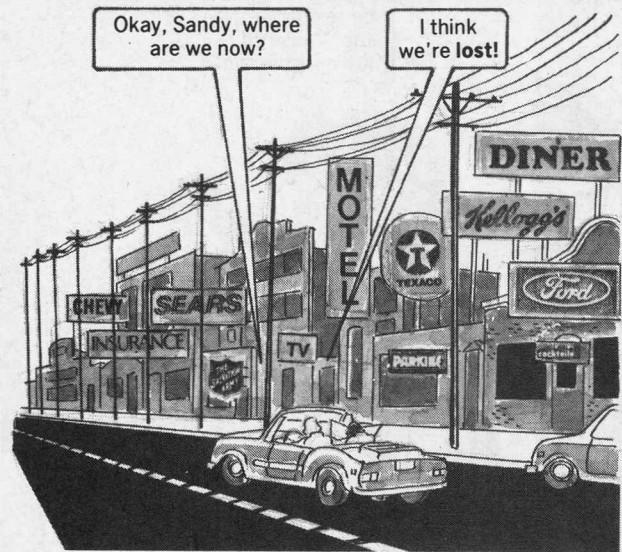
Oh, no! Not you again!



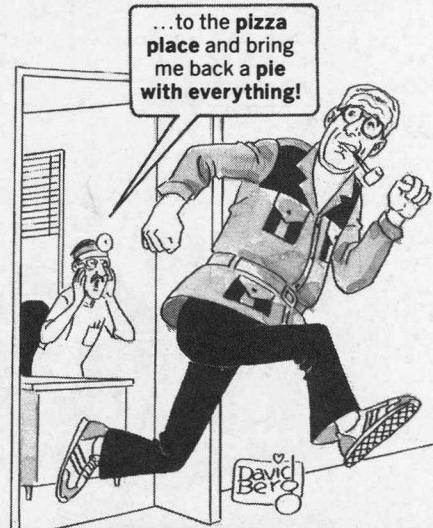
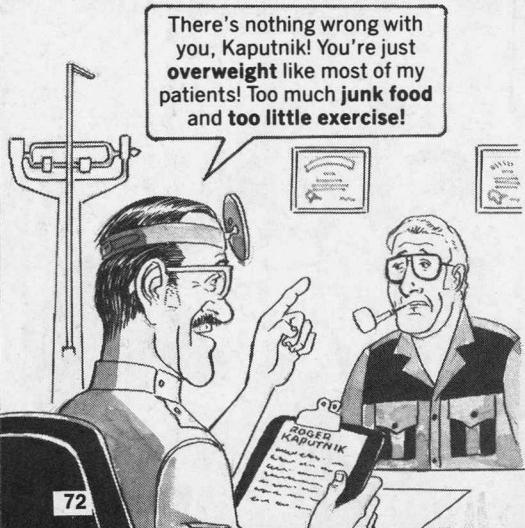
BEING ON TIME



TRAVEL



DOCTORS



OFFICERS IN DIS-DRESS DEPT.

It wasn't long ago when all the detectives on television were men. Women were portrayed as being frivolous and silly. But now we have a crime drama show where two of the detectives are women! They're every bit as effective as their male counterparts, and they smell a heck of a lot better! But they're still silly and frivolous! Of course, we're talking about...

Grabme & Spacey

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I'm Pristine Grabme! I'm 40-ish, but I look **younger!** I'm also **single** and I drink a little **too much**. But hopefully one day I'll be **married** and I'll have someone to **share my life...** and the **cost of my booze!** In the meantime, I'll go on working as a **plainclothes detective**. And believe me, on the **salary** they pay New York cops, **plain clothes** are all I can afford!

I'm Merrybet Spacey, Grabme's **partner!** I'm 40-ish, but look **older!** I'm a very **private person**, so **don't** ask me about my husband **Hardly**, who's usually **out of work or not happy** with the job he **has**, or my **two boys** who wish I wasn't a **cop**, or our **new baby daughter** who drives us all **nuts** with her **crying!** Oh, did I mention our **new house?** Anyway, the guys down here at the police precinct are always **teasing** me. They say they don't know which is **thicker**: my **New York accent** or my **midriff bulge!**

I'm Lt. Darnrules. I'm in charge here! And although I'm a bit **gruff**, I'm not a **male chauvinist** at all! In fact, I kinda like having Grabme and Spacey on my staff. Having **two broads** around here **brightens up** the place a bit!

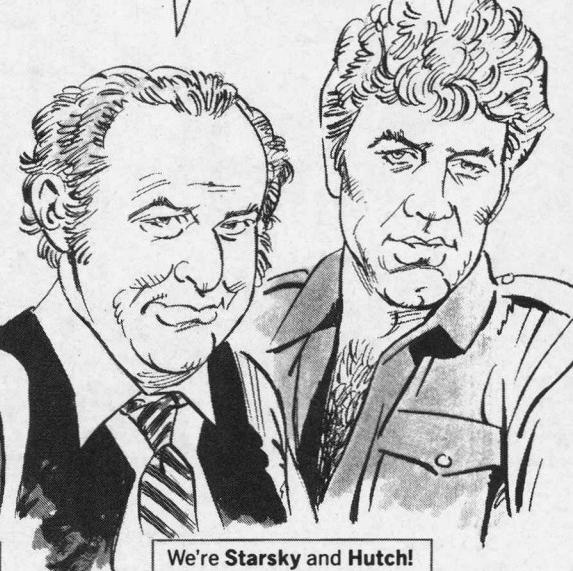
I'm Issexxy, God's gift to women! Now if I could only get some women to accept the "gift"!



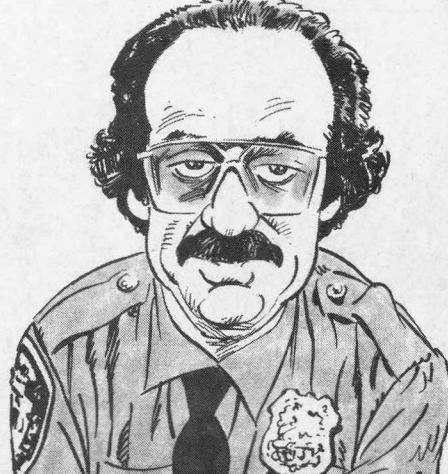
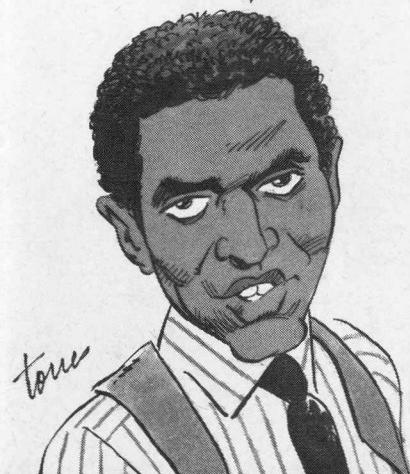
I'm Detective Peachy and I'm just a **token** around here! Not a **token black**, a **token detective**! Grabme and Spacey get all the **good** cases in this precinct, so the **rest of us guys** are all **tokens!**



I'm the **desk sergeant**. I just mostly **smile**. But everyone in this precinct is so **heavy-handed** and **depressing**, a simple smile is like major comic relief!



We're Starsky and Hutch! We want to report a **robbery**! Someone stole our show and gave it to two women detectives!



OK, listen up!
We've got a
rape, arson,
a drug bust
and a hit-and-
run accident.

Perfect!
I was
hoping
for a
quiet
day!

The Chick Glitz
Deli was held
up for the third
time this week!
Grabme, you and
Spacey get on
it right away!

Naw, that's too
cut and dry! No
pathos or chance
for long-winded
speeches on "the
world as seen by
two modern women."

A Mr. Manana
called. He's
being har-
assed by
his landlord
so he'll
move out.

Bingo! That
case sounds
like "maud-
lin city!"
Let's get
over there
right away!



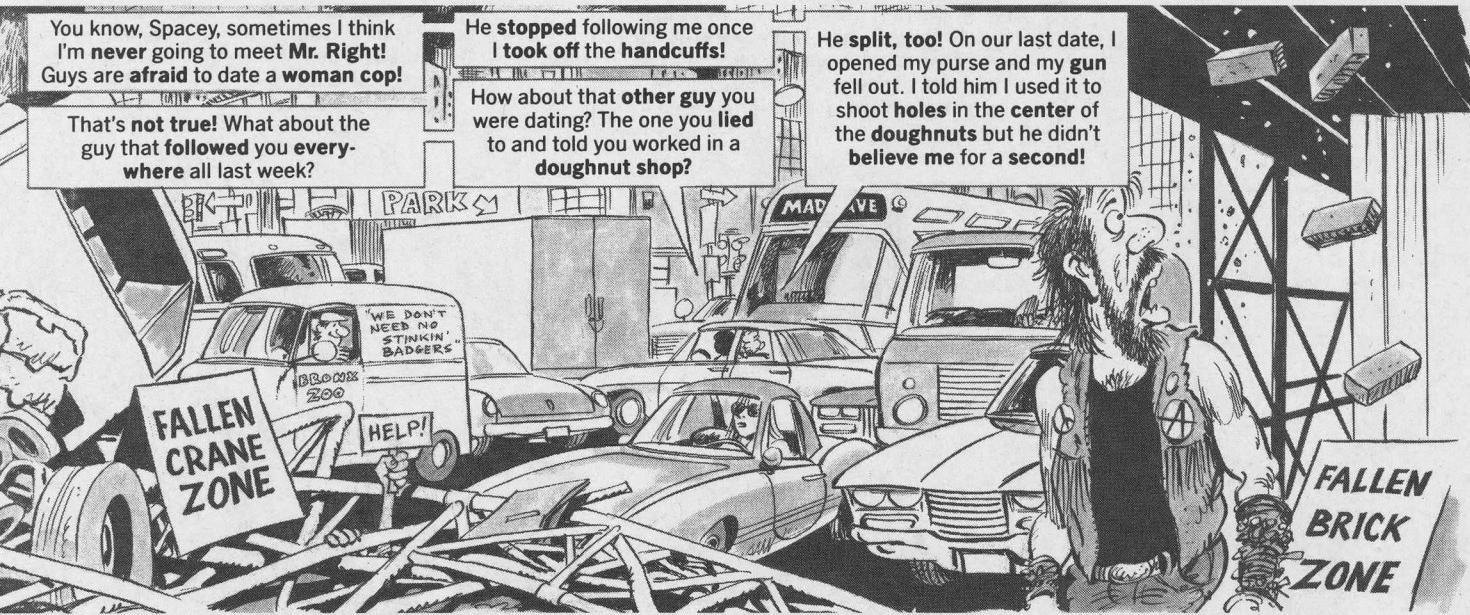
You know, Spacey, sometimes I think
I'm never going to meet **Mr. Right!**
Guys are afraid to date a **woman cop!**

That's not true! What about the
guy that **followed you everywhere**
all last week?

He stopped following me once
I took off the handcuffs!

How about that **other guy** you
were dating? The one you lied
to and told you worked in a
doughnut shop?

He split, too! On our last date, I
opened my purse and my gun
fell out. I told him I used it to
shoot holes in the center of
the **doughnuts** but he didn't
believe me for a second!



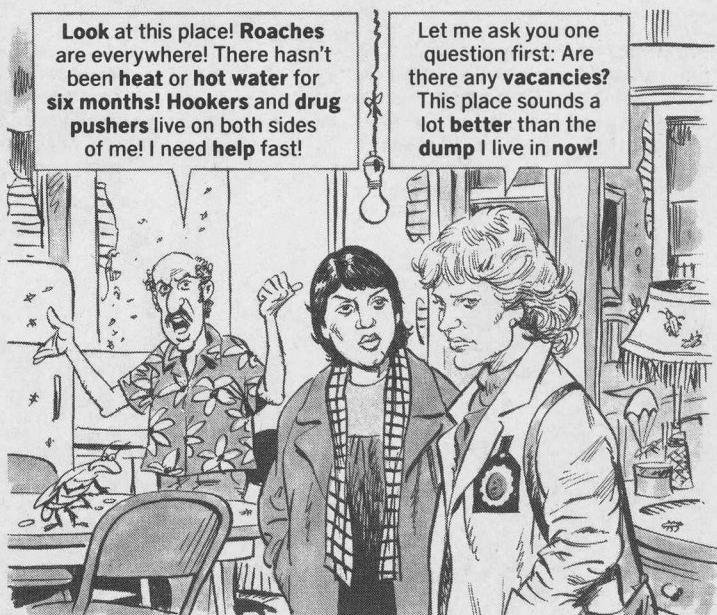
You know,
Merrybet, you
passed the
address
we're
going to
three times
already!

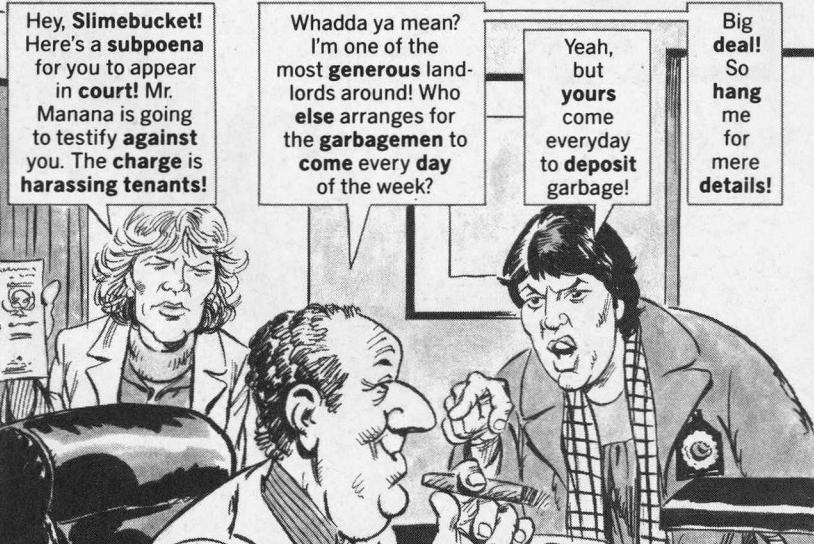
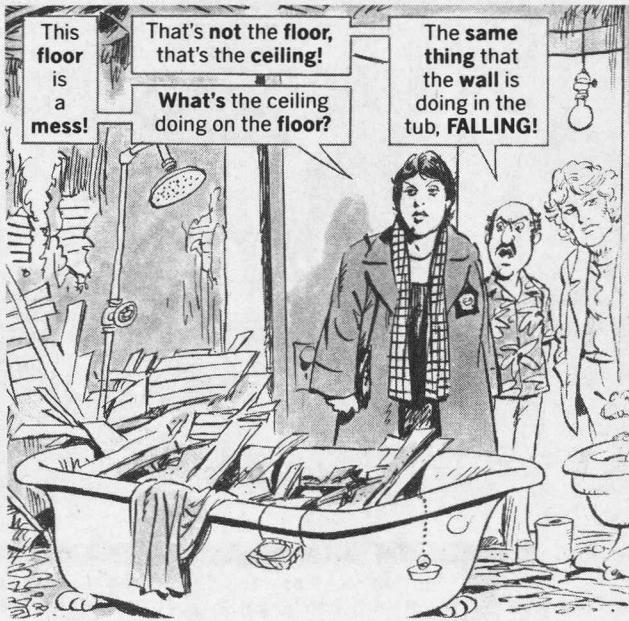
I know, but I have a wonderful
husband and three great kids!
Your personal life is nothing
but despair and depression!
So I thought the least I could
do is keep driving around...
until you finished complaining!

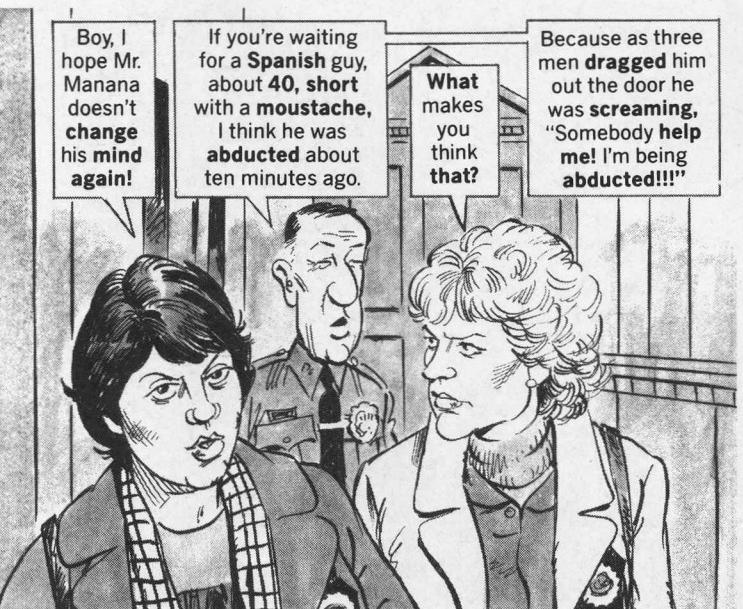
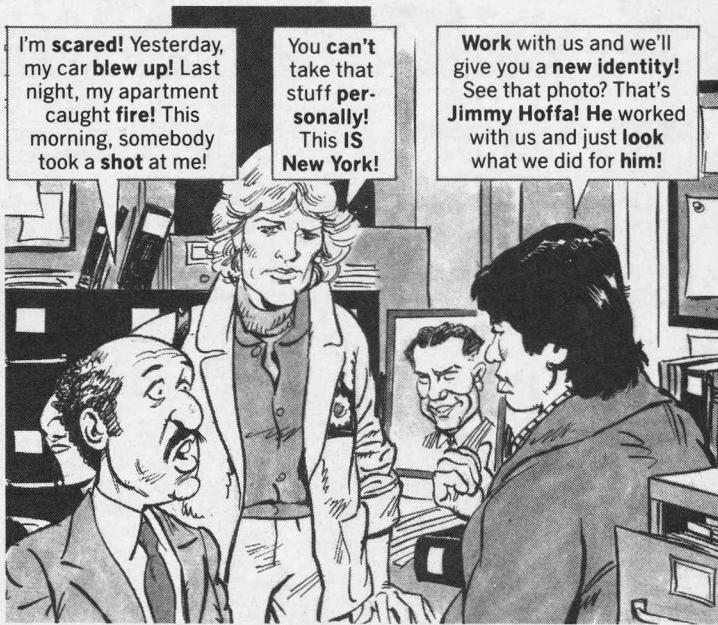
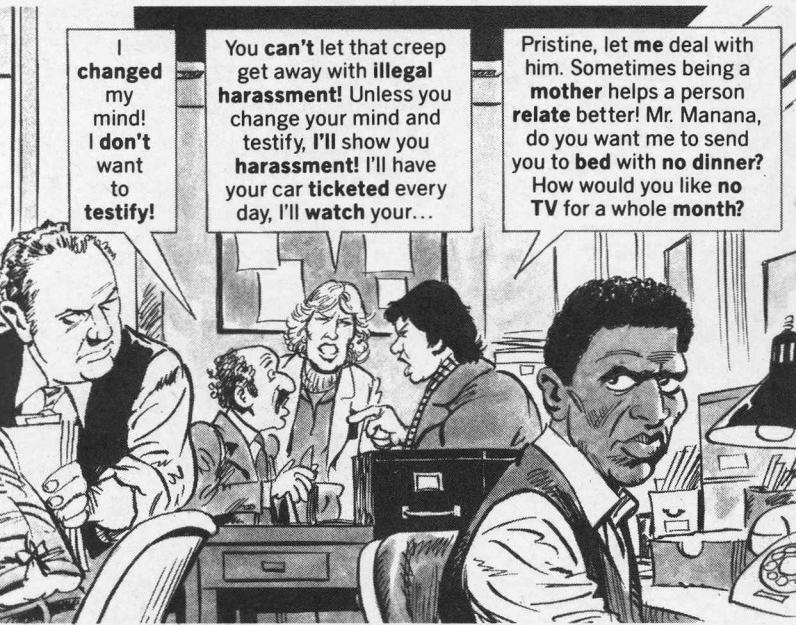
You
have
a
lot
of
class,
Merrybet!

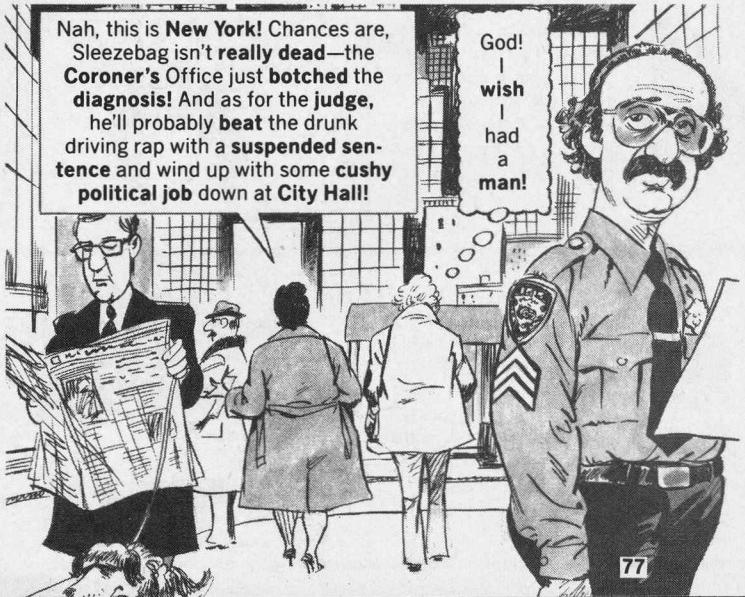
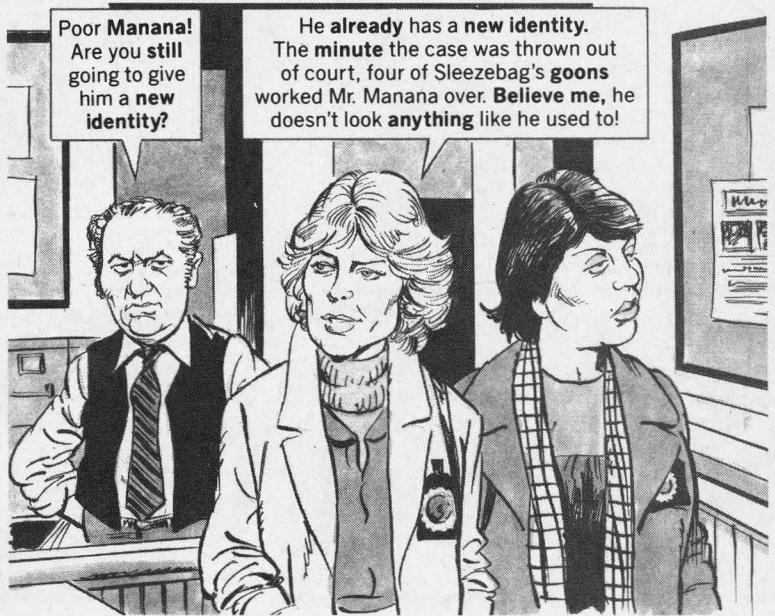
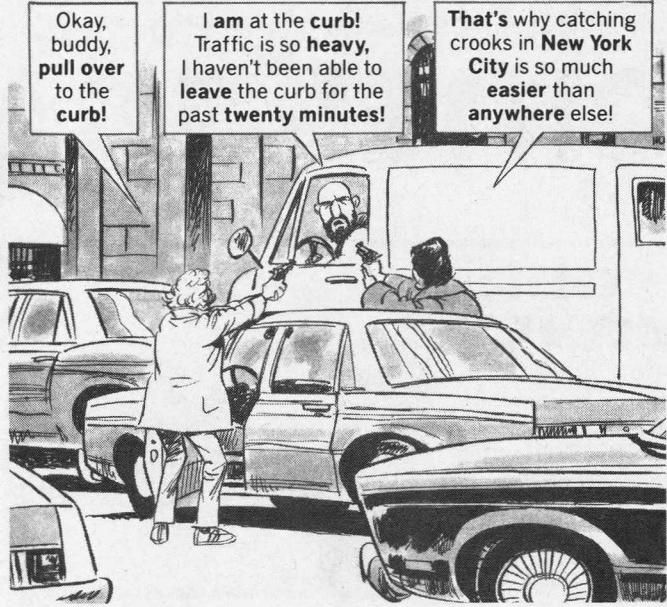
Look at this place! Roaches
are everywhere! There hasn't
been heat or hot water for
six months! Hookers and drug
pushers live on both sides
of me! I need help fast!

Let me ask you one
question first: Are
there any **vacancies**?
This place sounds a
lot better than the
dump I live in now!









MIRTHQUAKE DEPT.

When we want to measure the power of an earthquake, we use the Richter Scale, ranging from 1 for a mild tremor to 9 for a quake of total destruc-

THE MAD RICHTER SCA

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

YOUR BODY

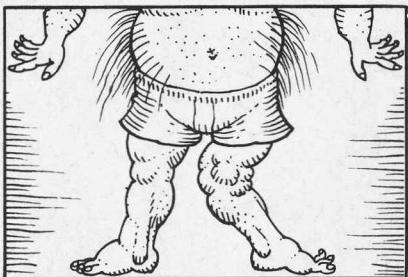
1

Except for a hangnail and some excess ear wax, your body functions adequately for someone of your nationality.



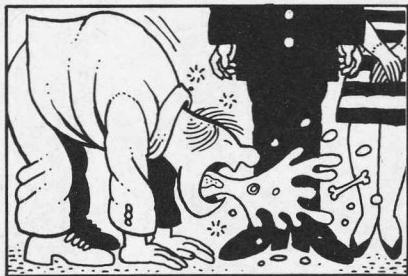
2

Because of a fungal disease, hair sprouts from your ribs. A shattered kneecap ends all dreams of playing professional lacrosse.



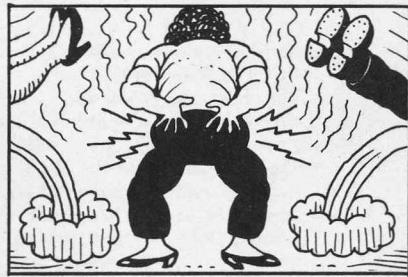
3

With no warning, you throw up four times a day on mixed company. Your only comfortable position is crawling on all fours.



4

Back spasms rack your body, ruining your plans for Arbor Day. Having no sense of smell, you are unaware you are giving off a terrible odor.



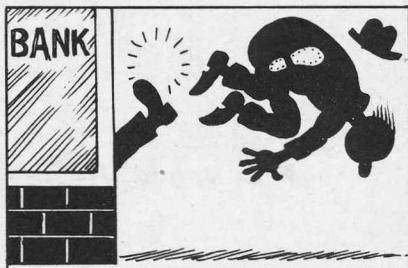
5

You are rejected by your life-support system for not "playing the game." Your vital organs give out one by one and later will be sold, though at a substantial discount.

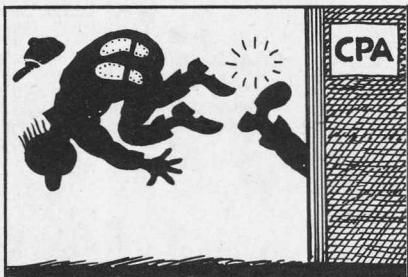


YOUR MONEY

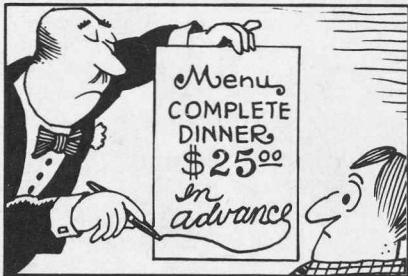
You learn too late that your Daily Horoscope is an unreliable investment guide. The interest on your VISA Card exceeds your salary.



Your tax accountant begs off, saying he "doesn't want to get involved." There are no buyers for your bowling trophies.



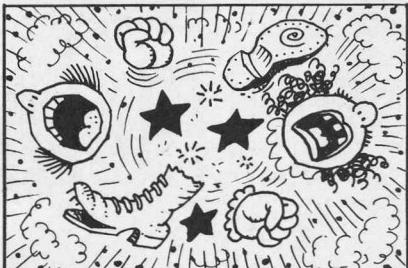
Restaurants require you to put down a cash deposit before ordering. The word "Deadbeat" is imprinted by your bank on your personal checks.



Bleeding in an alleyway, you learn that loansharks are not good listeners. Your scheme to mortgage your children is unsuccessful.



A bus driver refuses your IOU. You wrestle a bag-lady for territorial garbage rights.



tion. Don't you wish there was a system that simple for indicating what shape our lives are in? There is now! A 1 to 5 grading system called...

LE FOR HUMAN BEINGS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE

Although you are not totally liked and often rub people the wrong way, your essential dullness still shines through.



YOUR SEX APPEAL

There is something about you no woman can resist, and one day you hope to find it.



You are trailed by a security guard while shopping for washcloths at a local K-Mart. Your camper is turned away at an RV park.



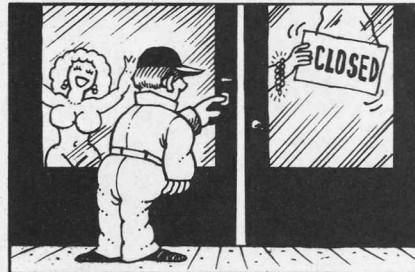
Two former girlfriends send you picture sex manuals on your birthday. Your dinner date takes along a pit bull as a chaperone.



No one knows who you are at a family reunion. Your minister requests that you change religions.



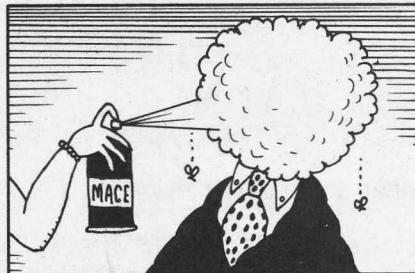
Dancers at a nude bar put on clothes when you enter. You see a sex therapist, who triples his fee after your first visit.



Large dogs use your leg as a hydrant. While taking your vacation, neighbors have your house towed away.



Alone with a date, you get your first sniff of Mace. A supermarket checker washes her hands after touching your groceries.

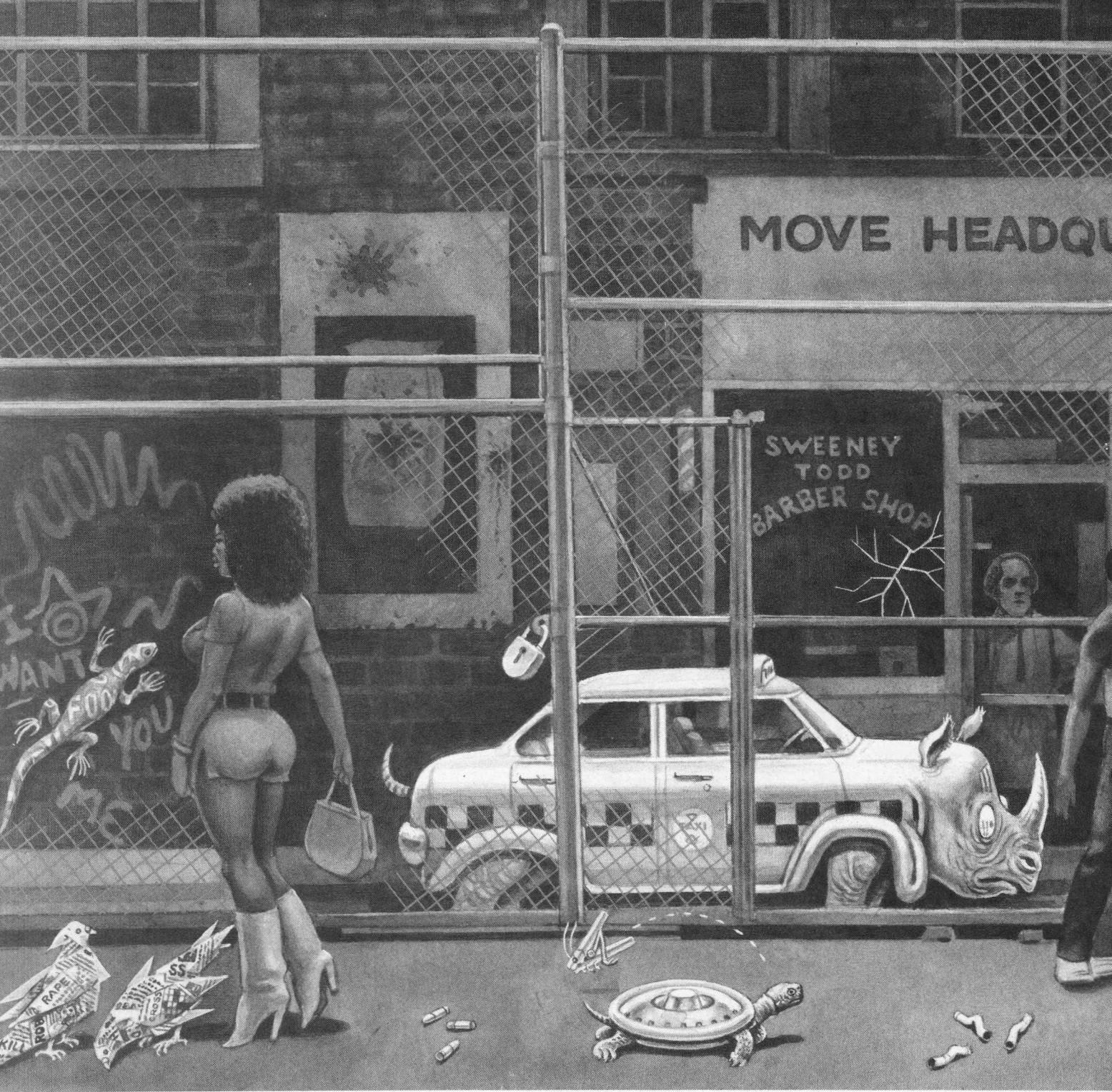


You collapse on a downtown street and someone calls for a sanitation truck. Because of "prior commitments," your family can't make your funeral.



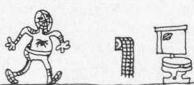
The manager of an X-rated theatre says you're giving the place a bad name. You scout funerals for new widows.

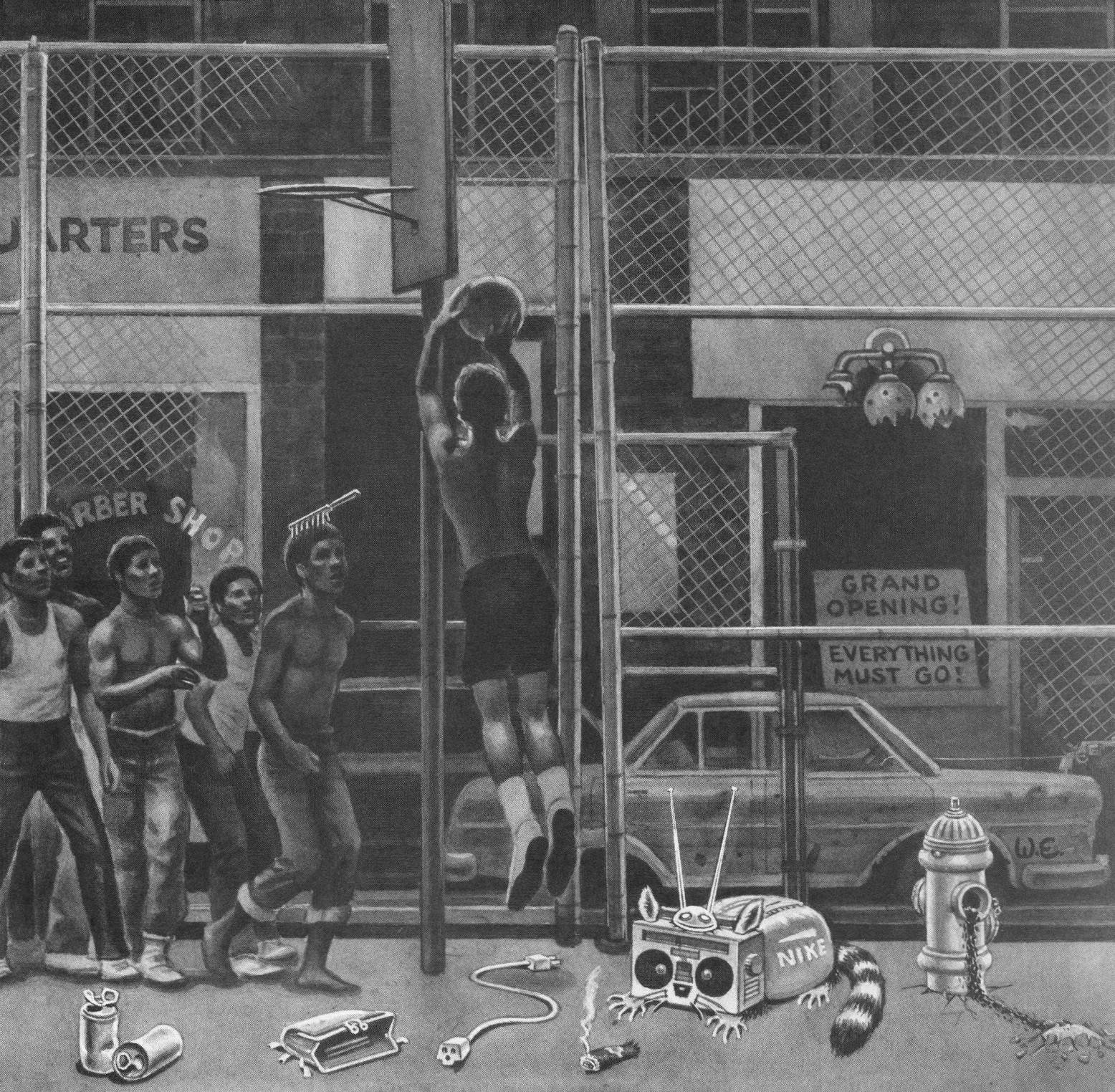




WHERE'S THE BEAST? DEPT.

In the wilds of the forest, where all God's creatures roam freely, animals must constantly be on the lookout for predators. Mother Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has provided for these animals by giving them the ability to blend in with their wilderness surroundings. But what about those unfortunate creatures who don't live in the wilderness? What about the animals that have to endure the hardships and hassles of city life? Well, not to worry, because Mother Nature has taken care of them quite well, as you'll see by taking a look at...





CAMOUFLAGE TRICKS OF CITY ANIMALS

ARTISTS: HARVEY KURTZMAN & WILL ELDER

WRITER: RURIK TYLER



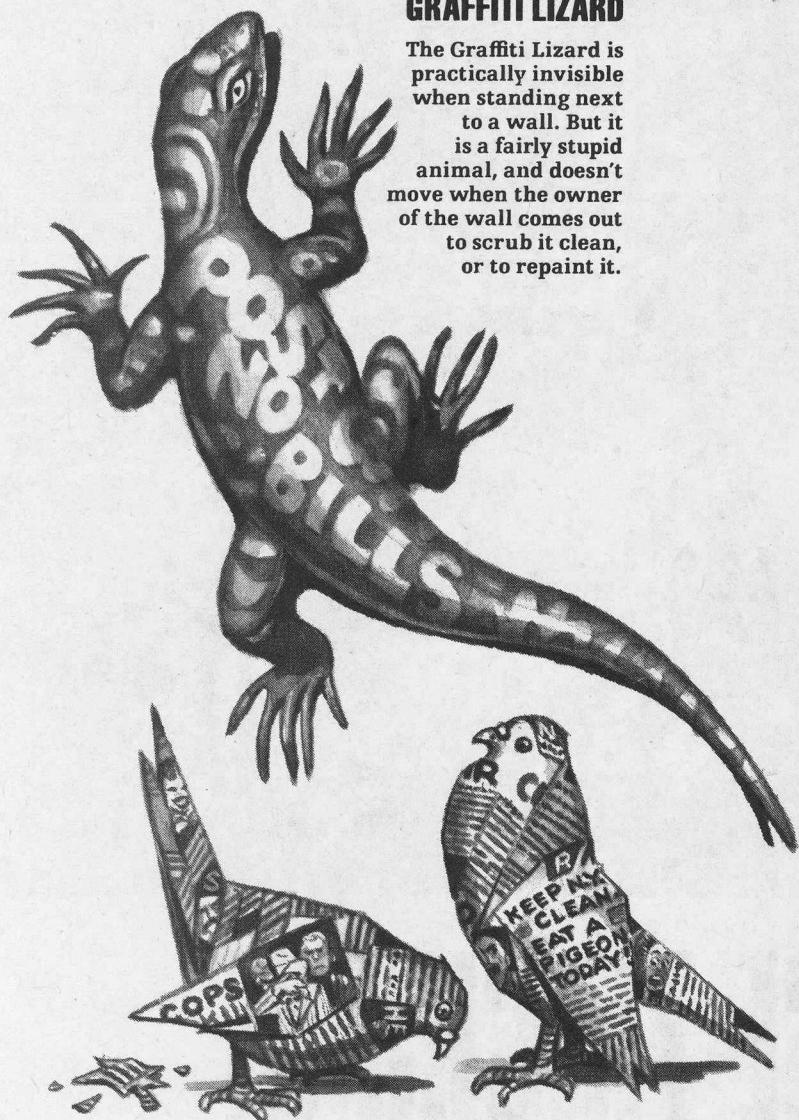
BULLET BEETLE

Bullets in the big city are so common, no one takes notice of them. So while the Bullet Beetle's disguise saves it from predators it is often trampled to death by pedestrians.



GRAFFITI LIZARD

The Graffiti Lizard is practically invisible when standing next to a wall. But it is a fairly stupid animal, and doesn't move when the owner of the wall comes out to scrub it clean, or to repaint it.



NEWSPAPER PIGEON

Taking advantage of high winds that send newspapers flying, these birds can soar undetected. They are a treat for winos who start out looking for something to use as a blanket and wind up with a meal.

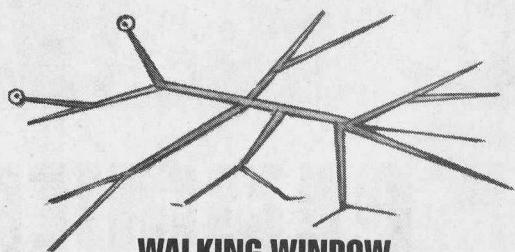
RADIO-FACED RACCOON

The Radio-Faced Raccoon looks like the gear of a typical city kid—a radio face and sports bag body with a clip on raccoon tail. Known to hang on to unsuspecting passersby when in danger, it is a nasty surprise for people who think they have found a free radio.



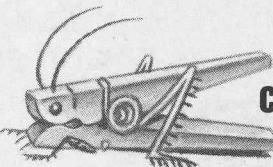
ANTENNAE BUG

The Antennae Bug lives a symbiotic life with the Radio-Faced Raccoon, living off the Raccoon's food scraps. It can also live on top of T.V.'s, buildings and certain visiting martians.



WALKING WINDOW CRACK

The Walking Window Crack is a thin white insect. Its disguise works so well, it is virtually invisible to its predators. Its only worry is being drowned or crushed by the squeegees of window washers who don't realize it's there.



CLOTHESPIN CRICKET

The Clothespin Cricket is a harmless insect. It is threatened only by nearsighted people who ordinarily step on clothespins thinking they are crickets.



BEER TAB BUTTERFLY

A beautiful creature, the Beer Tab Butterfly has no enemies except oddball bag ladies who use beer tabs as jewelry.

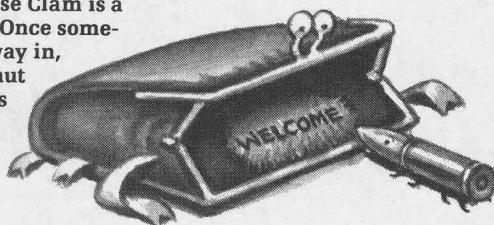


CIGARETTE WORM

The Cigarette Worm's camouflage is very effective. Its only enemies are smoking birds.

CHANGE PURSE CLAM

The Change Purse Clam is a miser's delight. Once something finds its way in, the jaws snap shut and nothing gets out again.

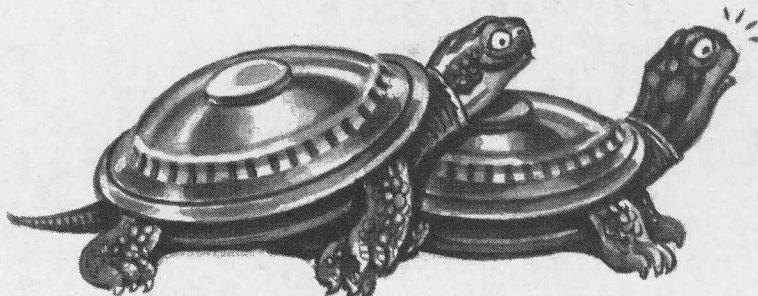


EXTENSION CORD ANACONDA

The Extension Cord Anaconda is a cousin of the electric eel. It is usually found in display bins at big city hardware stores where it is often mistaken for the real thing, taken home and electrocuted.

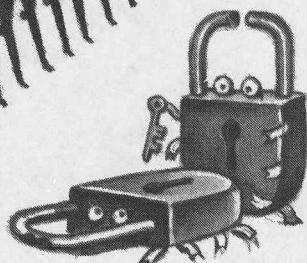
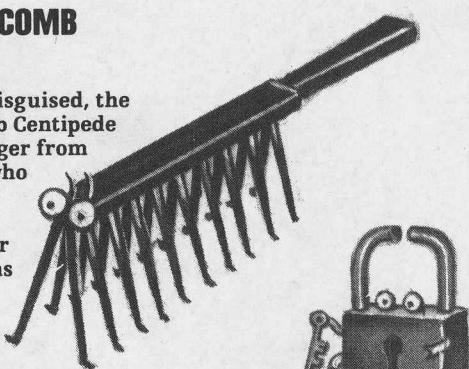
HUBCAP TURTLE

Very slow and harmless, the Hubcap Turtle is fine until a young hubcap thief figures him for an easy score.



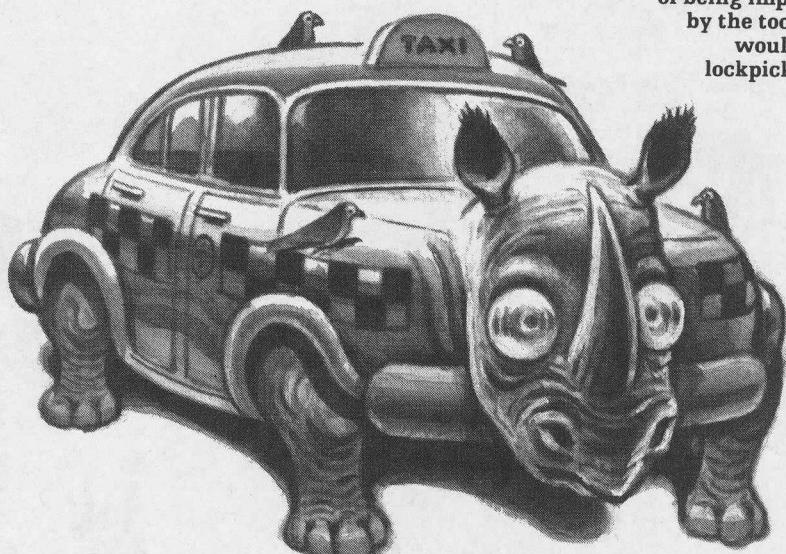
CRAWLING COMB CENTIPEDE

Wonderfully disguised, the Crawling Comb Centipede only faces danger from those people who don't have any qualms about acquiring their grooming items from the gutter.



PADLOCK BEETLE

The Padlock Beetle has super strong mandibles that allow it to hang from anything! Yet, when lying in the gutter, it looks like a snapped lock and is left alone. It lives with constant fear of being impaled by the tools of would-be lockpickers.



RHINO CAB

This big lumbering animal roams the street with no worries. It's built better than any modern car and can walk away from a collision. It comes with its own horn.



MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING DEPT.

Nothing makes the skin crawl like that tired old parting remark "Have—" (Whoops! You know the one we mean!) Maybe it used to generate good feeling—30 years ago—but now it gives

STEWARDESSES



SUPERMARKET CHECKERS



MORE L FAREW TO REPLACE T



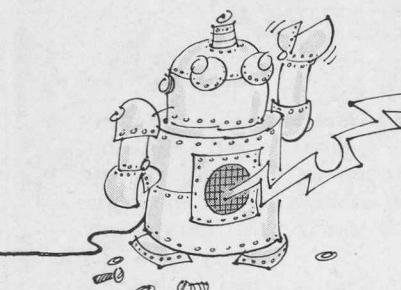
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WAITERS



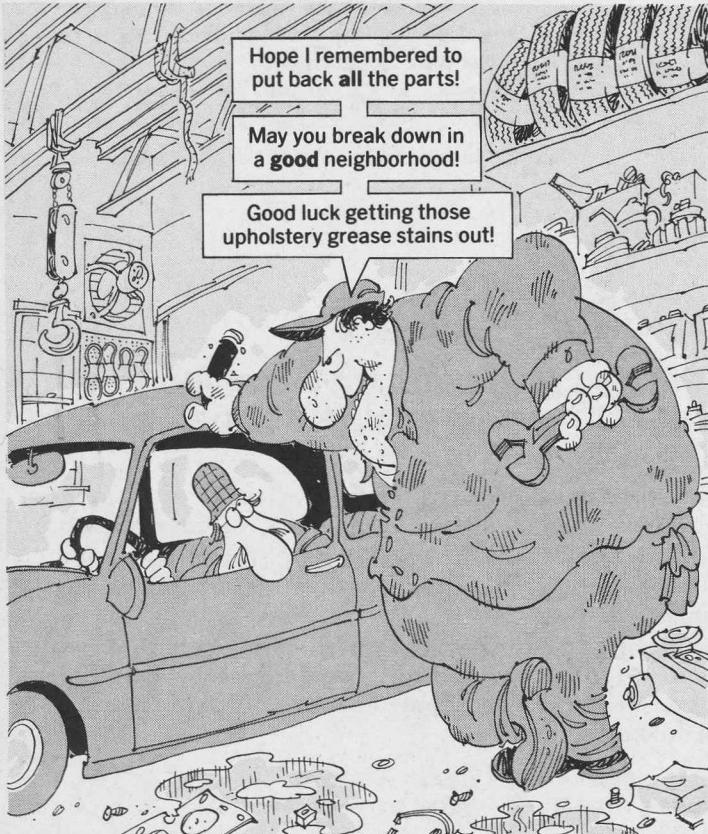
off as much warmth as a frozen enchilada. It's high time to revive the heartfelt good-bye! You'll be glad you're on your way out when you hear MAD's extremely meaningful, sincere and

OGICAL WELLS THE DREADED

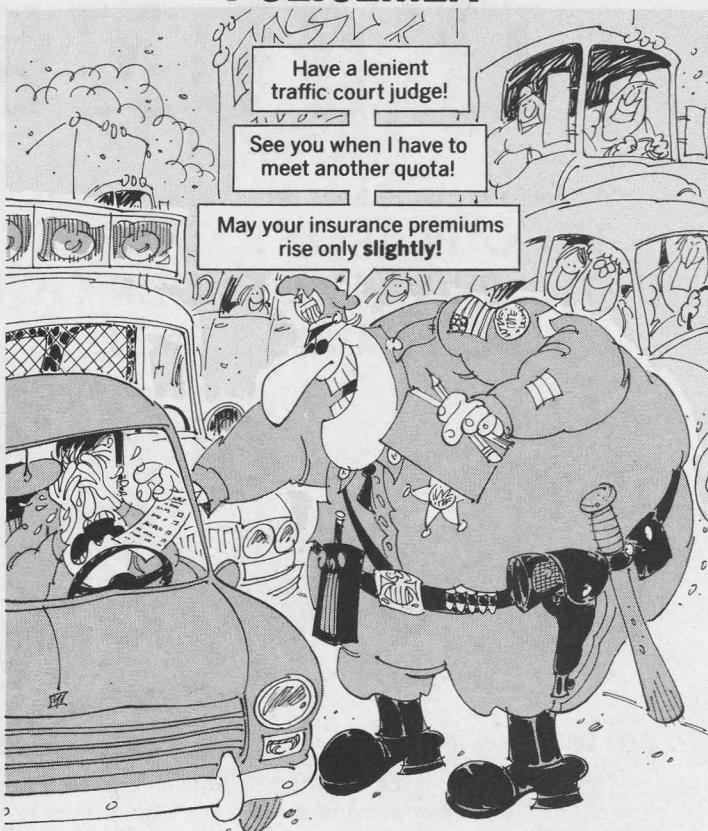


WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

MECHANICS



POLICEMEN



DR'S OFFICE RECEPTIONISTS



POST DATED DEPARTMENT

One of the new plagues to befall mankind during the past generation is Junk Mail. The type of advertising trash that postmen now deliver hadn't even been conceived in our grandparents' time. Which is our bad luck. But it also may have been very



IF JUNK MAIL HA

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

A Special Invitation From Dinosaurs-By-Mail, Inc.
**TRY OUR BRONTOSAURUS
IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR CAVE
FOR TEN DAYS...FREE!**



Dear Fellow Neanderthal:

We want you to see for yourself how a single egg from one of our beasts can provide a full week's omelet for your entire village. Or, if you prefer, let the egg hatch, and then freeze the young one for your winter meat supply.

If, after ten days, you don't agree that our brontosaurus is everything we claim, just send him back and pay us nothing. It's our way of acquainting preferred semi-humans like yourself with our products. Order now while supplies last.

DINOSAURS-BY-MAIL, INC.

Dripping Fern Trail Great Primeval Ooze 53127

SEND NO TRINKETS NOW-OUR BRUTES WILL COLLECT LATER

**DON'T LET RISING COSTS
PREVENT YOU FROM BEING
BURIED IN A PYRAMID**



Dear [Egyptian Hieroglyphs]

Our records show that you're a respected citizen of the Twelfth Dynasty who'd like to be laid away in a classy pyramid just like our lately departed pharaoh. But chances are that the labor costs involved in a 30-year construction job are beyond your means.

Well, you needn't be resigned to leaving your carcass for the buzzards. We'll supply everything needed to build your own pyramid for less than you'd expect. That includes blueprints, stones and hoisting rope all delivered right to your tent. Send for details now!

PYRAMIDS-R-US

R.R. 2, Omar's Oasis Great Sahara Wasteland



EAT RIGHT... AND
LIVE TO BE 40!

SALT

**THE MIRACULOUS NEW ORGANIC PRESERVATIVE
FROM FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS**

Dear Nauseous Person:

Reputable wizards and other medical experts are beginning to agree that tainted food can be harmful to your health. Here at Flat Earth Health Foods, we've discovered the pure, natural additive that prevents meat from turning putrid and getting green scum all over it.

It's granulated salt, formerly available only to the rich from spice mongers, but now within the budget of common wretches like yourself. No side effects except maddening thirst. Place a trial order today.

FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS
Alchemy Arts Bldg. Hanging Gardens, Babylonia

unfortunate for our ancestors. With no radio or TV to provide them with advertising, they probably would have welcomed the mail order offers we now consider such a nuisance. And so, MAD envisions what postmen long ago might have delivered . . .

L'D ALWAYS EXISTED

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Get A "Welcome Barbarians" Pennant Free Just For Chatting With An All-Dukedom Agent



Dear Potential Victim:

Chances are that the Mongol Hordes will soon overrun your village. Once you're required to open your home to the invaders, you may find that you don't have enough household insurance to cover the resulting damage.

Just think how much bric-a-brac a clumsy Hun can destroy, and then rush to see your All-Dukedom Insurance Agent. He'll give you a free "Welcome Barbarians" pennant that may save your neck while he tries to save your property.

You're In Good Hands
With All-Dukedom



Learn to be a Highly-Paid
Fool
The Easy Home-Study Way



Dear Overworked Churl:

Court Jesters and skilled knaves earn big money, plus such fringe benefits as getting to sleep indoors and eat unrotted food. So why not leave your drab dolthood behind with a home study course from the famed College of Fools?

You'll receive guidance in juggling, somersaulting and other oafish arts. To enroll, just fill out the coupon below (which happens to be a binding legal contract) and mail it today.

I want to make a fool of myself, which is why I'm signing this coupon and agreeing to pay whatever you charge for your juggling and somersaulting course.

SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

College of Fools

Box 46, Thieves' Station, Dawdling-On-Thames

at last! a magazine expressly written
for a busy galley slave like yourself!



Dear Oarsman:

Pursuing a lifetime career like yours means that a fellow is always on the go, with little time for extensive reading to keep up with new developments in your field.

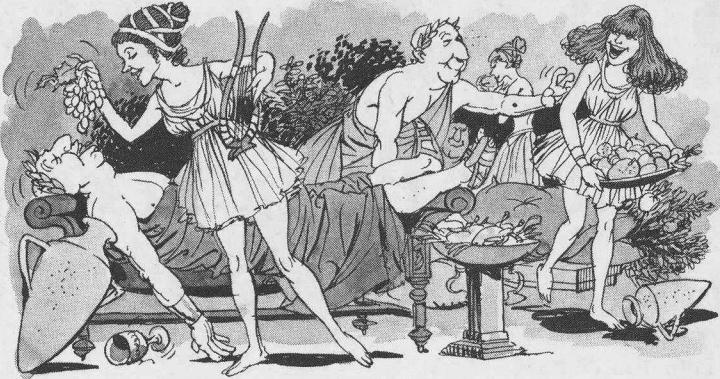
That's why you'll welcome AEGEAN NEWS & SLAVE DIGEST, the fact-filled publication that's concisely written with you in mind. It contains all that a professional rower needs to know, boiled down to a few words that can be scanned during those brief work breaks.

STEAL 4 PIECES
OF SILVER AND
SEND THEM AT
ONCE FOR 12
BIG ISSUES OF

AEGEAN NEWS &
SLAVE DIGEST



YOU'LL CAROUSE WITH CLASS AS A MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE ROMAN ORGY CLUB



Dear Decadent Citizen:

You have been selected from among our city's most aristocratic drunks to receive this membership invitation from the new Roman Orgy Club. Deluxe facilities include ample wine served by charming maidens, relaxing massages given by charming maidens and anything else you have in mind provided by charming maidens.

If you're tired of the smelly peasants who hang out in singles bars, you'll want to join while we still have openings. Send your application today!

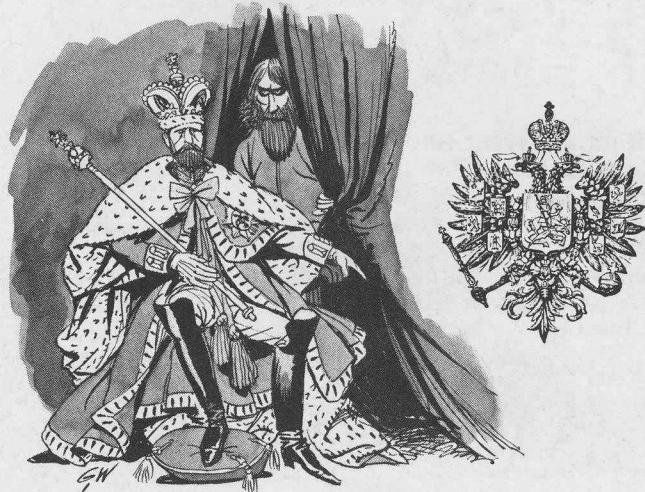
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____
IMPRESSIVE TITLE _____
ADDRESS _____

QUALIFICATIONS: (Check one)

- I come from an influential family and possess great wealth.
- I possess great wealth, so never mind the family bit.

THE COMMITTEE TO RETAIN THE CZAR URGES YOU TO EXAMINE THE ISSUES



Dear Monarchist Sympathizer:

We know that your mailbox is filled these days with campaign trash from the Bolsheviks, Marxists and other crackpot organizations, all trying to win your support in the coming Russian Revolution.

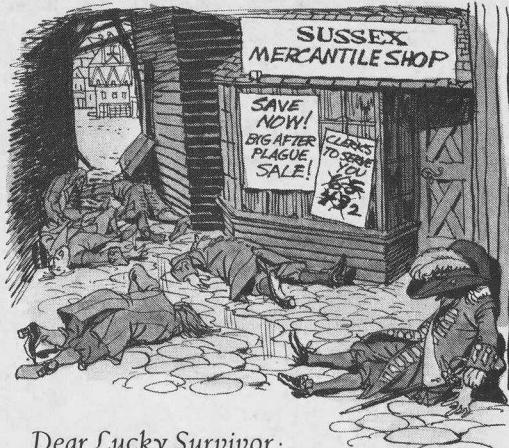
You're undoubtedly sick of receiving all that junk mail, and that's why we urge you to support Czar Nicholas when the fighting spreads to your village. He never sent the peasant class any unwanted mail before, and he promises that you'll never hear from him again once he's back in power.

STAND UP FOR NICHOLAS IN '17

"The People's Tyrant"

(This literature paid for by the Committee To Retain The Czar)

At The Sussex Mercantile Shop THE BLACK PLAGUE Is Your Good Fortune



Dear Lucky Survivor:

Whoo boy, has the recent plague made us feel silly! Frankly, our buyers never dreamed that 95% of the population would be wiped out this season. As a result, we're overstocked on fashionable hair shirts in all sizes. Those healthy enough to get to our store can save big money while supplies last.

For Personalized Service, Ask For Hugo Merlin Dunston Anyone Who's Still Alive

To quote the philosophy of Sly Stallone—“*All men are created with sequels!*” Hollywood, of course, has an even broader point of view—“*All men and boys are created with sequels!*” Which leaves Mad, a “sequel opportunity employer,” no choice but to present...

The Karocky Kid Part II

Now I know why we dressed as skeletons—we don't stand a ghost of a chance against this old guy!

SKULL SESSION

I came to learn karate and all I do is scrub, paint, and remodel your house! What has all this got to do with self defense?

Finish off opponents is same as finish off floors! And, if you get sushi kicked out of you, you have nice place to recuperate, Damnyouson!

I'm not a stickler for rules, Truss, but is ordering me to palm a switchblade considered kosher karate?

Humility and discipline are first steps in mastering Karate! Also, **BALANCE!!** Good balance essential to good Karate! So practice balance on bow of rocking rowboat...

Be honest, Mr. Myakkil! What are my chances in the tournament??

Wait a minute! What's that last scene doing here? That's from the Mad satire of “The Karocky Kid, Part I,” issue number 253!

We Japanese are geniuses of imitating! We swipe Stallone technique, Mad swipe our technique! Is only fair!

Please, Truss, don't kick me anymore!
After all, I did win **second place!**

Second place is **nothing!**
Especially since there were only **two people** in the entire competition!



Please, must ask you not do violence! Is wrong!

Oh, yeah? Well I crush anyone who accuses me of using violence! Yipes!

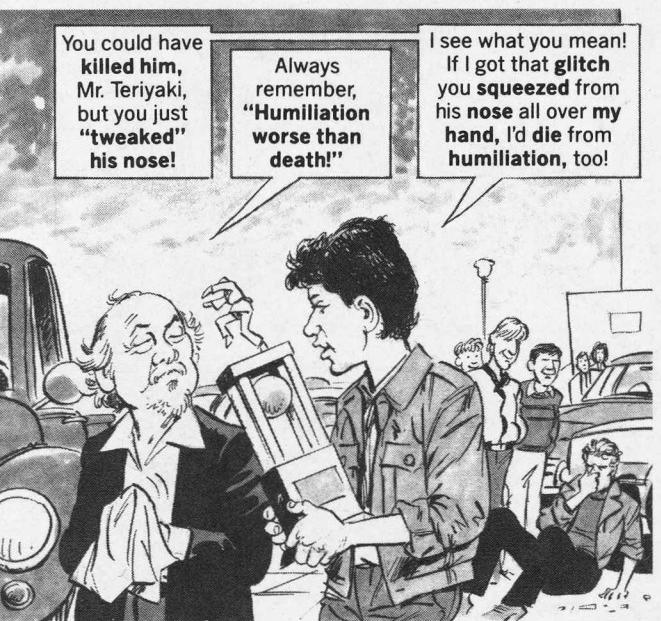
I warn you about violence but you ignore me! Now I end your life!



You could have killed him, Mr. Teriyaki, but you just "tweaked" his nose!

Always remember, "Humiliation worse than death!"

I see what you mean! If I got that glitch you squeezed from his nose all over my hand, I'd die from humiliation, too!

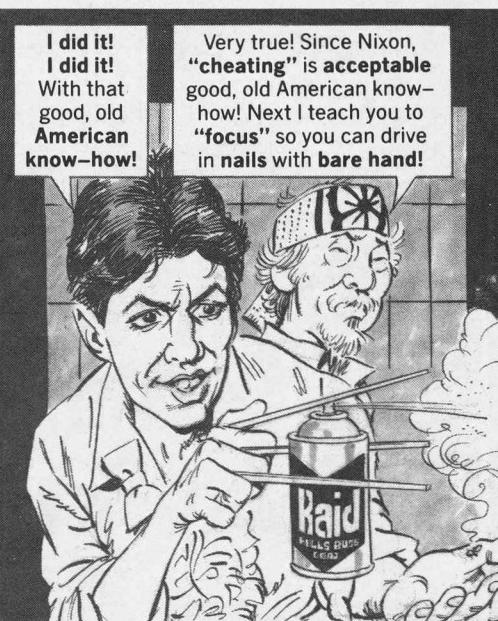


Look, I finally do it! I catch fly with chopsticks! Now you try!



I did it! I did it! With that good, old American know-how!

Very true! Since Nixon, "cheating" is acceptable good, old American know-how! Next I teach you to "focus" so you can drive in nails with bare hand!



Yow! This really hurts!

Don't focus on pain! Focus on something else!

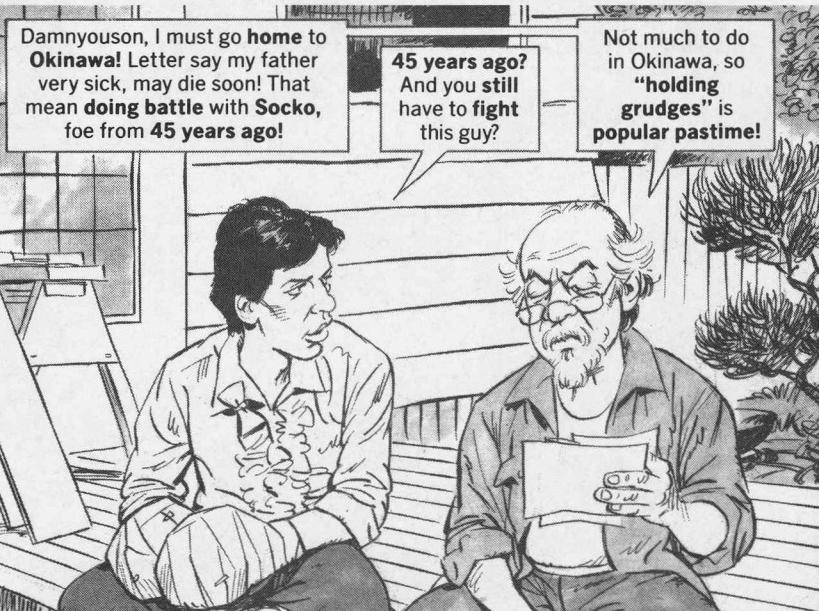
Okay, I'll focus on how cheap you are for not buying a hammer!

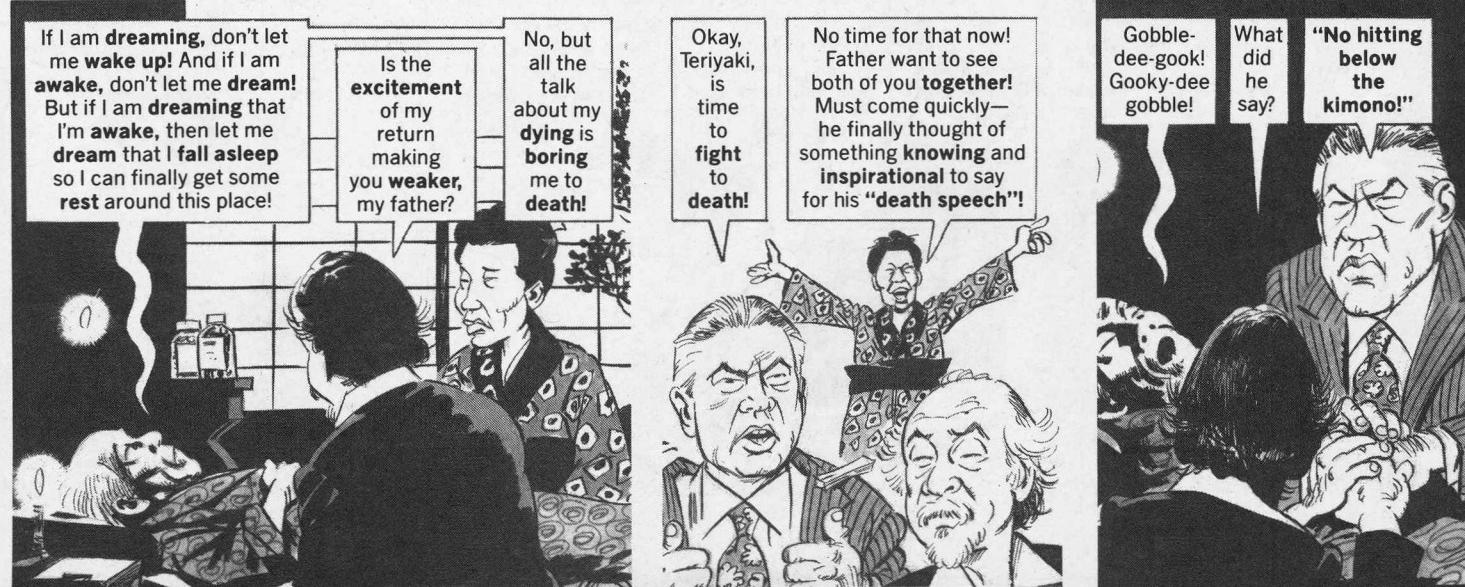
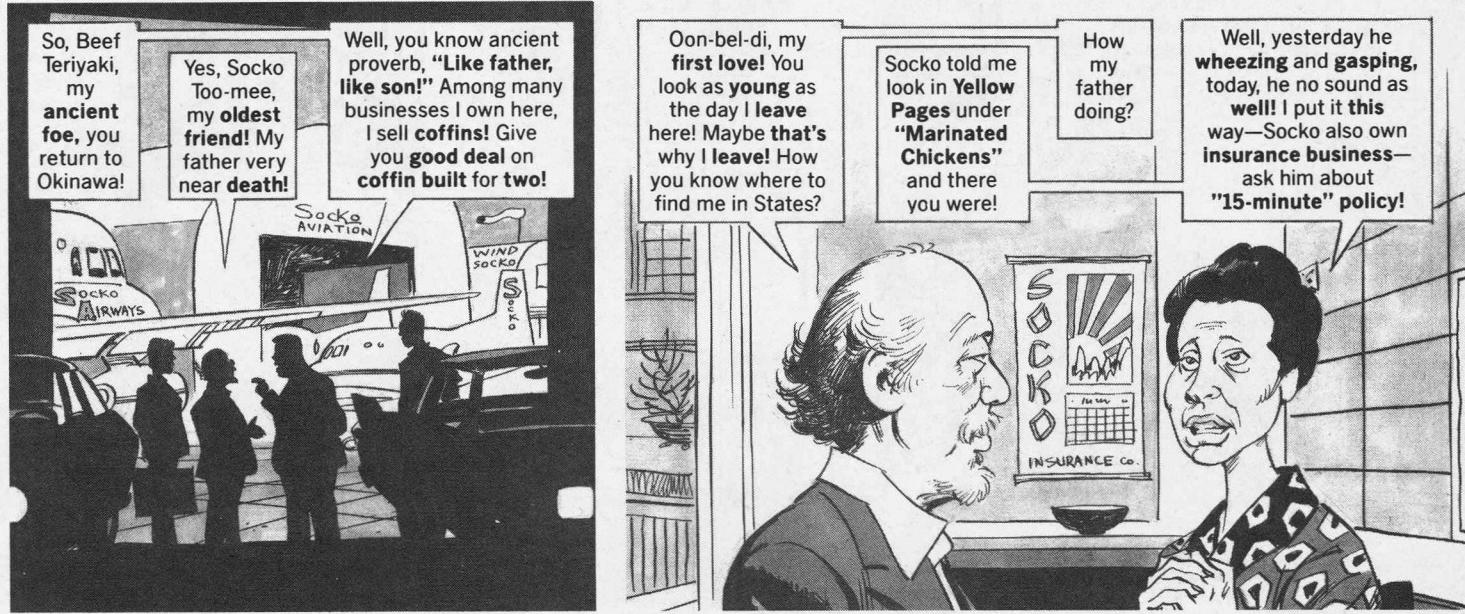


Damnyouson, I must go home to Okinawa! Letter say my father very sick, may die soon! That mean doing battle with Socko, foe from 45 years ago!

45 years ago? And you still have to fight this guy?

Not much to do in Okinawa, so "holding grudges" is popular pastime!





He's gone! May a thousand golden eagles fly about his head, but never poop on his tombstone!

Ah, sweet Oon-bel-di, such poetry! After all these years, you have not lost your sensitivity!

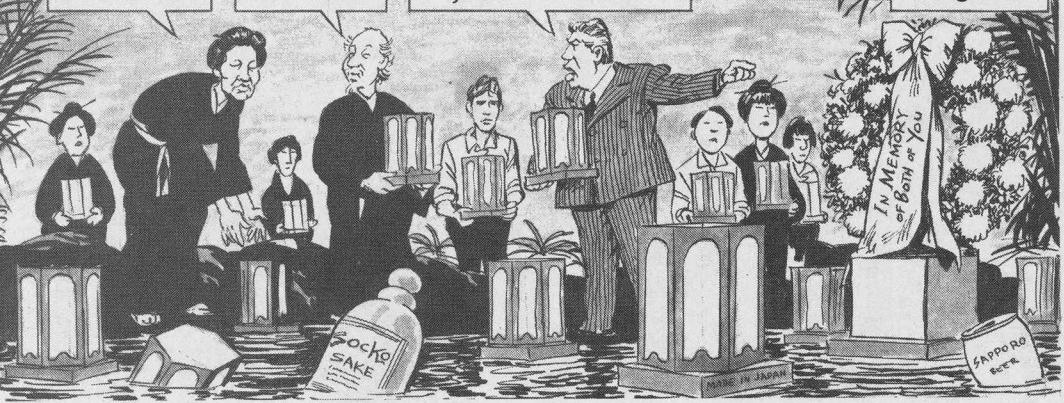
Me neither! I return kindness and compassion your father show me as a boy, Teriyaki! I give 20 minutes of peaceful mourning! Then I show you "Killer Karate"!

By you, 20 minutes to mourn and "Killer Karate" is kindness and compassion?

Yes! And since I also own flower store, I save you bundle! Make one funeral wreath for both graves!

Are you afraid of your upcoming fight with Socko, Mr. Teriyaki?

No, Teriyaki know best way to avoid "Killer Karate" death blow—move out of way very quickly! I use same technique 45 years ago...



Do you duck, or move to the side?

Move very far out of way—take plane to America! I develop that technique myself—is called "The Teriyaki Take-Off"! Remember these words, Damnyouson— When in doubt, get the hell out!

That my lifelong desire, Damn-youson!

To be a ballet dancer?

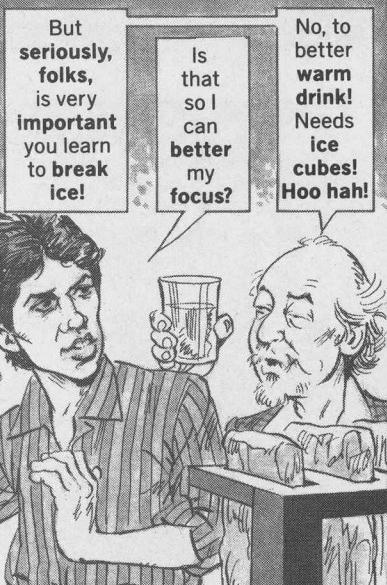
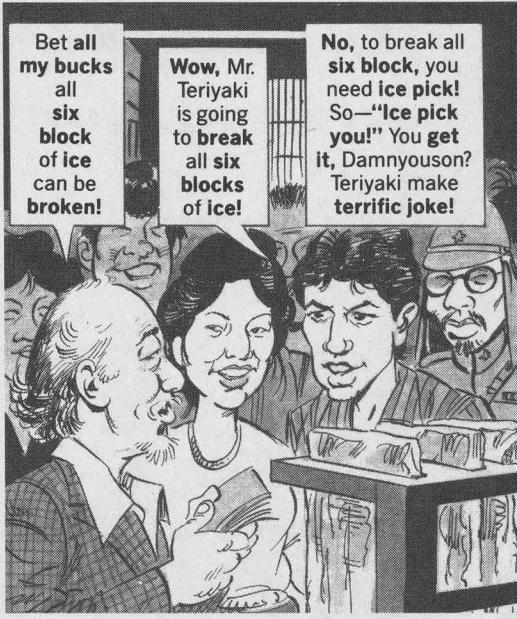
Close—belly dancer! And go to America and become "Solid Gold" dancer!

Hold it! Don't give away the plot of "Karocky Kid III"!

Bet all my bucks all six block of ice can be broken!

Wow, Mr. Teriyaki is going to break all six blocks of ice!

No, to break all six block, you need ice pick! So—"Ice pick you!" You get it, Damnyouson? Teriyaki make terrific joke!



Is that so I can better warm drink! Needs ice cubes! Hoo hah!

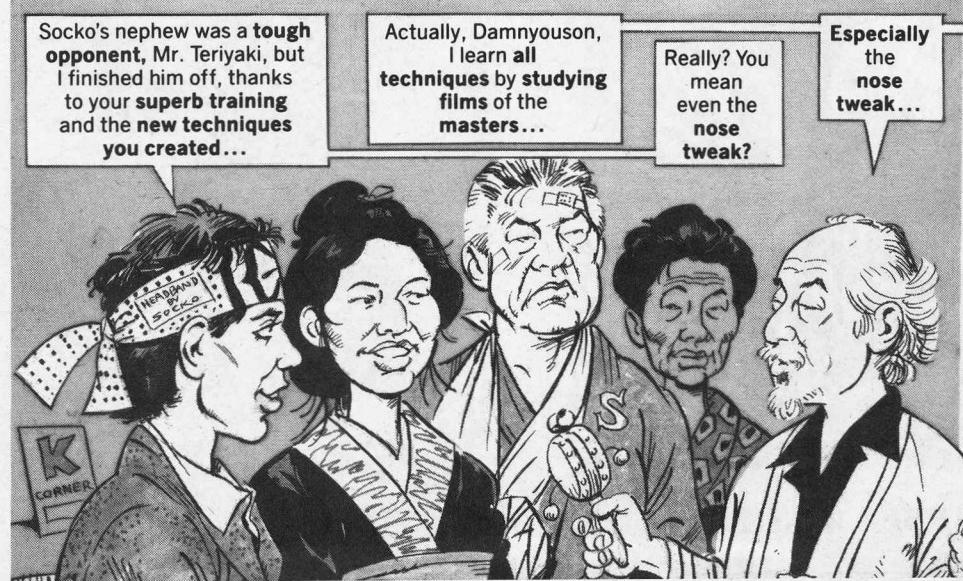


That first sign of generosity Socko display! Now everything no roll off table! Floors very uneven around here...

You don't have to fight to make this town safe, Mr. Teriyaki—30 feet away is the Air Force base where nuclear missiles are stored! It'll never be safe!

Damnyouson, when you going to learn that poetic rambling and logic do not mix?



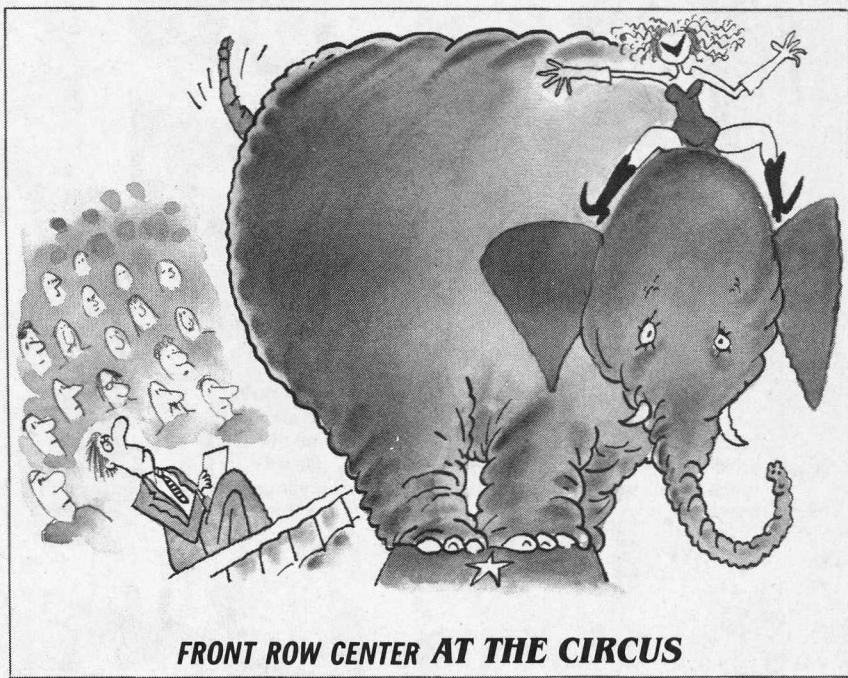


FRONT ROW

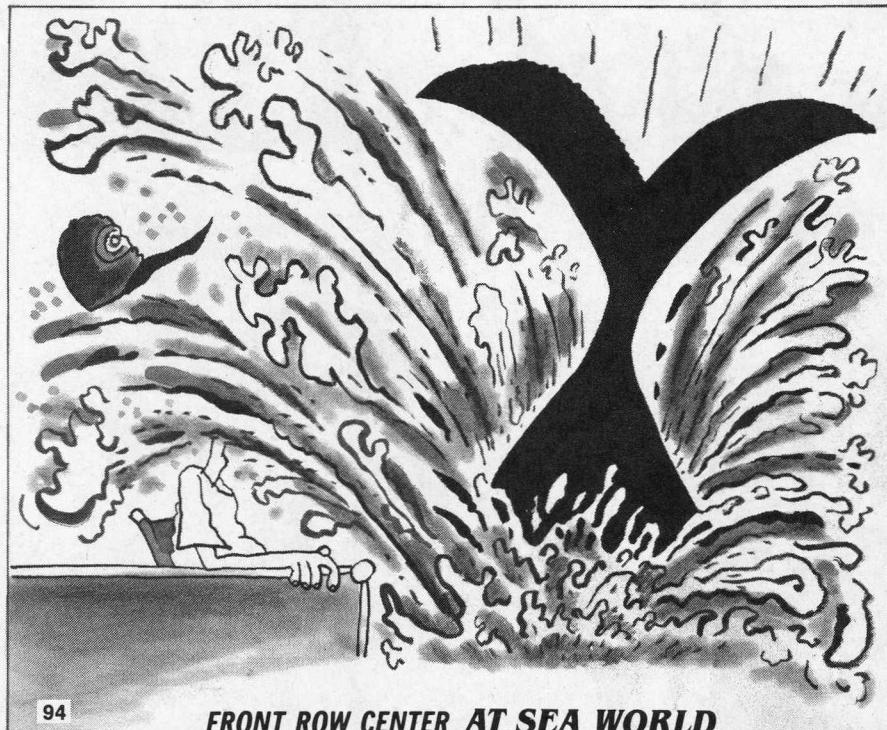
The High FRONT



FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE WRESTLING MATCH



FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE CIRCUS



FRONT ROW CENTER AT SEA WORLD

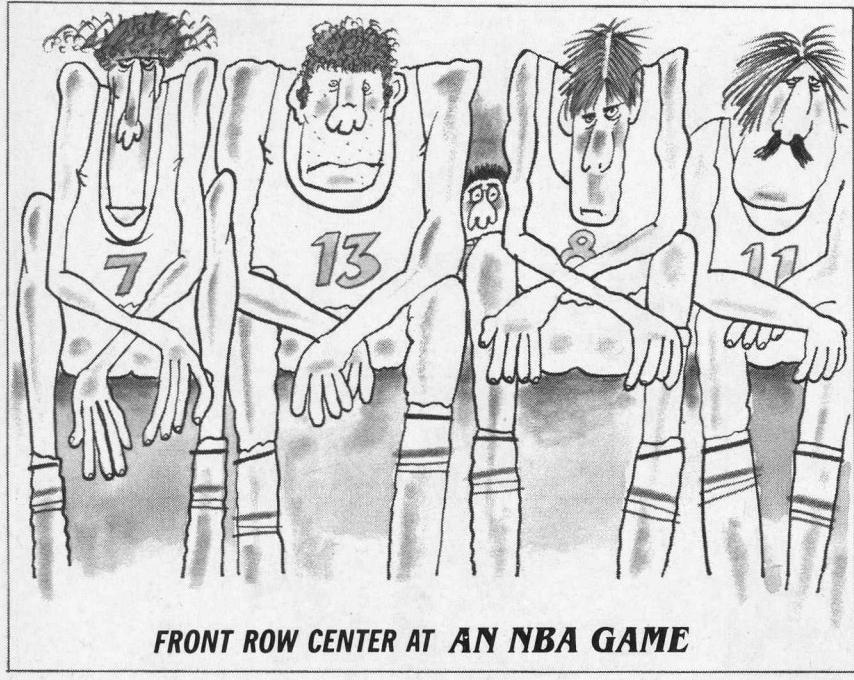


FRONT ROW CENTER

Risks of Row Center

ADMIT ONE
FRI., MAY 30 \$100.00

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



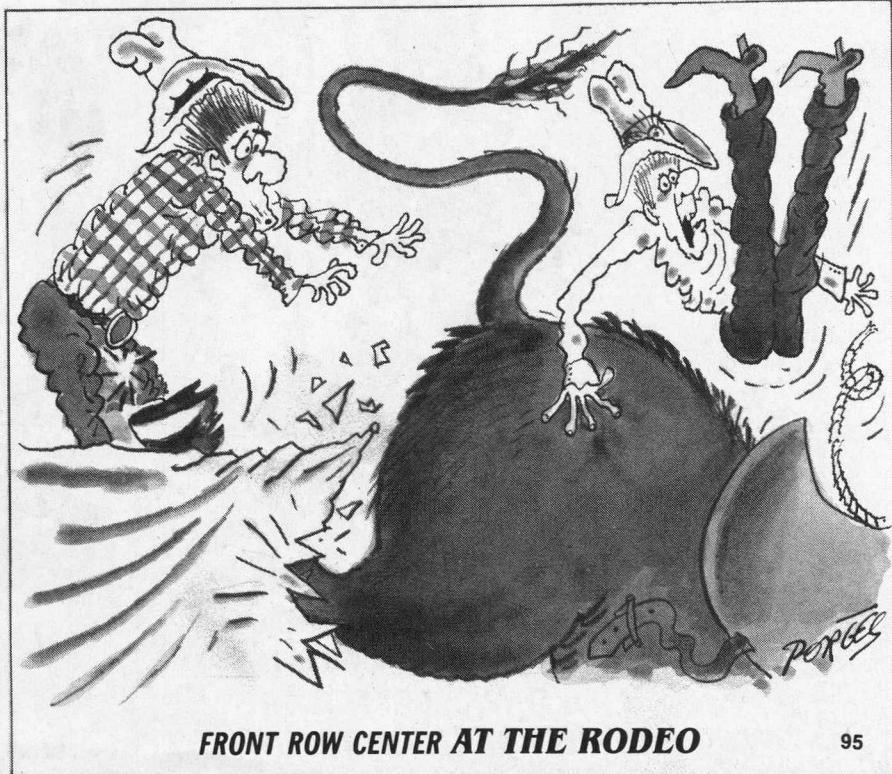
FRONT ROW CENTER AT AN NBA GAME



FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL



AT A 4TH OF JULY DISPLAY

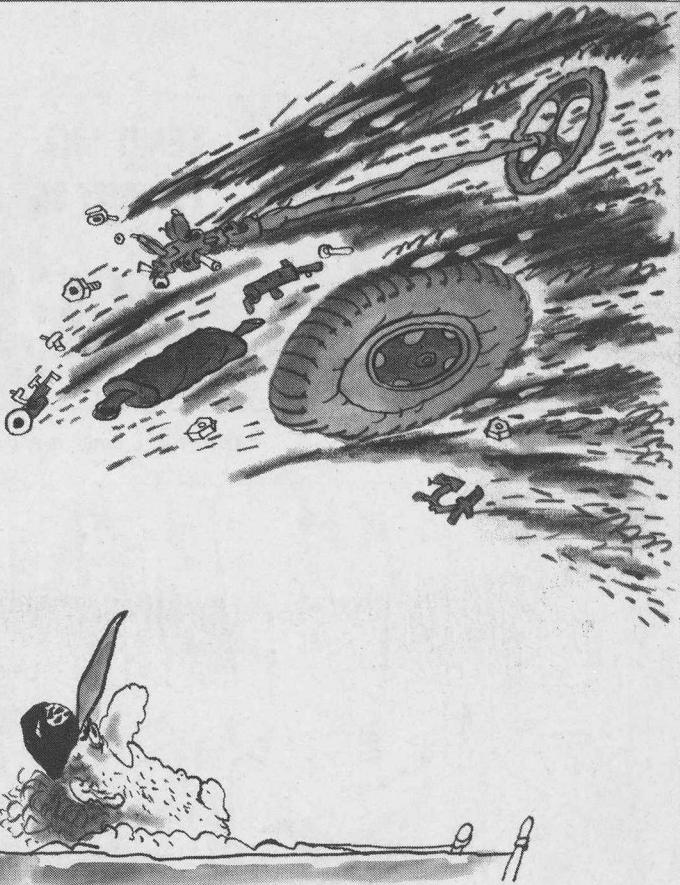


FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE RODEO

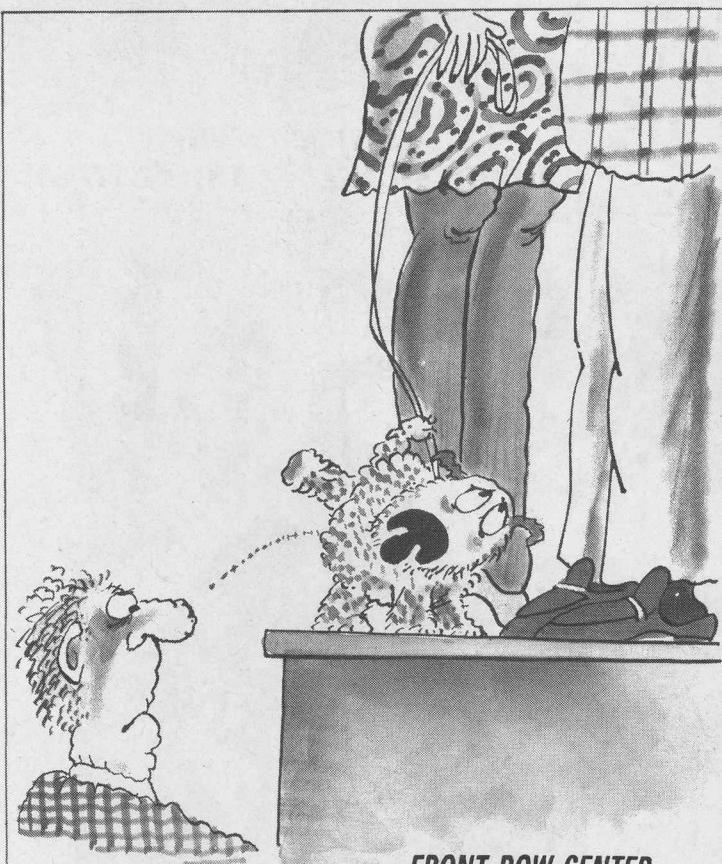
Repent, you worthless sinners!
Repent, you swine! You scum!



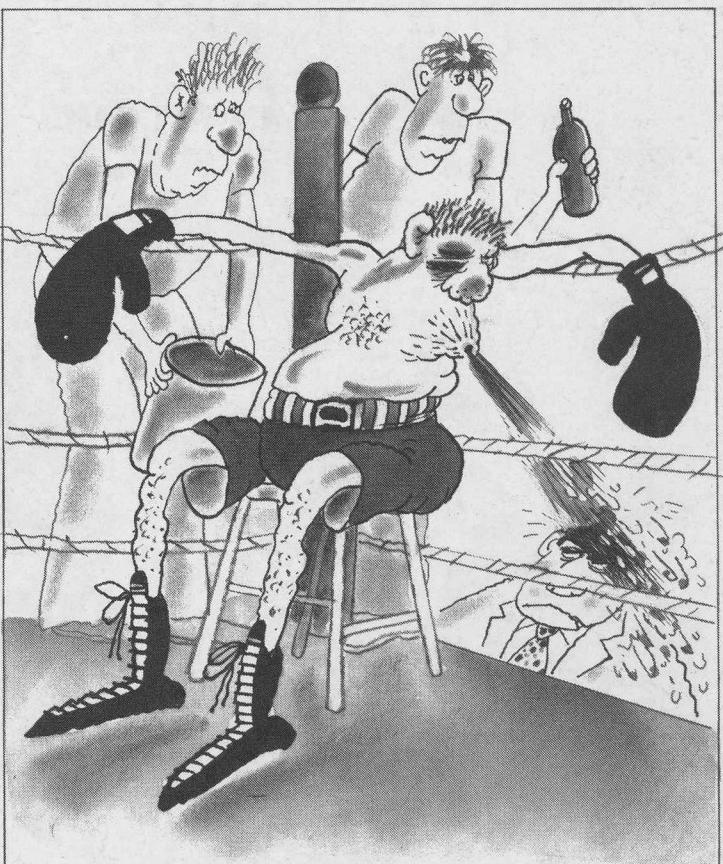
FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE SERMON!



**FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE INDY 500**



**FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A DAVID LETTERMAN
STUPID PET TRICK TAPING**

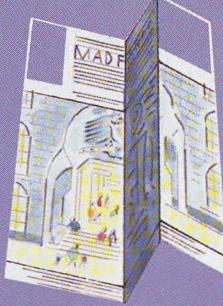


**FRONT ROW CENTER
AT A HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING MATCH**

**WHAT'S THE
BIGGEST
FINANCIAL
DRAIN ON
THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT?**

**SURPRISE! HERE'S ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

Our government supports thousands of expensive programs. Fold page in as shown to find out the one that's really draining the Treasury!



A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**DEFICITS ARE CAUSED BY PROGRAMS WHOSE EXPENSE
WE CAN'T AFFORD. TO END THIS WE NEED NEW
CONTROLS. TAX PAYERS ARE TIRED OF BEING BENEFACTORS**

WRITER AND ARTIST:

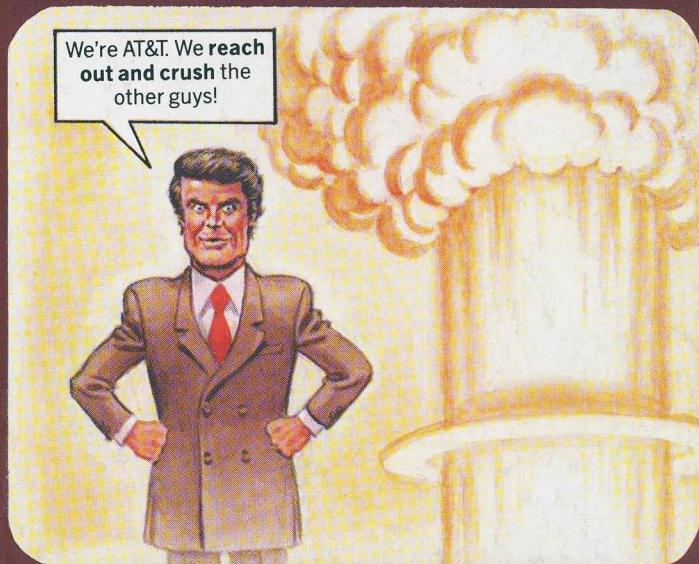
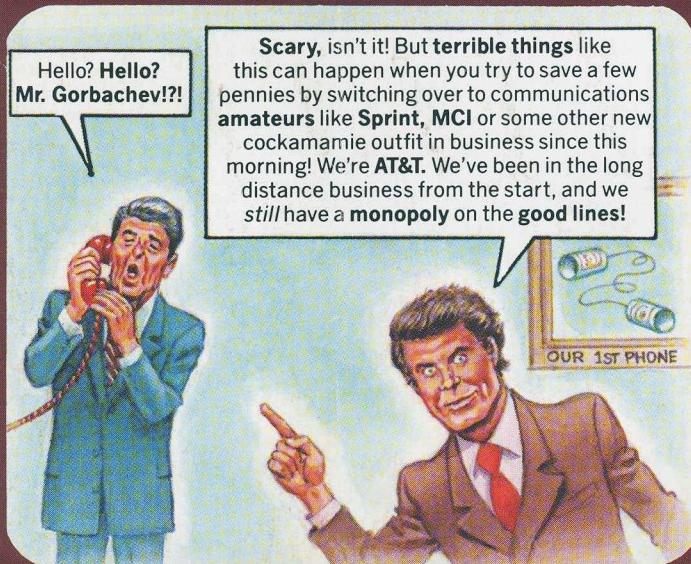
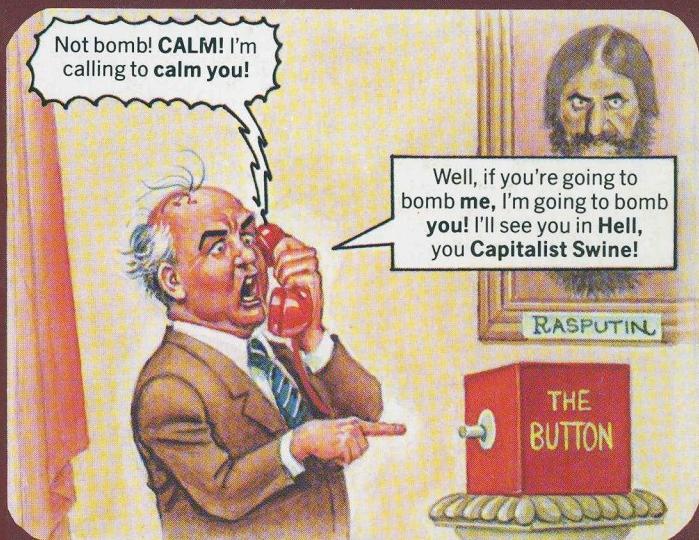
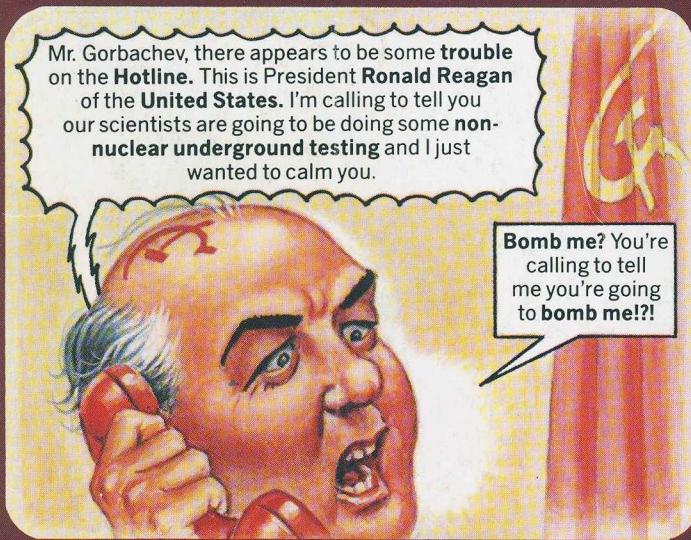
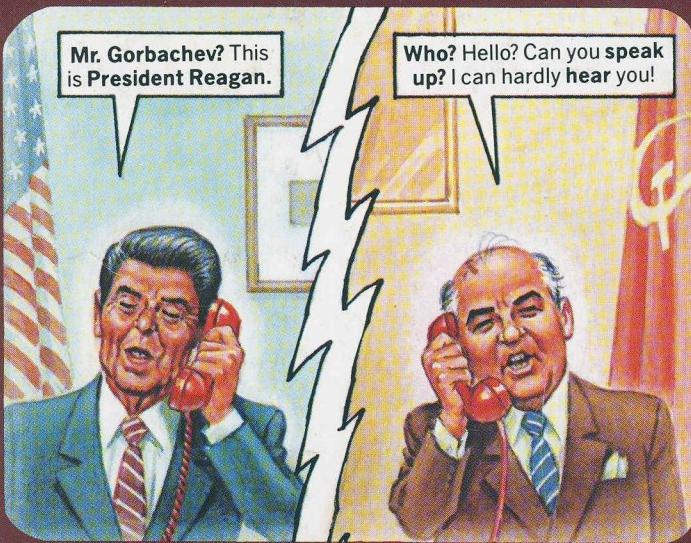
AL JAFFEE

A►

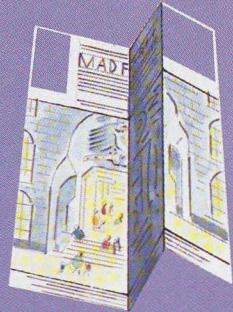
◀B

GREAT MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING

The Day AT&T Went Too Far

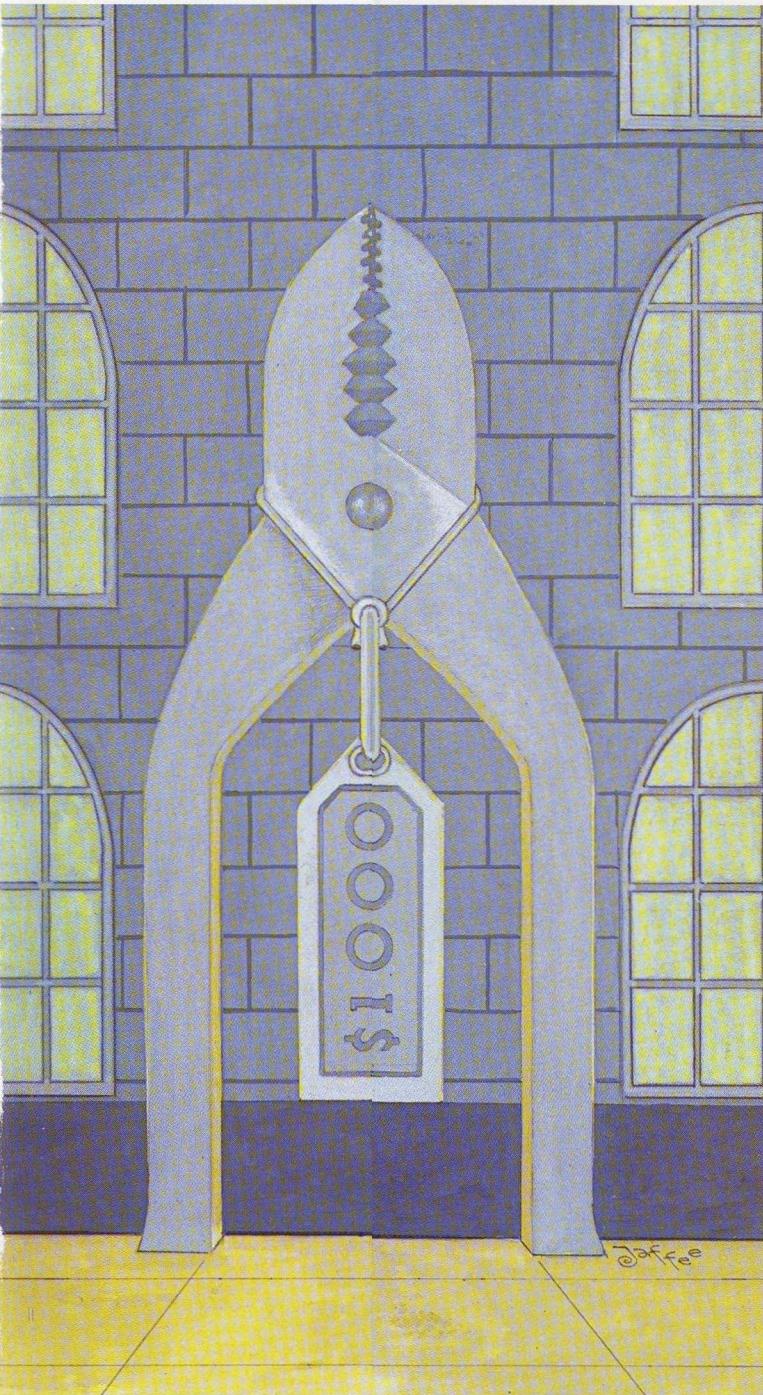


WHAT'S THE BIGGEST FINANCIAL DRAIN ON THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DEFENSE

CONTRACTORS

A ► B

WRITER AND ARTIST:

AL JAFFEE